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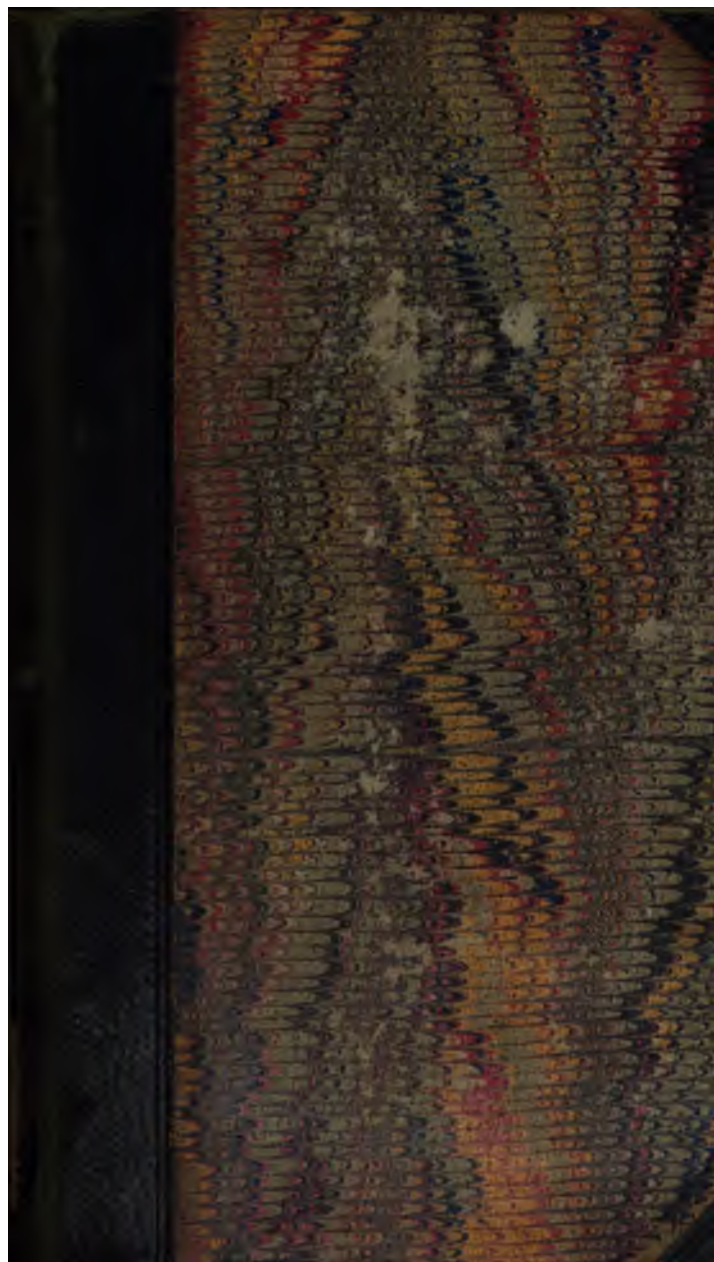
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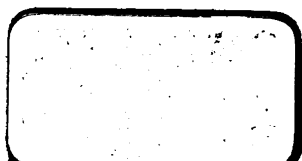
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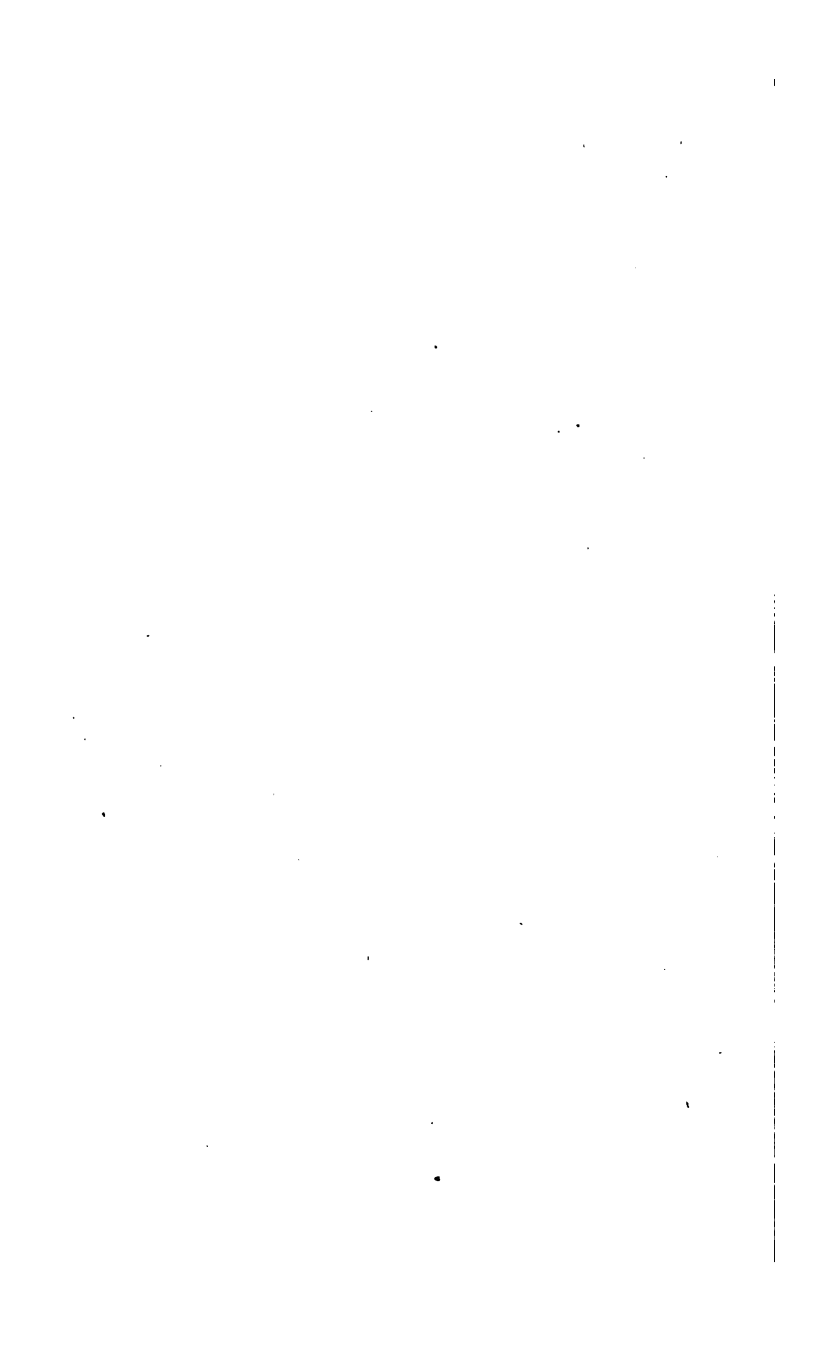




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LXXIV.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

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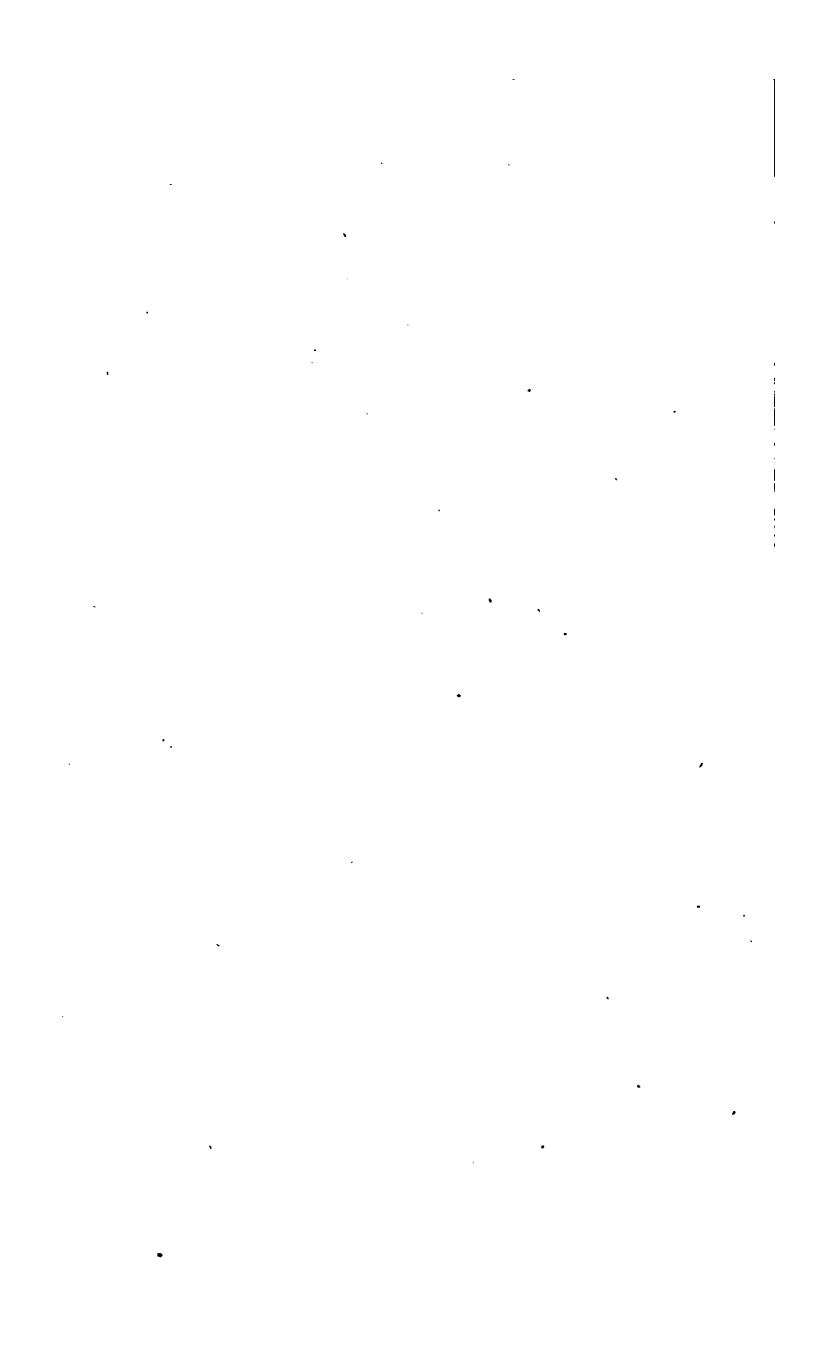
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THE
POEMS
OF
Sir William Jones.

Chiswick:
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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THE
LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WHEN we regard the extent of his genius, the accumulations of his knowledge, the variety of his attainments, the unremitting vigor of his mind, the unfaltering consistency of his patriotism, the high-toned independence of his spirit, the inflexible rectitude and the ever active benevolence of his heart, we must necessarily place the illustrious subject of our present narrative in the very first class of our British worthies, among whom we shall find it impossible to discover his superior as a human character, and difficult to gratify our eyes with the spectacle even of his equal. We must contemplate Sir W. JONES,

——— quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni,
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus,

at once with reverence and with love; and must perceive that his life, if circumstantially and fully written by the hand of a master, would form a grand biographical object; and would be extensively beneficial by the example, which it exhibited, of victorious industry; of splendid talents, and rare knowledge offered to the Deity upon the altar of duty; of a mind uniformly kindled with the holy love of liberty and of truth, and undeviatingly directed in its exertions to the promotion of all the higher in-

terests of his country, and of the general happiness of the whole race of man. A full length portrait of the great and the good Sir W. Jones would, indeed, be a rich and a most useful present to the world: but our plan will not permit us to give it; and we must confine our ambition to such a representation of him as can be contained in a faithful, but a naked outline.

Sir Wm. Jones was born on the 28th of September, 1746, of parents who were distinguished characters, his father (William Jones, a native of Anglesea) being an eminent mathematician, the correspondent and friend of the great Newton; and his mother (Mary Nix, the daughter of a cabinet maker in London) being a woman whose superiority of understanding was peculiarly enriched with the acquisitions of science. His father dying in 1749, the care of our Author in his infancy devolved wholly upon his mother; and she approved herself to be admirably qualified for the faithful discharge of the delegated and important duty. From the early instruction which he received under his parental roof, our William Jones passed in his seventh year to the school of Harrow; where he had the rare good fortune of becoming the pupil of the celebrated Doctor Sumner, and the schoolfellow of the still more celebrated Doctor Parr. From Harrow he was removed, in his seventeenth year, to University College in Oxford; and here the same display of great talents, of unremitting industry, and of extraordinary proficiency, which had excited the admiration and conciliated the regard of his two successive masters at Harrow, Dr. Thackeray and Dr. Sumner, obtained for the youthful student a degree of celebrity, which, spreading beyond the walls of his own college, occupied the whole of the university, and extended over a considerable portion of England. He now, as the tutor of the young Lord Althorpe, became domesticated in the Spencer family; in whose so-

ciety he made two excursions to the continent, one in 1767, and one in 1769; during the latter of which he resided for some time at Nice, compressing and concentrating the knowledge which he had amassed from his personal intercourse with our polished and literary neighbours. In the following year (1770) he first ventured from the press, in a French translation of a Persian history of Nadir Shah, or, as he is also styled, Thamas Kouli Kan. To this work, which was printed at his own expense, Mr. Jones was incited by the especial request of the King of Denmark, who was at that time on a visit to England: 'but of the Author, who by this publication had discovered himself to be master of the two great languages of the Eastern and the Western world, the Persian and the French, a barren laurel was the sole compensation: for he received nothing more for his arduous achievement than a letter of thanks from the monarch, who had engaged him to undertake it, and a diploma constituting him a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen. His next intellectual effort was a Latin elegy on the death of Doctor Sumner, which afflicting event occurred in 1771: and in this year Mr. Jones successively published '*Dissertation sur la Littérature Orientale*;' '*A Grammar of the Persian Language*;' and '*Lettre à M. Anquetel Du Perron, dans laquelle est compris l'examen de sa traduction des livres attribués à Zoroastre*;' written for the purpose of vindicating his university from the calumnious attack of this translator of the works attributed to Zoroaster. A volume of poems, principally translated from the Oriental languages, with two Essays on the poetry of the East, and on the imitative arts, was sent from the press by our Author in 1772; and in the succeeding year, when he took his M. A. degree, he gave to the public a translation of his history of Nadir Shah, together with a '*Description*

of Asia according to the Oriental Geographers; and 'A short History of Persia, from the earliest times to the present; with an Appendix, containing an Essay on Asiatic Poetry, and the History of the Persian Language.'

On the literature of the East, which had occupied so much of the attention of his powerful mind, he published a greater work, in 1774, under the title of '*Poëseos Asiaticæ commentariorum libri sex, cum appendice*,' &c. In the preceding year he had adopted the law as his profession; and to the attainment of that peculiar knowledge, which was requisite for the success of his difficult undertaking, he now bent all the vigor of his intellect; and the effort was not made without its corresponding effect. When he had not long been called to the Bar, he was nominated a commissioner of bankrupts by the Lord Chancellor Bathurst; and to this nobleman he dedicated, in 1779, a translation of 'The Speeches of Isæus in Causes concerning the Law of Succession to Property at Athens, with a commentary and a preliminary Discourse.'

In 1780 he offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the University of Oxford in the Commons' House of Parliament. But the liberality of his political principles proved, in this instance, an effectual obstacle to the success of his honorable ambition; and he discovered his prudence by withdrawing himself from the contest before the commencement of a poll. Disguising the cause of his disappointment, his friends imputed it to the lateness with which he had offered himself to the choice of his University. But in truth, as he was not an advocate for passive obedience, and the divine and, consequently, the indefeasible right of kings, he had nothing to hope on this occasion from the votes of Oxford; which, unaffected by the claims of his genius, his erudition, his eloquence, and his probity,

were surrendered, as their inalienable property, to toryism and dulness. The riots in London, which disgraced this year (1780) induced him to publish 'An Inquiry concerning the legal mode of suppressing riots, with a constitutional plan of future defence;' and in 1781, to evince his proficiency in the knowledge of the laws of England, he gratified the world with a masterly 'Essay on the Law of Bailments.'

Mr. Jones's political opinions, which had baffled his attempt on the representation of Oxford, now stimulated him to take an active part in opposition to the arbitrary measures of the government; and he became a leading and efficient member in the Constitutional Society. He could not, therefore, well expect favour from an administration, not remarkable for its liberality or its placability; and we cannot reasonably be surprised that his desire, for a place on the judicial bench of Calcutta, should not be readily gratified, how eminently soever he might be qualified for the solicited dignity by his splendid acquisitions of Oriental literature, by his general acquaintance with law, by the inviolable integrity of his heart, and the expansive illumination of his mind. To demonstrate, however, the propriety of his claims to the station which he affected, claims which were authenticated by the united suffrages of his country, he published, in 1782, 'The Mahomedan Law of Succession to the Property of Intestates, in Arabic, with a verbal translation and explanatory notes.'

In the following year, during the short power of the Whig administration under the Earl of Shelburne, Mr. Jones at length obtained, by the influence of his friend Lord Ashburton, the object of his long pursuit; and, on the 4th of March, 1783, he was nominated to the office of judge in the supreme court of judicature at Fort William; being

graced at the same time with the honour of knight-hood. On the 8th of the next month he was married to Anna Maria Shipley, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, a lady to whom he had been long attached, and who was in every way most worthy of his affection. Having previously published 'The Moallakat, or the seven Arabian Poems suspended in the Temple of Mecca, with a translation and arguments,' and given to his brother-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph, a small MS. entitled 'The Principles of Government, in a dialogue between a Scholar and a Peasant,' for the publication of which the Dean was subjected to a crown prosecution, Sir William Jones embarked immediately for the East, and arrived at Calcutta in the September of the same year. During his voyage he planned the institution of the Asiatic Society, from which the world has derived so large and so intimate an acquaintance with Eastern literature, and of which he became the first president. To the numerous languages of which he was already possessed, he now added the mastery of the Sanscrit, that consecrated language which opened to him the sanctuary of the learning and the theology of India. When he had obtained the dominion of this new avenue to knowledge, he projected a 'Digest of the Hindu and Mahommedan Laws;' and submitted his great plan to the governor general, Lord Cornwallis; from whose upright mind and heart it experienced its merited acceptance and approbation.

But Sir William Jones's indefatigable application to these labours of the mind, and to the duties of his high judicial situation, united with the noxious influence of a tropical climate, produced at length a prejudicial effect upon his health; and, whilst he was zealously intent on his mighty undertaking of forming a code for the British subjects of India, it matured that malady which terminated, in 1794, his

illustrious and most beneficial career. The circumstances of his last illness and dissolution shall be given to our readers in the words of his friend and biographer, Lord Teignmouth.—‘ On the evening of the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of aguish symptoms, mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that “an ague in the spring is medicine for a king.” He had no suspicion at the time of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder, however, was soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who, after two or three days, was called in to his assistance: but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed; and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day, his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event. Not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on his bed in a posture of meditation; and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which, after a few seconds, ceased; and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features, and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found.’

A monument to his memory, executed by Flaxman, has been raised in University College by his excellent and amiable relict, Lady Jones; and a similar tribute of respect to him has been paid by the East India Company in two monuments, one erected in the cathedral of London, and one in the modern capital of India.

The life of Sir William Jones was passed in one unremitting struggle for excellence; in a glorious and persevering attempt, if I may so express myself, to bring the human nature, which was intrusted to him, as near in its advance to perfection as it possibly could be brought. He seemed to feel that he was born solely to acquire virtue and knowledge, that, when they were acquired, he might diffuse their blessedness and power, as the common property of his species. His attainment of languages was so extensive and various as to class him with the most extraordinary linguists who have excited the admiration of the world. Not to mention his native language, with the Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, German, Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, Turkish, and Sanscrit, his acquaintance was complete; and yet did he consider this wide sovereignty over the tongues of the earth as nothing more than his power of entrance into the regions of science,—as giving the ground over which he was to pass to an occupation of the laws, the oratory, the philosophy, and the poetry of the most remarkable nations, that have been conspicuous, in ancient and in modern days, upon the great theatre of the world. Throughout the whole of his course his solicitude was to distribute the rich intellectual stores which he had amassed, and to supply them as the aids of liberty, morality, and religion. At one period of his life it has been said, though on very uncertain authority, that he entertained doubts on the subject of the Christian faith. But if his mind ever wavered on this most mo-

mentous question, it was quickly made firm by his examination of the requisite evidence, and it ever afterwards exulted in the full illumination of the Gospel. In his writings, as we are assured, no traces of sceptical hesitation can be discovered; and in his conduct was gloriously disclosed a character planned upon the noble scheme of evangelical perfection. He is to be stationed, in short, by the side of Bacon, of Newton, of Locke, and of many other luminaries of the human race, who, unaffected by the bias of professional studies and duties, have arranged themselves with the disciples of Jesus. Of civil liberty he was the consistent and ardent advocate in every situation in which he was placed; and, on his Eastern tribunal, we hear him affirming, 'that the race of man, to advance whose manly happiness is our duty, and ought, of course, to be our endeavour, cannot long be happy without virtue, or actively virtuous without freedom, or securely free without rational knowledge.' In his private life were exemplified all those virtues which his writings everywhere inculcate; for it was pure, benevolent, pious, eminently distinguished by his filial attention to his mother, and dignified by an uniform disclosure of a lofty independence of spirit. According to the admirable epitaph which he wrote for himself, the whole tenor of his conduct showed him to be in fear of God, but fearless of man.

*Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.*

Seduced by our captivating subject, we have digressed too far from our immediate and proper purpose. Our connexion with Sir Wm. Jones is with him only as he stands before us as a poet; and his merits in this character may speedily be discussed. Very little of his poetry can be regarded as strictly original: but over the whole of it, whether it be transla-

tion or imitation, a rich glow of his own imagination is diffused; and we rise from its perusal with the assurance that, if, resigning his severer studies, he had entirely consecrated himself to the Muses, he would have been acknowledged by them as one of their most favoured votaries. Whatever his poetic pen touches, it bedews with nectar. His diction is ornamented and exquisitely polished; the harmony of his rhythm is unbroken, but not monotonous; and, whilst his images and sentiments delight and elevate the mind, his numbers sooth and recreate the ear. Amidst all the productions of high poetry which are presented in our volumes to the British public, we persuade ourselves that few will be read with more unmingled gratification than some of those which we have transcribed from the page of the universal SIR WILLIAM JONES.

ENCOMIUMS.

BY WRANGHAM.

HIS were the stores of letter'd Time—compress'd
The mind of ages in a single breast;
The glance to catch, the patience to inquire,
The sages' temper, and the poet's fire.

BY GRANT.

ACCOMPLISH'D JONES! whose hand to every art
Could unknown charms and nameless grace impart;

—The song to Virtue as the Muses dear;
Though glowing, chaste; and lovely, though severe.
What gorgeous trophies crown his youthful bloom,
The spoils august of Athens and of Rome!
And, lo! untouch'd by British brows before,
Yet nobler trophies wait on Asia's shore.
There at his magic voice, what wonders rise!
The' astonish'd East unfolds her mysteries:
Round her dark shrines a sudden blaze he showers,
And, all unveil'd, the proud Pantheon towers.

APOSTROPHE TO SIR W. JONES.

FROM

HAYLEY'S ESSAY ON EPIC POETRY.

O, THOU bright spirit! whom the Asian Muse
 Had fondly steep'd in all her fragrant dew,
 And o'er whose early song, that mental feast,
 She breathed the sweetness of the rifled East;
 Since independent honour's high control
 Detach'd from poësy thy ardent soul,
 To seek with better hopes persuasion's seat,
 Bless'd be those hopes, and happy that retreat!
 Which with regret all British bards must see,
 And mourn a brother lost in losing thee.

 ON THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF

SIR W. JONES'S ASIATIC POEMS.,

BY THE REV. T. MAURICE.

WHITHER does Fancy stretch her rapid wing,
 Through what new regions of serener spring?
 My ravish'd sense an opening Eden greets,
 A waste of treasures, and a wild of sweets—
 Entranced I seem through fairy bowers to stray,
 Where scatter'd rubies pave the spangled way;
 Transparent walks, with polish'd sapphires bright,
 And fountains sparkling with ambrosial light.

A sweeter lyre no eastern swain hath strung,
 More softly warbled, or more boldly sung;
 Whether, great bard, thy vigorous Muse rehearse
 Solima's deathless praise, in deathless verse;
 Or, tuned to grief, the melting numbers move,
 Breathing the softest tales of plaintive love:
 Tender as Petrarch's flows the' impassion'd line,
 Nor Vida boasts a chaster page than thine.
 Yet not that Britain's laurel's round thy head,
 And Arab's palms with rival lustre spread,
 For this I sing—but that, with fix'd disdain,
 Thy Roman soul refused the flatterer's strain;
 And dared prefer (unversed in courtly guile)
 Virtue's just praise beyond a monarch's smile.

On his Death.

BY THE LATE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

UNBOUNDED learning, thoughts by genius framed,
 To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
 Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages named
 'The most enlighten'd of the sons of men'.

Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,
 His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;
 Faithful to God, and friendly to mankind,
 His friends revered him, and his country bless'd.

¹ Dr. Johnson.

Admired and valued in a distant land,
His gentle manners all affection won:
The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
And Science mark'd him for her favourite son.

Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend;
But deeper yet must be the grief of those,
Who, while the sage they honour'd, loved the
friend.

FROM

MAURICE'S ELEGIAC POEM

To his Memory.

DEAR as to dungeon slaves the solar gleam,
Or wretches doom'd to dig the buried ore,
On raptured Cesi dawns the gladsome beam,
Which British freedom, British science pour.

To chase the tenfold gloom, my Jones, was thine,
To cheer the Brahmin, and to burst his chains;
To search for latent gems the Sanscreeet mine,
And wake the fervour of her ancient strains.

For oh! what pen shall paint with half thy fire
The power of Music on the' impassion'd soul,
When the great masters waked the Indian lyre,
And bade the burning song electric roll?

The mystic veil, that wraps the hallow'd shrines
Of India's deities, 'twas thine to rend;
With brighter fires each radiant altar shines,
To Nature's awful God those fires ascend.

Sound the deep conch; dread Veeshnu's power
proclaim,
And heap with fragrant woods the blazing urn;
I see sublime Devotion's noblest flame
Midst Superstition's glowing embers burn!

'Twas thine, with daring wing and eagle eye,
To pierce antiquity's profoundest gloom;
To search the dazzling records of the sky,
And bid the stars the sacred page illumine.

Nor did the' instructive orbs of heaven alone
Absorb thy soul mid yon ethereal fields:
To thee the vegetable world was known,
And all the blooming tribes the garden yields;

From the tall cedar on the mountain's brow,
Which the fierce tropic storm in vain assails,
Down to the humblest shrubs that beauteous blow,
And scent the air of Asia's fragrant vales.

But talents—fancy—ardent, bold, sublime—
Unbounded science—form'd thy meanest fame;
Beyond the grasp of death, the bound of time,
On wings of fire Religion wafts thy name.

And long as stars shall shine, or planets roll,
To kindred virtue shall that name be dear!
Still shall thy genius charm the' aspiring soul,
And distant ages kindle at thy bier.

FROM HAYLEY'S ELEGY

On his Death.

MAGNIFIC Asia to her Jones's name
Bids high in air the mausoleum spread,
And, by its various ornaments, proclaim
The varied powers and virtues of the dead.

See! where in sculptured pomp, poetic forms!
The Muse of Araby, the Persic Muse,
The Eastern quire, whose blaze of beauty warms,
Lament the sweet interpreter they lose.

Mark where, like stars of richly blended fire,
The seven selected bards of Mecca stand,
Mourning their western brother of the lyre,
Who raised to new renown their social band.

The Sufi tribe, in fond devotion's trance,
(Poets, whose higher lays to Heaven belong!)
Weep their lost friend, whose penetrating glance
Pierced the deep moral of their mystic song.

Behold, with mental dignity elate,
Elders of solemn air, and gentle mien!
One sage as Solon, one as Shakspeare great,
Menu and Calidasa grace the scene.

PREFACE

TO THE

EDITION OF HIS POEMS IN 1772.

THE reader will probably expect that, before I present him with the following miscellany, I should give some account of the pieces contained in it; and should prove the authenticity of those eastern originals from which I profess to have translated them: indeed, so many productions, invented in France, have been offered to the public as genuine translations from the languages of Asia, that I should have wished, for my own sake, to clear my publication from the slightest suspicion of imposture. But there is a circumstance peculiarly hard in the present case; namely, that were I to produce the originals themselves, it would be impossible to persuade some men, that even *they* were not forged for the purpose, like the pretended language of Formosa. I shall, however, attempt in this short preface to satisfy the reader's expectations.

The first poem in the collection, called Solima, is not a regular translation from the Arabic language; but most of the figures, sentiments, and descriptions in it, were really taken from the poets of Arabia: for when I was reading some

of their verses on benevolence and hospitality, which they justly consider as their most amiable virtues, I selected those passages that seemed most likely to run into our measure, and connected them in such a manner as to form one continued piece, which I suppose to be written in praise of an Arabian princess, who had built a caravansera with pleasant gardens for the refreshment of travellers and pilgrims; an act of munificence not uncommon in Asia. I shall trouble the reader with only one of the original passages, from which he may form a tolerable judgment of the rest:

Kad alama e'ddhaifo wa'l mojtaduno
 Idha aghbara of kon wahabbat shemalan,
 'Wakhalat an auladiha elmordhiato,
 Wa lam tar ainon lemozuin belalan,
 Beerca conto 'errabio el moghitho
 Leman yatarica, waconto themalan,
 Waconto' nehara behi shemsoho,
 Waconto dagiyyi' lleili fibi helalan.

that is ¹; 'The stranger and the pilgrim well know, when the sky is dark, and the north wind rages, when the mothers leave their sucking infants, when no moisture can be seen in the clouds, that thou art bountiful to them as the spring, that thou art their chief support, that thou art a sun to them by day, and a moon in the cloudy night.'

The hint of the next poem, or The Palace of Fortune, was taken from an Indian tale translated a few years ago from the Persian by a very ingenious gentleman in the service of the India

¹ See this page versified in Solima.

Company; but I have added several descriptions and episodes from other eastern writers, have given a different moral to the whole piece, and have made some other alterations in it, which may be seen by any one who will take the pains to compare it with the story of Roshana, in the second volume of the tales of Inatulla.

I have taken a still greater liberty with the moral allegory, which, in imitation of the Persian poet Nezami, I have entitled *The Seven Fountains*; the general subject of it was borrowed from a story in a collection of tales by Ebn Arabsha, a native of Damascus, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and wrote several other works in a very polished style, the most celebrated of which is '*A History of the Life of Tamerlane*:' but I have ingrafted upon the principal allegory an episode from the Arabian tales of '*a thousand and one nights*,' a copy of which work, in Arabic, was procured for me by a learned friend at Aleppo.

The song, which follows, was first printed at the end of a Persian grammar: but, for the satisfaction of those who may have any doubt of its being genuine, it seemed proper to set down the original of it in Roman characters at the bottom of the page. The Ode of Petrarch was added, that the reader might compare the manner of the Asiatic poets with that of the Italians, many of whom have written in the true spirit of the Easterns. Some of the Persian songs have a striking

² See the story of Prince Agib, or the third Calandar in the Arabian Tales, Night 57, &c.

resemblance to the sonnets of Petrarch; and even the form of those little amatory poems was, I believe, brought into Europe by the Arabians: one would almost imagine the following lines to be translated from the Persian,

Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e crespe
 Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da loro
 Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce ore,
 E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l' increspe—

since there is scarce a page in the works of Hafez and Jami, in which the same image, of 'the breeze playing with the tresses of a beautiful girl,' is not agreeably and variously expressed.

The elegy on the death of Laura was inserted with the same view of forming a comparison between the Oriental and the Italian poetry: the description of the fountain of Valchiusa, or Vallis Clausa, which was close to Petrarch's house, was added to the elegy in the year 1769, and was composed on the very spot, which I could not forbear visiting when I passed by Avignon.

The Turkish Ode on the Spring was selected from many others in the same language, written by Mesihî, a poet of great repute at Constantinople, who lived in the reign of Soliman the Second, or the Lawgiver. It is not unlike the Vigil of Venus, which has been ascribed to Catullus; the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the Latin poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza: the works of Mesihî are preserved in the archives of the Royal Society.

It will be needless, I hope, to apologize for the Pastoral, and the poem upon Chess, which were done as early as at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and were saved from the fire, in preference to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest.

It must not be supposed, from my zeal for the literature of Asia, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the Greeks and Romans; for I am convinced that, whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always return to the writings of the ancients, as to the standard of true taste.

If the novelty of the following poems should recommend them to the favour of the reader, it may probably be agreeable to him to know, that there are many others of equal or superior merit, which have never appeared in any language of Europe; and I am persuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them very happily in his native tongue, and that the public would not be displeased to see the genuine compositions of Arabia and Persia in an English dress. The heroic poem of Ferdusi might be versified as easily as the Iliad, and I see no reason why The Delivery of Persia by Cyrus should not be a subject as interesting to us as the anger of Achilles or the wandering of Ulysses. The Odes of Hafez, and of Mesihi, would suit our lyric measures as well as those ascribed to Anacreon; and the seven Arabic elegies, that were hung up in the temple of Mecca, and of which there are several fine co-

pies at Oxford, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and the admirers of native genius. But when I propose a translation of these Oriental pieces, as a work likely to meet with success, I only mean to invite my readers, who have leisure and industry, to the study of the languages in which they are written; and am very far from insinuating that I have the remotest design of performing any part of the task myself. For, to say the truth, I should not have suffered even the following trifles to see the light, if I were not very desirous of recommending to the learned world a species of literature, which abounds with so many new expressions, new images, and new inventions,

MISCELLANIES.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE XIV. LIB. II.

WRITTEN AT FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

1760.

How quickly fades the vital flower!
Alas! my friend! each silent hour
Steals unperceived away:
The early joys of blooming youth,
Sweet innocence, and dove-eyed truth,
Are destined to decay.

Can zeal drear Pluto's wrath restrain?
No; though an hourly victim stain
His hallow'd shrine with blood,
Fate will recall her doom for none;
The sceptred king must leave his throne,
To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapp'd in ease,
We shun the merchant-marring seas;
In vain we fly from wars;
In vain we shun the autumnal blast
(The slow Cocytus must be pass'd):
How needless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,
 The very mistress of our love,
 Ah me, we soon must leave!
 Of all our trees, the hated boughs
 Of cypress shall alone diffuse
 Their fragrance o'er our grave.

To others shall we then resign
 The numerous casks of sparkling wine,
 Which, frugal, now we store;
 With them a more deserving heir,
 (Is this our labour, this our care?
 Shall stain the stucco floor.

ARCADIA.

A PASTORAL POEM.

Advertisement.

THE following pastoral was written in the year 1762; but the author, finding some tolerable passages in it, was induced to correct it afterwards, and to give it a place in his collection of poems, published in 1772. He took the hint of it from an allegory of Mr. Addison, in the thirty-second paper of the Guardian; which is set down in the margin, that the reader may see where he has copied the original, and where he has deviated from it. In this piece, as it now stands, Menalcas, king of the shepherds, means Theocritus; the most ancient, and perhaps the best, writer of Pastorals: and by his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, must be understood the two sorts of pastoral poetry; the one elegant and polished, the other simple and unadorned; in both of which he excelled. Virgil, whom Pope chiefly followed, seems to have borne away the palm in the higher sort; and Spenser, whom Gay imitated with success, had equal merit in the more rustic style: these two poets, therefore, may justly be supposed in this allegory to have inherited his kingdom of Arcadia.

ARCADIA *.

IN those fair plains, where glittering Ladon roll'd
 His wanton labyrinth o'er sands of gold,
 Menalcas reign'd ; from Pan his lineage came :
 Rich were his vales, and deathless was his fame,
 When youth impell'd him, and when love inspired,
 The listening nymphs his Doric lays admired :
 To hear his notes the swains with rapture flew ;
 A softer pipe no shepherd ever blew.
 But, now, oppress'd beneath the load of age,
 Beloved, respected, venerable, sage,—
 Of heroes, demigods, and gods he sung' ;
 His *reed* neglected on a poplar hung :
 Yet all the rules that young Arcadians keep
 He kept, and watch'd, each morn, his bleating
 sheep.
 Two lovely daughters were his dearest care ;
 Both mild as May, and both as April fair :
 Love, where they moved, each youthful breast
 inflamed ;
 And Daphne this, and Hyla that was named.

IMITATIONS.

* *Guardian*, N° 32.—In ancient times there dwelt, in a pleasant vale of Arcadia, a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas, who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age.

† This couplet alludes to the higher Idyllia of Theocritus ; as the *Ἑγκύμιοι* in *Πτολιμαίον*, the *Διοσκυροί*, and others which are of the heroic kind.

The first was bashful as a blooming bride*,
And all her mien display'd a decent pride;
Her tresses, braided in a curious knot,
Were close confined, and not a hair forgot,—
Where many a flower, in mystic order placed,
With myrtle twined, her silken fillet graced;
Nor with less neatness was her robe disposed,
And every fold a pleasing art disclosed;
Her sandals of the brightest silk were made,
And, as she walk'd, gave lustre to the shade;
A graceful ease in every step was seen,
She moved a shepherdess, yet look'd a queen.
Her sister scorn'd to dwell in arching bowers,
Or deck her locks with wreaths of fading flowers;
O'er her bare shoulder flow'd her auburn hair,
And, fann'd by zephyrs, floated on the air;
Green were her buskins, green the vest she wore,
And in her hand a knotty crook she bore.
The voice of Daphne might all pains disarm;
Yet, heard too long, its sweetness ceased to charm:
But none were tired when artless Hyla sung,
Though something rusticwarbled from her tongue†.

IMITATIONS.

* He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but, having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree.

† She had a voice that was exceedingly sweet; yet had a rusticity in her tone, which, however, to most who heard her, seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation, in general, she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received.

Thus both in beauty grew, and both in fame,
Their manners different, yet their charms the same.
The young Arcadians, tuneful from their birth,
To love devoted, and to rural mirth,
Beheld, and fondly loved the royal maids,
And sung their praise in valleys, lawns, and
glades;

From morn to latest eve they wept and sigh'd;
And some for Daphne, some for Hyla, died:
Each day new presents to the nymphs they bore,
And in gay order spread the shining store;
Some beechen bowls and polish'd sheephooks
brought,

With ebon knots, and studs of silver wrought;
Some led in flowery bands the playful fawn,
Or bounding roe, that spurn'd the grassy lawn;
The rest on Nature's blooming gifts relied,
And raised their slender hopes on Beauty's pride:
—But the coy maids, regardless of their pain,
Their vows derided, and their plaintive strain.
Hence some, whom love with lighter flames had
fired,

Broke their soft flutes, and in despair retired;
To milder damsels told their amorous tale,
And found a kinder Daphne in the vale.

It happen'd, on a cheerful morn of May
When every meadow smiled in fresh array,
The shepherds, rising at an early hour,
In crowds assembled round the regal bower,
There hail'd in sprightly notes the peerless maids;
And tender accents trembled through the glades.
Menalcas, whom the larks with many a lay
Had call'd from slumber at the dawn of day,
By chance was roving through a bordering dale,
And heard the swains their youthful woes bewail.

He knew the cause; for long his prudent mind
 To sooth their cares indulgently design'd;
 Slow he approach'd; then waved his awful hand,
 And, leaning on his crook, address'd the listen-
 ing band:

' Arcadian shepherds! to my words attend;
 In silence, hear your monarch and your friend.
 Your fruitless pains, which none can disapprove,
 Excite my pity, not my anger move.
 Two gentle maids, the solace of my age,
 Fill all my soul, and all my care engage;
 When death shall join me to the pale-eyed throng,
 To them my silvan empire will belong;
 But, lest with them the royal line should fail,
 And civil discord fill this happy vale, [wed;
 Two chosen youths the beauteous nymphs must
 To share their power, and grace the genial bed;
 So may the swains our ancient laws obey*,
 And all Arcadia own their potent sway.
 But what sage counsel can their choice direct?
 Whom can the nymphs prefer, or whom reject?
 So like your passion, and so like your strain,
 That all deserve, yet cannot all obtain.
 Hear then my tale: as late by fancy led
 To steep Cyllenè's ever vocal head,
 With winding steps I wander'd through the wood,
 And pour'd wild notes; a Faun before me stood;

IMITATIONS.

* For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form, from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the Fairy; with a particular charge, not to bestow his daughter on any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

A flute he held, which as he softly blew,
 The feather'd warblers to the sound he drew;
 Then to my hand the precious gift consign'd,
 And said, "Menalcas, ease thy wondering mind:
 This pipe, on which the god of shepherds play'd,
 When love inflamed him, and the viewless maid²,
 Receive: e'en Pan thy tuneful skill confess'd,
 And after Pan thy lips will grace it best.
 Thy daughters' beauty every breast inspires,
 And all thy kingdom glows with equal fires:
 But let those favour'd youths alone succeed,
 Who blow with matchless art this heavenly reed."
 *This said, he disappear'd. Then hear my will:—
 Be bold, ye lovers, and exert your skill;

² Echo.

IMITATIONS.

* When the time that he designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise, that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those, who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies. The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheephook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other. The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and a courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut, indeed, after the shepherds' fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted, from considering the mode of the garment, by the dazzling of the

Be they my sons who sing the softest strains,
 And tune to sweetest notes their pleasing pains :
 But mark ! whoe'er shall, by too harsh a lay,
 Offend our ears, and from our manners stray,
 He, for our favour, and our throne unfit,
 To some disgraceful penance must submit.'

He ends:—the shepherds at his words rejoice,
 And praise their sovereign with a grateful voice.
 Each swain believes the lovely prize his own,
 And sits triumphant on the' ideal throne;
 Kind vanity their want of art supplies,
 And gives indulgent what the Muse denies;
 Gay vests and flowery garlands each prepares,—
 And each the dress that suits his fancy wears.

Now deeper blushes tinged the glowing sky,
 And evening raised her silver lamp on high;
 When in a bower, by Ladon's lucid stream,
 Where not a star could dart his piercing beam,
 So thick the curling eglantines display'd,
 With woodbines join'd, an aromatic shade,—
 The father of the blooming nymphs reclined,
 His hoary locks with sacred laurel twined:
 The royal damsels, seated by his side,
 Shone like two flowers in summer's fairest pride;

IMITATIONS.

ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheephook glittered with gold and enamel. He applied the pipe to his lips, and began a tune, which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses, who had paired themselves in order to dance, could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

The swains before them crowded in a ring,
Prepared to blow the flute, or sweetly sing.

First, in the midst a graceful youth arose,
Born in those fields where crystal Mele flows:
His air was courtly, his complexion fair,
And rich perfumes shed sweetness from his hair,
That o'er his shoulder waved in flowing curls,
With roses braided, and inwreath'd with pearls:
A wand of cedar for his crook he bore;
His slender foot the' Arcadian sandal wore,
Yet that so rich, it seem'd to fear the ground,
With beaming gems and silken ribands bound;
The plumage of an ostrich graced his head,
And with embroider'd flowers his mantle was
o'erspread.

He sung the darling of the' Idalian queen³,
Fallen in his prime on sad Cythera's green;
When weeping Graces left the faded plains,
And tuned their strings to elegiac strains;
While mourning loves the tender burden bore,
• Adonis, fair Adonis charms no more!
The theme displeased the nymph, whose ruder ear
The tales of simple shepherds loved to hear.
The maids and youths, who saw the swain advance,
And take the fatal pipe, prepared to dance:
So wildly, so affectedly he play'd,
His tune so various and uncouth he made, ~
That not a dancer could in cadence move, •
And not a nymph the quaver'd notes approve:
They broke their ranks, and join'd the circling train,
While bursts of laughter sounded o'er the plain.
Menalcas raised his hand, and bade retire
The silken courtier from the' Arcadian choir:

³ See Bion, Moschus, &c.

Two eager shepherds, at the king's command,
Rent his gay plume, and snapp'd his polish'd wand;
They tore his vest, and o'er his bosom threw
A weed of homely grain and russet hue;
Then fill'd with wither'd herbs his scented locks,
And scornful drove him to the low-brow'd rocks;
There doom'd to rove, deserted and forlorn,
Till thrice the moon had arch'd her silver horn.

The next that rose*, and took the mystic reed,
Was wrapp'd, ungraceful, in a sordid weed;
A shaggy hide was o'er his shoulders spread;
And wreaths of noxious darnel bound his head;
Unshorn his beard, and tangled was his hair;
He rudely walk'd, and thus address'd the fair—
' My kids I fondle, and my lambs I kiss;
Ah! grant, sweet maid, a more delightful bliss.'
The damsels blush with anger and disdain,
And turn indignant from the shameless swain;
To Pan in silence, and to Love, they pray,
To make his music hateful as his lay.
The gods assent; the flute he roughly takes,
And scarce with pain a grating murmur makes:

IMITATIONS.

* The second that appeared was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her, ' He had hugged his lambs and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter.' The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with great difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes that the shepherds cried out, one and all, that he understood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

But when, in jarring notes, he forced his song,
 Just indignation fired the rural throng:
 'Shame of Arcadia's bowers! (the youths exclaim)
 Whose tuneless lays disgrace a shepherd's name!
 The watchful heralds, at Menalcas' nod,
 Pursued the rustic with a vengeful rod;
 Condemn'd three summers on the rocky shore
 To feed his goats, and touch a pipe no more.

Now to the ring a portly swain advanced*,
 Who neither wholly walk'd nor wholly danced;
 Yet moved in pain, so close his crimson vest
 Was clasp'd uneasy o'er his straining breast:
 'Fair nymph*! (said he) the roses which you
 wear

Your charms improve not, but their own impair.'
 The maids, unused to flowers of eloquence,
 Smiled at the words, but could not guess their sense.
 When in his hand the sacred reed he took,
 Long time he view'd it with a pensive look;
 Then gave it breath, and raised a shriller note
 Than when the bird of morning swells his throat;
 Through every interval, now low, now high,
 Swift o'er the stops his fingers seem'd to fly:

* See Tasso, Guarini, Fontenelle, Camoens, Garcilasso, Lope de Vega, and other writers of pastorals in Italian, French, Portuguese, and Spanish.

IMITATIONS.

* The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move in pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look, and stately pace, and said, 'Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed.' As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood still like people astonished and confounded.

The youths, who heard such music with surprise,
 Gazed on the tuneful bard with wondering eyes:
 He saw with secret pride their deep amaze,
 Then said *, ' Arcadia shall resound my praise,
 And every clime my powerful art shall own;
 This, this, ye swains, is melody alone:
 To me Amphion taught the heavenly strains,
 Amphion, born on rich Hesperian plains.'
 To whom Menalcas—' Stranger! we admire
 Thy notes melodious, and thy rapturous fire;
 But ere to these fair valleys thou return,
 Adopt our manners, and our language learn:
 Some aged shepherd shall thy air improve,
 And teach thee how to speak, and how to move.'

Soon † to the bower a modest stripling came,
 Fairest of swains; and Tityrus⁵ his name;

* The name supposed to be taken by Virgil in his first pastoral.

IMITATIONS:

* In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, composed by the most skilful master of Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him how to speak plain.

† The fourth that stepped forward was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy, but unassured air: she blushed as he came near her; and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that, though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities.

Mild was his look; an easy grace he show'd;
And o'er his beauteous limbs a decent mantle
flow'd.

As through the crowd he press'd, the silvan choir
His mien applauded, and his neat attire;
And Daphne, yet untaught in amorous lore,
Felt strange desires, and pains unknown before.
He now begins: the dancing hills attend,
And knotty oaks from mountain tops descend:—
He sings of swains beneath the beechen shade,
When lovely Amaryllis fill'd the glade⁶;
Next, in a sympathizing lay, complains
Of love unpitied, and the lover's pains;
But when with art the hallow'd pipe he blew,
What deep attention hush'd the rival crew!
He play'd so sweetly, and so sweetly sung,
That on each note the' enraptured audience hung;
E'en blue-hair'd nymphs, from Ladon's limpid
stream,

Raised their bright heads, and listen'd to the
theme;

Then through the yielding waves, in transport,
glanced;

Whilst on the banks the joyful shepherds danced:
'We oft (said they), at close of evening flowers,
Have heard such music in the vocal bowers:
We wonder'd; for we thought some amorous god,
That on a silver moonbeam swiftly rode,
Had fann'd, with starry plumes, the floating air,
And touch'd his harp, to charm some mortal fair.'

He ended; and, as rolling billows loud,
His praise resounded from the circling crowd.

⁶ *Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvam. VIRG.*

The clamorous tumult softly to compose,
 High in the midst the plaintive Colin⁷ rose,
 Born on the liliated banks of royal Thame,
 Which oft had rung with Rosalinda's name;
 Fair, yet neglected; neat, yet unadorn'd;
 The pride of dress and flowers of art he scorn'd:
 And, like the nymph who fired his youthful breast,
 Green were his buskins, green his simple vest:
 With careless ease his rustic lays he sung,
 And melody flow'd smoothly from his tongue:
 Of June's gay fruits and August's corn he told,
 The bloom of April, and December's cold;
 The loves of shepherds, and their harmless cheer⁸,
 In every month that decks the varied year.
 Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,
 And his soft numbers died along the shade;
 The skilful dancers to his accents moved,
 And every voice his easy tune approved;
 E'en Hyla, blooming maid, admired the strain,
 While through her bosom shot a pleasing pain.

Now all were hush'd: no rival durst arise;
 Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes.
 Menalcas, rising from his flowery seat,
 Thus, with a voice majestically sweet, [hear!
 Address'd the' attentive throng—' Arcadians,
 The sky grows dark, and beamy stars appear:
 Haste to the vale; the bridal bowers prepare:
 And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.
 Thou, Tityrus, of swains the pride and grace,
 Shalt clasp soft Daphne in thy fond embrace:

⁷ Colin is the name that Spenser takes in his pastorals; and Rosalinda is that under which he celebrates his mistress.

⁸ See the Shepherd's Kalendar.

And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms
 Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms.
 O'er these sweet plains divided empire hold,
 And to your latest race transmit an age of gold.
 What splendid visions rise before my sight,
 And fill my aged bosom with delight!
 Henceforth of wars and conquest shall you sing,
Arms and the Man in every clime shall ring*:
 Thy Muse, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,
 Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian shore,
 Sad Dido's love, and Venus' wandering son,
 The Latians vanquish'd, and Lavinia won.
 And thou, O Colin! heaven-descended youth,
 Shalt hide in fiction's veil the charms of truth;
 Thy notes the sting of sorrow shall beguile,
 And smooth the brow of anguish till it smile;
 Notes that a sweet Elysian dream can raise,
 And lead the' enchanted soul through fancy's
 maze;

Thy verse shall shine with Gloriana's name,
 And fill the world with Britain's endless fame.'

To Tityrus* then he gave the sacred flute,
 And bade his sons their blushing brides salute;
 Whilst all the train a lay of triumph sung,
 Till mountains echoed, and till valleys rung.

While thus †, with mirth, they tuned the nup-
 tial strain,

A youth, too late, was hastening o'er the plain,

* This prophecy of Menalcas alludes to the *Æneis* of Virgil, and the Fairy Queen of Spenser.

IMITATIONS.

* The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

† While they were in the midst of their joy, they were sur-

Clad in a flowing vest of azure hue ;
 Blue were his sandals, and his girdle blue¹⁰ :
 A slave, ill dress'd and mean, behind him bore
 An osier-basket, fill'd with fishy store,—
 The lobster with his sable armour bold ;
 The tasteful mullet, deck'd with scales of gold ;
 Bright perch, the tyrants of the finny breed ;
 And greylings sweet, that crop the fragrant weed :
 Among them shells of many a tint appear ;
 The heart of Venus, and her pearly ear¹¹ ;
 The nautilus, on curling billows borne ;
 And scallops, by the wandering pilgrim worn ;
 Some dropp'd with silver, some with purple dye ;
 With all the race that seas or streams supply :—
 A net and angle o'er his shoulder hung :
 Thus was the stranger clad ;—and thus he sung—
 ' Ah ! lovely damsel, leave thy simple sheep ;
 'Tis sweeter in the seaworn rock to sleep ;
 There shall thy line the scaly shoals betray,
 And sports, unknown before, beguile the day ;

¹⁰ See Sannazaro, Ongaro, Phineas Fletcher, and other writers of piscatory eclogues.

¹¹ Venus's heart and Venus's ear are the names of two very beautiful shells.

IMITATIONS.

prised with a very odd appearance. A person, in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the midst of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back ; and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked whence he came, and what he was ? he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the seashore ; that his substance consisted in seacalves ; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and Naiads. ' Art thou acquainted with the Naiads ? (said Menalcas) to them shalt thou return.' The shepherds immediately hoisted him up, as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

To guide o'er rolling waves the dancing skiff,
 Or pluck the samphire from the impending cliff:
 My rapturous notes the blue-eyed Nereids praise,
 And silver-footed Naiads hear my lays.'—
 'To them (Menalcas said) thy numbers pour;
 Insult our flocks and blissful vales no more.'
 He spoke; the heralds knew their sovereign's will,
 And hurl'd the fisher down the sloping hill:
 Headlong he plunged beneath the liquid plain
 (But not a nymph received the falling swain);
 Then, dropping, rose; and, like the rushing wind,
 Impetuous fled, nor cast a look behind;
 He sought the poplar'd banks of winding Po¹²,
 But shunn'd the meads where Ladon's waters
 flow.

Ere* through nine radiant signs the flaming sun
 His course resplendent in the Zodiac run,
 The royal damsels, bashful now no more,
 Two lovely boys on one glad morning bore;
 From blooming Daphne fair Alexis sprung,
 And Colinet on Hyla's bosom hung;
 Both o'er the vales of sweet Arcadia reign'd,
 And both the manners of their sires retain'd:
 Alevis, fairer than a morn of May¹³,
 In glades and forests tuned his rural lay,

¹² This alludes to the Latin compositions of Sannazarius;
 which have great merit in their kind.

¹³ See Pope's Pastorals.

IMITATIONS.

* Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil. Virgil left his to his son Spenser, and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest born Philips.

More soft than rills that through the valley flow,
 Or vernal gales that o'er the violets blow;
 He sung the tender woes of artless swains,
 Their tuneful contests, and their amorous pains;
 When early spring has waked the breathing
 flowers,

Or winter hangs with frost the silvery bowers:—
 But Colinet in ruder numbers tells ¹⁴
 The loves of rustics, and fair boding-spells;
 Sings how they simply pass the livelong day,
 And softly mourn, or innocently play.

Since them, no shepherd rules the' Arcadian
 But silent hangs Menalcas' fatal reed. [mead,

CAISSA;

OR, THE GAME OF CHESS.

1763.

Advertisement.

THE first idea of the following piece was taken from a Latin poem of Vida, entitled *Scacchia Ludus*, which was translated into Italian by Marino, and inserted in the fifteenth Canto of his *Adonis*: the author thought it fair to make an acknowledgment, in the notes, for the passages which he borrowed from those two poets; but he must also do them the justice to declare, that most of the descriptions, and the whole story of *Caissa*, which is written in imitation of Ovid, are his own; and their faults must be imputed to him only. The characters in the poem are no less imaginary than those in the episode; in which the invention of Chess is poetically ascribed to Mars, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from India.

¹⁴ See the *Shepherd's Week*, of Gay.

Of armies on the chequer'd field array'd*,
 And guiltless war in pleasing form display'd;
 When two bold kings contend with vain alarms,
 In ivory this, and that in ebon arms;
 Sing, sportive maids, that haunt the sacred hill
 Of Pindus, and the famed Pierian rill.
 †Thou, joy of all below, and all above,
 Mild Venus, queen of laughter, queen of love;
 Leave thy bright island, where on many a rose
 And many a pink thy blooming train repose:
 Assist me, goddess! since a lovely pair
 Command my song, like thee divinely fair.

Near yon cool stream, whose living waters play,
 And rise translucent, in the solar ray;
 Beneath the covert of a fragrant bower, [flower;
 Where Spring's soft influence purpled every
 Two smiling nymphs reclined in calm retreat,
 And envying blossoms crowded round their seat;
 Here Delia was enthroned; and, by her side,
 The sweet Sirena; both in beauty's pride:
 Thus shine two roses, fresh with early bloom,
 That from their native stalk dispense perfume;
 Their leaves unfolding to the dawning day,
 Gems of the glowing mead, and eyes of May.
 A band of youths and damsels sat around,
 Their flowing locks with braided myrtle bound;

IMITATIONS.

- * *Ludimus effigiem belli, simulataque veris
 Prælia, buxo acies fictas, et ludiora regna:
 Ut gemini inter se reges, albusque nigerque,
 Pro laude oppositi certent bicoloribus armis.
 Dicite, Seriades Nymphæ, certamina tanta.*

VIDA.

- † *Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmque voluptas,
 Alma Venus! &c.* LUCRETIVS.

Agatis, in the graceful dance admired,
 And gentle Thyrsis, by the Muse inspired;
 With Sylvia, fairest of the mirthful train;
 And Daphnis, doom'd to love, yet love in vain.
 Now, whilst a purer blush o'erspreads her cheeks,
 With soothing accents thus Sirena speaks—

‘ The meads and lawns are tinged with beamy
 And wakeful larks begin their vocal flight; [light,
 Whilst on each bank the dewdrops sweetly smile;
 What sport, my Delia, shall the hours beguile?
 Shall heavenly notes, prolong'd with various art,
 Charm the fond ear, and warm the rapturous heart?
 At distance shall we view the silvan chase;
 Or catch with silken lines the finny race?’

Then Delia thus—‘ Or, rather since we meet
 By chance assembled in this cool retreat,
 In artful contest let our warlike train
 Move, well directed, o'er the colour'd plain;
 Daphnis, who taught us first, the play shall guide;
 Explain its laws, and o'er the field preside:
 No prize we need our ardour to inflame;
 We fight with pleasure if we fight for fame.’

The nymph consents: the maids and youths
 prepare
 To view the combat, and the sport to share;
 But Daphnis most approved the bold design,
 Whom love instructed, and the tuneful Nine.
 He rose; and on the cedar table placed
 A polish'd board, with differing colours graced;
 Squares eight times eight in equal order lie*;
 These bright as snow, those dark with sable dye;

IMITATIONS.

- * Sexaginta insunt et quatuor ordine sedes
 Octono; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat
 Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una

Like the broad target by the tortoise borne,
 Or like the hide by spotted panthers worn.
 Then from a chest, with harmless heroes stored,
 O'er the smooth plain two well wrought hosts he
 pour'd;

The champions burn'd their rivals to assail,
 Twice eight in black, twice eight in milkwhite
 mail†;

In shape and station different, as in name,
 Their motions various, nor their power the same.
 Say, Muse! (for Jove has nought from thee con-
 Who form'd the legions on the level field? [ceal'd])

High in the midst the reverend kings appear,
 And o'er the rest their pearly sceptres rear:
 One solemn step, majestically slow,
 They gravely move, and shun the dangerous foe;
 If e'er they call, the watchful subjects spring,
 And die with rapture, if they save their king;
 On him the glory of the day depends,
 He, once imprison'd, all the conflict ends.

The queens exulting near their consorts stand;
 Each bears a deadly falchion in her hand;
 Nowhere, now there, they bound with furious pride,
 And thin the trembling ranks from side to side;
 Swift as Camilla flying o'er the main,
 Or lightly skimming o'er the dewy plain:

IMITATIONS.

Sedibus, æquale et spatium, sed non color unus:
 Alternant semper variæ, subeuntque vicissim
 Albentes nigris; testudo piota superne
 Qualia devexo gestat discrimina tergo. VIDA.

† Agmina bina pari numeroque, et viribus æquis,
 Bis niveâ cum veste octo, totidemque nigranti.
 Ut variæ facies, pariter sunt et sua cuique
 Nomina, diversum munus, non æqua protestas.
 VIDA.

Fierce as they seem, some bold plebeian spear
May pierce their shield, or stop their full career.

The valiant guards, their minds on havock bent,
Fill the next squares, and watch the royal tent;
Though weak their spears, though dwarfish be
their height,

Compact they move, the bulwark of the fight¹.

To right and left the martial wings display
Their shining arms, and stand in close array.
Behold! four archers, eager to advance,
Send the light reed, and rush with sidelong glance;
Through angles, ever, they assault the foes,
True to the colour, which at first they chose.
Then four bold knights, for courage famed and
Each knight exalted on a prancing steed: [speed,
Their arching course no vulgar limit knows*,
Transverse they leap, and aim insidious blows,
Nor friends, nor foes, their rapid force restrain,
By one quick bound two changing squares they
From varying hues renew the fierce attack, [gain;
And rush from black to white, from white to black.
Four solemn elephants the sides defend;
Beneath the load of ponderous towers they bend:

¹ The chief art in the tactics of Chess consists in the nice conduct of the royal pawns; in supporting them against every attack; and, if they are taken, in supplying their places with others equally supported: a principle on which the success of the game in great measure depends, though it seems to be omitted by the very accurate Vida.

IMITATIONS.

- * Il cavallo leggier per dritta lista,
Come gli altri, l'arringo unqua non fende,
Mà la lizza attraversa, e fiero in vista
Curvo in giro, e lanato il salto stende,
E sempre nel saltar due case acquista,
Quel colore abbandona, e questo prende.

MARINO, *Adone*. 15.

In one unalter'd line they tempt the fight;
 Now crush the left, and now o'erwhelm the right.
 Bright in the front the dauntless soldiers raise
 Their polish'd spears; their steely helmets blaze:
 Prepared they stand the daring foe to strike,
 Direct their progress, but their wounds oblique.
 Now swell the' embattled troops with hostile rage,
 And clang their shields, impatient to engage;
 When Daphnis thus—' A varied plain behold,
 Where fairy kings their mimic tents unfold,
 As Oberon, and Mab, his wayward queen,
 Lead forth their armies on the daisied green.
 No mortal had the wondrous sport contrived,
 By gods invented, and from gods derived:
 From them the British nymphs received the game*,
 And play each morn beneath the crystal Thame;
 Hear then the tale, which they to Colin sung,
 As idling o'er the lucid wave he hung—
 ' A lovely Dryad ranged the Thracian wild,
 Her air enchanting and her aspect mild;
 To chase the bounding hart was all her joy,
 Averse from Hymen, and the Cyprian boy;
 O'er hills and valleys was her beauty famed,
 And fair Caïssa was the damsel named.
 Mars saw the maid; with deep surprise he gazed,
 Admired her shape, and every gesture praised:
 His golden bow the child of Venus bent,
 And through his breast a piercing arrow sent:
 The reed was Hope; the feathers, keen Desire;
 The point, her eyes; the barbs, ethereal fire.

IMITATIONS.

- * Quæ quondam sub aquis gaudent spectacula tueri
 Nereides, vastique omnis gens accola ponti;
 Siquando placidum mare, et humida regna quierunt.
 VIDA.

Soon to the nymph he pour'd his tender strain ;
The haughty Dryad scorn'd his amorous pain :
He told his woes where'er the maid he found,
And still he press'd, yet still Caïssa frown'd ;
But e'en her frowns (ah, what might smiles have
Fired all his soul, and all his senses won. [done!]
He left his car, by raging tigers drawn,
And lonely wander'd o'er the dusky lawn ;
Then lay desponding near a murmuring stream,
And fair Caïssa was his plaintive theme.
A Naiad heard him from her mossy bed,
And through the crystal raised her placid head ;
Then mildly spake—" O thou whom love inspires,
Thy tears will nourish, not allay thy fires.
The smiling blossoms drink the pearly dew ;
And ripening fruit the feather'd race pursue ;
The scaly shoals devour the silken weeds ;
Love on our sighs and on our sorrow feeds.
Then weep no more ; but, ere thou canst obtain
Balm to thy wounds, and solace to thy pain,
With gentle art thy martial look beguile ;
Be mild, and teach thy rugged brow to smile.
Canst thou no play, no soothing game devise,
To make thee lovely in the damsel's eyes ?
So may thy prayers assuage the scornful dame,
And e'en Caïssa own a mutual flame."
" Kind nymph (said Mars), thy counsel I approve ;
Art, only art, her ruthless breast can move.
But when ? or how ? Thy dark discourse explain :
So may thy stream ne'er swell with gushing rain ;
So may thy waves in one pure current flow,
And flowers eternal on thy border blow !"
" To whom the maid replied with smiling mien—
" Above the palace of the Paphian queen

Love's brother dwells, a boy of graceful port*,
 By gods named Euphron, and by mortals Sport:
 Seek him; to faithful ears unfold thy grief,
 And hope, ere morn return, a sweet relief.
 His temple hangs below the azure skies;
 Seest thou yon argent cloud? 'Tis there it lies."
 This said, she sunk beneath the liquid plain,
 And sought the mansion of her blue-hair'd train.

' Meantime the god, elate with heartfelt joy,
 Had reach'd the temple of the sportful boy;
 He told Caissa's charms, his kindred fire,
 The Naiad's counsel, and his warm desire.
 " Be swift (he added), give my passion aid;
 A god requests."—He spake, and Sport obey'd.
 He framed a tablet of celestial mould,
 Inlaid with squares of silver and of gold;
 Then of two metals form'd the warlike band,
 That here, compact, in show of battle stand;
 He taught the rules that guide the pensive game,
 And called it *Cassa* from the Dryad's name
 (Whence Albion's sons, who most its praise
 confess,
 Approved the play, and named it thoughtful Chess).
 The god, delighted, thank'd indulgent Sport;
 Then grasp'd the board, and left his airy court.
 With radiant feet he pierced the clouds; nor stay'd,
 Till in the woods he saw the beauteous maid.
 Tired with the chase the damsel sat reclined,
 Her girdle loose, her bosom unconfined.

IMITATIONS.

- * Ecco d' astuto ingegno, e pronta mano
 Garzon, che sempre scherza, e vola ratto,
 Gioco s'apella, ed è d' *Amor* germano.

MARINO, *Adone*. 15.

He took the figure of a wanton Faun,
And stood before her on the flowery lawn;
Then show'd his tablet: pleased, the nymph survey'd

The lifeless troops, in glittering ranks display'd;
She ask'd the wily sylvan to explain
The various motions of the splendid train;
With eager heart she caught the winning lore,
And thought e'en Mars less hateful than before:
"What spell (said she) deceived my careless mind?
The god was fair, and I was most unkind."

She spoke, and saw the changing Faun assume
A milder aspect, and a fairer bloom;
His wreathing horns, that from his temples grew,
Flow'd down in curls of bright celestial hue;
The dappled hairs, that veil'd his loveless face,
Blazed into beams, and show'd a heavenly grace;
The shaggy hide, that mantled o'er his breast,
Was soften'd to a smooth transparent vest,
That through its folds his vigorous bosom show'd,
And nervous limbs, where youthful ardour glow'd
(Had Venus view'd him in those blooming charms
Not Vulcan's net had forced her from his arms).
With goatlike feet no more he mark'd the ground,
But braided flowers his silken sandals bound.
The Dryad blush'd; and, as he press'd her, smiled,
Whilst all his cares one tender glance beguiled.'

He ends: *To arms*, the maids and striplings cry;
To arms, the groves and sounding vales reply.
Sirena led to war the swarthy crew,
And Delia those that bore the lily's hue.
Who first, O Muse, began the bold attack;
The white refulgent, or the mournful black?
Fair Delia first, as favouring lots ordain,
Moves her pale legions toward the sable train:

From thought to thought her lively fancy flies,
Whilst o'er the board she darts her sparkling eyes.

At length the warrior moves with haughty
strides;

Who from the plain the snowy king divides :
With equal haste his swarthy rival bounds ;
His quiver rattles, and his buckler sounds :
Ah! hapless youths, with fatal warmth you burn ;
Laws, ever fix'd, forbid you to return.

Then from the wing a shortlived spearman flies,
Unsafely bold, and see! he dies, he dies :

The dark-brow'd hero, with one vengeful blow
Of life and place deprives his ivory foe.

Now rush both armies o'er the burnish'd field,
Hurl the swift dart, and rend the bursting shield.

Here furious knights on fiery coursers prance,
Here archers spring, and lofty towers advance.

But see! the white-robed Amazon beholds
Where the dark host its opening van unfolds :

Soon as her eye discerns the hostile maid,

By ebon shield and ebon helm betray'd ;

Seven squares she passes with majestic mien,

And stands triumphant o'er the falling queen.

Perplex'd, and sorrowing at his consort's fate,

The monarch burn'd with rage, despair, and hate :

Swift from his zone the' avenging blade he drew,

And, mad with ire, the proud virago slew.

Meanwhile, sweet smiling Delia's wary king

Retired from fight behind his circling wing.

Long time the war in equal balance hung ;

Till, unforeseen, an ivory courser sprung,

And, wildly prancing in an evil hour,

Attack'd at once the monarch and the tower :

Sirena blush'd; for, as the rules required,
Her injured sovereign to his tent retired;
Whilst her lost castle leaves his threatening height,
And adds new glory to the' exulting knight.

At this, pale fear oppress'd the drooping maid,
And on her cheek the rose began to fade :
A crystal tear, that stood prepared to fall,
She wiped in silence, and conceal'd from all;
From all but Daphnis : he remark'd her pain,
And saw the weakness of her ebon train;
Then gently spoke—' Let me your loss supply,
And either nobly win, or nobly die;
Me oft has fortune crown'd with fair success,
And led to triumph in the fields of Chess.'
He said : the willing nymph her place resign'd,
And sat at distance on the bank reclined.
Thus, when Minerva call'd her chief to arms,
And Troy's high turret shook with dire alarms,
The Cyprian goddess, wounded, left the plain,
And Mars engaged a mightier force in vain.

Straight Daphnis leads his squadron to the field
(To Delia's arms 'tis e'en a joy to yield).
Each guileful snare and subtle art he tries,
But finds his art less powerful than her eyes;
Wisdom and strength superior charms obey :
And beauty, beauty wins the long-fought day.
By this—a hoary chief, on slaughter bent,
Approach'd the gloomy king's unguarded tent :
Where, late, his consort spread dismay around,
Now her dark corse lies bleeding on the ground.
Hail, happy youth ! thy glories not unsung
Shall live eternal on the poet's tongue ;
For thou shalt soon receive a splendid change,
And o'er the plain with nobler fury range.

The swarthy leaders saw the storm impend,
 And strove in vain their sovereign to defend :
 The' invader waved his silver lance in air,
 And flew like lightning to the fatal square ;
 His limbs, dilated, in a moment grew
 To stately height, and widen'd to the view ;
 More fierce his look, more lionlike his mien,
 Sublime he moved, and seem'd a warrior queen.
 As when the sage on some unfolding plant
 Has caught a wondering fly, or frugal ant,
 His hand the microscopic frame applies,
 And lo ! a bright-hair'd monster meets his eyes ;
 He sees new plumes in slender cases roll'd ;
 Here stain'd with azure, there bedropp'd with gold ;
 Thus, on the alter'd chief both armies gaze,
 And both the kings are fix'd with deep amaze.
 The sword, which arm'd the snow-white maid
 before,

He now assumes, and hurls the spear no more ;
 Then springs indignant on the dark-robed band,
 And knights and archers feel his deadly hand.
 Now flies the monarch of the sable shield,
 His legions vanquish'd, o'er the lonely field.
 So when the morn, by rosy coursers drawn *,
 With pearls and rubies sows the verdant lawn,
 Whilst each pale star from heaven's blue vault re-
 Still Venus gleams, and last of all expires. [tires,

IMITATIONS.

- * ——— Medio rex æquore inermis
 Constitit amissis sociis : velut æthere in alto
 Expulit ardentes flammæ ubi lutea bigis
 Luciferis Aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
 Lacet adhuc, Venus, et cœlo mox ultimus exit.
 VIDA, ver. 604.

He hears, where'er he moves, the dreadful sound;
Check the deep vales, and *Check* the woods rebound :—

No place remains : he sees the certain fate,
 And yields his throne to ruin, and *Check-mate*.

A brighter blush o'erspreads the damsel's
 cheeks,

And mildly thus the conquer'd stripling speaks :
 ' A double triumph, Delia, hast thou won,
 By Mars protected, and by Venus' son ;
 The first with conquest crowns thy matchless art,
 The second points those eyes at Daphnis' heart.'
 She smiled ; the nymphs and amorous youths arise,
 And own, that Beauty gain'd the nobler prize.
 Low in their chest the mimic troops were laid,
 And peaceful slept the sable hero's shade *.

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

An Eastern Allegory.

1767.

DECK'D with fresh garlands, like a rural bride,
 And with the crimson streamer's waving pride,
 A wanton bark was floating o'er the main ;
 And seem'd with scorn to view the azure plain :
 Smooth were the waves ; and scarce a whispering
 gale
 Fann'd with his gentle plumes the silken sail.

¹ A parody of the last line in Pope's translation of the Iliad :

And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

High on the burnish'd deck a gilded throne
 With orient pearls and beaming diamonds shone;
 On which reclined a youth of graceful mien,
 His sandals purple, and his mantle green;
 His locks in ringlets o'er his shoulders roll'd,
 And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.
 Around him stood a train of smiling boys,
 Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys:
 Ten comely striplings¹, girt with spangled wings,
 Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quivering
 strings;

Ten more, in cadence to the sprightly strain,
 Waked with their golden oars the slumbering main:
 The waters yielded to their guiltless blows,
 And the green billows sparkled as they rose.

Long time the barge had danced along the deep,
 And on its glassy bosom seem'd to sleep;
 But now a glittering isle arose in view²,
 Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue:
 Fresh groves and roseate bowers appear'd above
 (Fit haunts, be sure, of pleasure and of love);
 And, higher still, a thousand blazing spires
 Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heavenly fires.
 Now, each fair stripling plied his labouring oar,
 And straight the pinnace struck the sandy shore.
 The youth arose, and, leaping on the strand,
 Took his lone way along the silver sand;
 While the light bark, and all the airy crew,
 Sunk like a mist beneath the briny dew.

With eager steps, the young adventurer stray'd
 Through many a grove, and many a winding glade:
 At length he heard the chime of tuneful strings,
 That sweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings;

¹ The follies of youth.

² The world.

And soon a band of damsels blithe and fair³,
 With flowing mantles and dishevel'd hair,
 Rush'd, with quick pace, along the solemn wood,
 Where rapt in wonder and delight he stood :
 In loose transparent robes they were array'd,
 Which half their beauties hid, and half display'd.
 A lovely nymph approach'd him with a smile,
 And said, ' O, welcome to this blissful isle ;
 For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,
 Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold :
 Hail, sacred king ! and from thy subject's hand
 Accept the robes and sceptre of the land.'

' Sweet maid ! (said he) fair learning's heavenly
 beam [gleam ;

O'er my young mind ne'er shed her favouring
 Nor has my arm e'er hurl'd the fatal lance,
 While desperate legions o'er the plain advance.
 How should a simple youth, unfit to bear
 The steely mail, that splendid mantle wear ?
 ' Ah ! (said the damsel) from this happy shore
 We banish wisdom, and her idle lore ;
 No clarions here the strains of battle sing,—
 With notes of mirth our joyful valleys ring.
 Peace to the brave :—o'er us, the beauteous reign,
 And ever charming pleasures form our train.'

This said, a diadem, inlaid with pearls,
 She placed respectful on his golden curls ;
 Another, o'er his graceful shoulder threw
 A silken mantle of the rose's hue, [flow'd,
 Which, clasp'd with studs of gold, behind him
 And through the folds his glowing bosom show'd.
 Then in a car, by snow-white coursers drawn,
 They led him o'er the dew-besprinkled lawn,

³ The follies and vanities of the world.

Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,
With all that could allure his ravish'd sight;
Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grots he view'd,
And verdurous plains with winding streams be-
On every bank, and under every shade, [dew'd.
A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd;
Some wantonly were tripping in a ring
On the soft border of a gushing spring;
While some, reclining in the shady vales,
Told to their smiling loves their amorous tales:
But when the sportful train beheld from far
The nymphs returning with the stately car,
O'er the smooth plain with hasty steps they came,
And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim;
With flowers of every tint the paths they strow'd,
And cast their chaplets on the hallow'd road.

At last they reach'd the bosom of a wood,
Where, on a hill, a radiant palace stood;
A sumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,
Which on its walls and on its gates display'd
The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,
The pearls that in the shells of Ormus grow.
And now a numerous train advance to meet
The youth, descending from his regal seat;
Whom to a rich and spacious hall they led,
With silken carpets delicately spread:
There on a throne with gems unnumber'd graced
Their lovely king six blooming damsels placed ⁴,
And, meekly kneeling, to his modest hand
They gave the glittering sceptre of command;
Then on six smaller thrones they sat reclined,
And watch'd the rising transports of his mind:
When thus the youth a blushing nymph address'd,
And, as he spoke, her hand with rapture press'd—

⁴ The pleasures of the Senses.

‘ Say, gentle damsel, may I ask, unblamed,
How this gay isle and splendid seats are named?
And you, fair queen of beauty and of grace,
Are you of earthly or celestial race?
To me the world’s bright treasures were unknown,
Where late I wander’d, pensive and alone;
And, slowly winding on my native shore,
Saw the vast ocean roll, but saw no more;
Till from the waves, with many a charming song,
A barge arose, and gaily moved along;
The jolly rowers reach’d the yielding sands,
Allured my steps, and waved their shining hands:
I went, saluted by the vocal train,
And the swift pinnace cleaved the waves again;
When on this island struck the gilded prow,
I landed full of joy: the rest you know.
Short is the story of my tender years:
Now speak, sweet nymph, and charm my listen-
ing ears.’ [flowers]

‘ These are the groves for ever deck’d with
(The maid replied), and these the fragrant bow-
ers,—

Where Love and Pleasure hold their airy court,
The seat of bliss, of sprightliness, and sport;
And we, dear youth! are nymphs of heavenly line;
Our souls immortal, as our forms divine:
For Maia, fill’d with Zephyr’s warm embrace,
In caves and forests cover’d her disgrace;
At last she rested on this peaceful shore,
Where, in yon grot, a lovely boy she bore,
Whom, fresh and wild and frolic from his birth,
She nursed in myrtle bowers, and call’d him Mirth,
He on a summer’s morning chanced to rove
Through the green labyrinth of some shady grove,

Where, by a dimpled rivulet's verdant side,
A rising bank, with woodbine edged, he spied:
There, veil'd with flowerets of a thousand hues,
A nymph lay bathed in slumber's balmy dews
(This maid by some, for some our race defame,
Was Folly call'd, but Pleasure was her name):
Her mantle, like the sky in April, blue,
Hung on a blossom'd branch that near her grew;
For, long disporting in the silver stream,
She shunn'd the blazing daystar's sultry beam;
And, ere she could conceal her naked charms,
Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms:
Borne on the wings of Love he flew, and press'd
Her breathing bosom to his eager breast.
At his wild theft the rosy morning blush'd,
The rivulet smiled, and all the woods were hush'd.

‘Of these fair parents, on this blissful coast,
(Parents like Mirth and Pleasure who can boast!)
I with five sisters, on one happy morn,
All fair alike, behold us now! were born.
When they to brighter regions took their way,
By Love invited to the realms of day,
To us they gave this large, this gay domain,
And said, departing, “Here let Beauty reign.”
Then reign, fair prince! in thee all beauties shine,
And, ah! we know thee of no mortal line.’

She said: the king with rapid ardour glow'd,
And the swift poison through his bosom flow'd:
But, while she spoke, he cast his eyes around
To view the dazzling roof, and spangled ground;
Then turning with amaze from side to side,
Seven golden doors, that richly shone, he spied,
And said, ‘Fair nymph (but let me not be bold),
What mean those doors that blaze with burnish'd
gold?’

‘ To six gay bowers (the maid replied) they lead,
Where spring eternal crowns the glowing mead ;
Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
Rise to the sun with many a colour’d ray.’

‘ But the seventh door (said he), what beauties
grace?’

‘ O, ’tis a cave ; a dark and joyless place,
A scene of nameless deeds, and magic spells,
Where day ne’er shines, and pleasure never dwells :
Think not of that. But come, my royal friend,
And see what joys thy favour’d steps attend.’

She spoke ; and pointed to the nearest door :
Swift he descends ; the damsel flies before ;
She turns the lock ; it opens at command !
The maid and stripling enter hand in hand.

The wondering youth beheld an opening glade,
Where in the midst a crystal fountain play’d⁵ ;
The silver sands, that on its bottom grew,
Were strown with pearls and gems of varied hue ;
The diamond sparkled like the star of day,
And the soft topaz shed a golden ray ;
Clear amethysts combined their purple gleam
With the mild emerald’s sight-refreshing beam ;
The sapphire smiled like yon blue plain above,
And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.

‘ These are the waters of eternal light
(The damsel said) ; the stream of heavenly sight ;
See, in this cup (she spoke, and stoop’d to fill
A vase of jasper with the sacred rill),
See, how the living waters bound and shine,
Which this well polish’d gem can scarce confine !’
From her soft hand, the lucid urn he took,
And quaff’d the nectar with a tender look :

⁵ Sight.

Straight from his eyes a cloud of darkness flew,
And all the scene was open'd to his view;
Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told
Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold;
Not all the bowers which oft in flowery lays
And solemn tales Arabian poets praise—
Though streams of honey flow'd through every
 mead,
Though balm and amber dropp'd from every reed;
Held half the sweets that Nature's ample hand
Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wondrous land,
All flowerets here their mingled rays diffuse,
The rainbow's tints to these were vulgar hues;
All birds that in the stream their pinion dip,
Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,
Or show their beauties to the sunny skies,
Here waved their plumes that shone with varying
But chiefly he that o'er the verdant plain [dyes;
Spreads the gay eyes which grace his spangled
 train;
And he who, proudly sailing, loves to show
His mantling wings and neck of downy snow;
Nor absent he who learns the human sound,
With wavy gold and moving emeralds crown'd;
Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires
 glow,
And on whose wing the gems of Indus grow.
The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,
He was all eye, and look'd from every pore.
But now the damsel calls him from his trance;
And o'er the lawn, delighted, they advance:
They pass the hall adorn'd with royal state,
And enter now with joy the second gate⁶.

⁶ Hearing.

A soothing sound he heard (but tasted first
 The gushing stream that from the valley burst),
 And in the shade beheld a youthful quire
 That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre:
 Melodious notes, drawn out with magic art,
 Caught with sweet ecstasy his ravish'd heart;
 A hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,
 And melting voices died along the glade;
 The tuneful stream that murmur'd as it rose,
 The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,
 The boughs, made vocal by the whispering gale,
 Join'd their soft strain, and warbled through the
 vale.

The concert ends: and now the stripling hears
 A tender voice that strikes his wondering ears;
 A beauteous bird, in our rude climes unknown,
 That on a leafy arbour sits alone,
 Strains his sweet throat, and waves his purple
 And thus in human accents softly sings— [wings,
 ' Rise, lovely pair, a sweeter bower invites
 Your eager steps, a bower of new delights;
 Ah! crop the flowers of pleasure while they blow,
 Ere winter hides them in a veil of snow.
 Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
 His silken leaf, and in a morn decays.
 See, gentle youth! a lily-bosom'd bride;
 See, nymph! a blooming stripling by thy side.
 Then haste, and bathe your souls in soft delights,
 A sweeter bower your wandering steps invites.'

He ceased; the slender branch, from which he
 Bent its fair head, and sprinkled pearly dew. [flew,
 The damsel smiled; the blushing youth was
 pleased,
 And by her willing hand his charmer seized:

The lovely nymph, who sigh'd for sweeter joy,
To the third gate⁷ conducts the amorous boy:
She turns the key; her cheeks like roses bloom,
And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.

His ravish'd sense a scene of pleasure meets,
A maze of joy, a paradise of sweets;
But first his lips had touch'd the' alluring stream,
That through the grove display'd a silver gleam.
Through jasmine bowers, and violet scented vales,
On silken pinions flew the wanton gales,—
Arabian odours on the plants they left,
And whisper'd to the woods their spicy theft:
Beneath the shrubs, that spread a trembling shade,
The musky roes and fragrant civets play'd.
As when, at eve, an eastern merchant roves
From Hadramut to Aden's spikenard groves,
Where some rich caravan, not long before,
Has pass'd, with cassia fraught, and balm store,—
Charm'd with the scent that hills and vales diffuse,
His grateful journey gaily he pursues.
Thus pleas'd, the monarch fed his eager soul,
And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance stole.
Soon the fourth door⁸ he pass'd with eager haste,
And the fourth stream was nectar to his taste.
Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,
On high a purple canopy appear'd;
And under it, in stately form, was placed
A table with a thousand vases graced;
Laden with all the dainties that are found
In air, in seas, or on the fruitful ground.
Here the fair youth reclined with decent pride,
His wanton nymph was seated by his side:

⁷ Smell.

⁸ Taste.

All that could please the taste the happy pair
 Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care;
 O'er their enchanted heads a mantling vine
 His curling tendrils wove with amorous twine;
 From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung,
 Like rubies on a thread of emeralds strung;
 With these were other fruits of every hue,
 The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.
 A hundred smiling pages stood around,
 Their shining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound;
 They, in transparent cups of agate, bore
 Of sweetly-sparkling wines a precious store;
 The stripling sipp'd and revel'd, till the sun [run;
 Down heaven's blue vault his daily course had
 Then rose, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,
 Oped the fifth door⁹: a stream before them play'd.

The king, impatient for the cooling draught,
 In a full cup the mystic nectar quaff'd;
 Then with a smile, (he knew no higher bliss)
 From her sweet lip he stole a balmy kiss:
 On the smooth bank of violets they reclined;
 And, whilst a chaplet for his brow she twined,
 With his soft cheek her softer cheek he press'd;
 His pliant arms were folded round her breast.
 She smiled; soft lightning darted from her eyes,
 And from his fragrant seat she bade him rise;
 Then, while a brighter blush her face o'erspread,
 To the sixth gate¹⁰ her willing guest she led.

The golden lock she softly turn'd around;
 The moving hinges gave a pleasing sound:
 The boy, delighted, ran with eager haste,
 And to his lips the living fountain placed;

⁹ Touch.

¹⁰ The sensual pleasures united.

The magic water pierced his kindled brain,
And a strange venom shot from vein to vein.
Whatever charms he saw in other bowers,
Were here combined, fruits, music, odours, flowers ;
A couch besides, with softest silk o'erlaid ;
And, sweeter still, a lovely yielding maid,—
Who now more charming seem'd, and not so coy,
And in her arms infolds the blushing boy :
They sport and wanton, till, with sleep oppress'd,
Like two fresh rose-buds on one stalk, they rest.

When morning spread around her purple flame,
To the sweet couch the five fair Sisters came ;
They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,
And bade him make, with speed, a second choice.
Hard task to choose, when all alike were fair !
Now this, now that, engaged his anxious care :
Then to the first who spoke his hand he lent ;
The rest retired, and whisper'd as they went.
The prince enamour'd view'd his second bride ;
They left the bower, and wander'd side by side ;
With her he charm'd his ears, with her his sight ;
With her he pass'd the day, with her the night.
Thus, all by turns the sprightly stranger led,
And all by turns partook his nuptial bed :
Hours, days, and months, in pleasure flow'd away ;
All laugh'd, all sweetly sung, and all were gay.

So had he wanton'd threescore days and seven,
More bless'd, he thought, than any son of heaven :
Till on a morn, with sighs and streaming tears,
The train of nymphs before his bed appears ;
And thus the youngest of the sisters speaks,
Whilst a sad shower runs trickling down her cheeks—

‘ A custom which we cannot, dare not fail
(Such are the laws that in our isle prevail),

Compels us, prince! to leave thee here alone,
Till thrice the sun his rising front has shown:
Our parents, whom, alas! we must obey,
Expect us at a splendid feast to-day;
What joy to us can all their splendour give?
With thee, with only thee, we wish to live.
Yet may we hope, these gardens will afford
Some pleasing solace to our absent lord!
Six golden keys, that ope yon blissful gates,
Where joy, eternal joy, thy steps awaits,
Accept: the seventh (but that you heard before)
Leads to a cave, where ravening monsters roar;
A sullen, dire, inhospitable cell,
Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell.
Farewell, dear youth!—how will our bosoms burn
For the sweet moment of our bless'd return!

The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were
vain,

Took the seven keys, and kiss'd the parting train.
A glittering car, which bounding coursers drew,
They mounted straight, and through the forest flew.

The youth, unknowing how to pass the day,
Review'd the bowers, and heard the fountains play;
By hands unseen whate'er he wish'd was brought;
And pleasures rose obedient to his thought.
Yet all the sweets that ravish'd him before
Were tedious now, and charm'd his soul no more:
Less lovely still, and still less gay they grew;
He sigh'd, he wish'd, and long'd for something new:
Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,
And sat repining on his royal seat.

Now, on the seventh bright gate he casts his eyes;
And in his bosom rose a bold surmise:
'The nymph (said he) was sure disposed to jest,
Who talk'd of dungeons in a place so bless'd:

What harm to open, if it be a cell
 Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell?
 If dark or foul, I need not pass the door;
 If new or strange,—my soul desires no more.
 He said, and rose; then took the golden keys,
 And oped the door: the hinges moved with ease.

Before his eyes appear'd a sullen gloom,
 Thick, hideous, wild; a cavern, or a tomb.
 Yet, as he longer gazed, he saw afar
 A light that sparkled like a shooting star.
 He paused:—at last, by some kind angel led,
 He enter'd; and advanced, with cautious tread.
 Still, as he walk'd, the light appear'd more clear;
 Hope sooth'd him, then, and scarcely left a fear,
 At length an aged sire surprised he saw,
 Who fill'd his bosom with a sacred awe¹¹:
 A book he held, which, as reclined he lay,
 He read, assisted by a taper's ray: [breast,
 His beard, more white than snow on winter's
 Hung to the zone that bound his sable vest:
 A pleasing calmness on his brow was seen,
 Mild was his look, majestic was his mien.
 Soon as the youth approach'd the reverend sage,
 He raised his head, and closed the serious page;
 Then spoke—'O son! what chance has turn'd thy
 To this dull solitude, and lone retreat?' [feet
 To whom the youth: 'First, holy father! tell,
 What force detains thee in this gloomy cell?
 This isle, this palace, and those balmy bowers,
 Where six sweet fountains fall on living flowers,
 Are mine; a train of damsels chose me king;
 And through my kingdom smiles perpetual spring.

¹¹ Religion.

For some important cause, to me unknown,
This day they left me joyless and alone;
But, ere three morns with roses strow the skies,
My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes.'
' Youth (said the sire), on this auspicious day
Some angel hither led thy erring way :
Hear a strange tale, and tremble at the snare,
Which for thy steps thy pleasing foes prepare.
Know, in this isle prevails a bloody law; [awe]:
List, stripling, list! (the youth stood fix'd with
But seventy¹² days the hapless monarchs reign,
Then close their lives in exile and in pain;
Doom'd in a deep and frightful cave to rove,
Where darkness hovers o'er the iron grove.
Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care
May save thee, son! from this destructive snare.
Not far from this, a lovelier island¹³ lies,
Too rich, too splendid, for unhallow'd eyes:
On that bless'd shore, a sweeter fountain flows
Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows,
Which if thou taste, whate'er was sweet before
Will bitter seem, and steal thy soul no more.
But ere these happy waters thou canst reach,
Thy weary steps must pass yon rugged beach,
Where the dark sea¹⁴ with angry billows raves,
And, fraught with monsters, curls his howling
If to my words, obedient, thou attend, [waves.
Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend :
A bark I keep, supplied with plenteous store,
That now lies anchor'd on the rocky shore ;
And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,
In the rude cave an exile thou art left,

¹² The life of man.¹³ Heaven.¹⁴ Death.

Myself will find thee on the gloomy lea,
And waft thee safely o'er the dangerous sea.'

The boy was fill'd with wonder as he spake,
And from a dream of folly seem'd to wake.
All day the sage his tainted thoughts refined;
His reason brighten'd, and reform'd his mind:
Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk'd,
And much of truth, and much of heaven, they
talk'd.

At night the stripling to the hall return'd;
When other fires his alter'd bosom burn'd.
O! how his wiser soul how low, how mean,
Seem'd all he e'er had heard, had felt, had seen!
He view'd the stars; he view'd the crystal skies;
And bless'd the Power all-good, all-great, all-
How newly now appear'd the purple robe, [wise.
The ru'd sceptre, and the ivory globe!
How dash'd the rays that gild the brittle earth!
How vast the brood of Folly and of Mirth!
When on the third morning, clad in mantle gray,
Brought in her rosy car her seventieth day,
A band of slaves, who rush'd with furious sound,
In chains of steel the willing captive bound;
From his young head the diadem they tore,
And cast his pearly bracelets on the floor;
They rent his robe that bore the rose's hue,
And of his breast a hairy mantle threw;
Then dragg'd him to the damp and dreary cave,
Drench'd by the gloomy sea's resounding wave.
Meanwhile the voices of a numerous crowd
Pierced the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud:
The nymphs another hapless youth had found,
As they were leading o'er the guilty ground:
They made him king, (alas, how short his reign!)
And fresh chaplets strow'd the fatal plain.

The happy exile, monarch now no more,
Was roving slowly o'er the lonely shore ;
At last the sire's expected voice he knew,
And toward the sound with hasty rapture flew.
The promised pinnace just afloat he found,
And the glad sage his fetter'd hands unbound ;
But when he saw the foaming billows rave,
And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,
He stopp'd : his guardian caught his lingering
hand,

And gently led him o'er the rocky strand ;
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean smiled,
The dragons vanish'd, and the waves were mild.
For many an hour with vigorous arms they row'd,
While not a star one friendly sparkle show'd ;
At length a glimmering brightness they behold,
Like a thin cloud which morning dyes with gold :
To that they steer ; and now, rejoiced, they view
A shore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.
They land ; a train, in shining mantles clad,
Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad ;
They led him o'er the lea with easy pace,
And floated, as they went, with heavenly grace.
A golden fountain soon appear'd in sight,
That o'er the border cast a sunny light.

The sage, impatient, scoop'd the lucid wave
In a rich vase, which to the youth he gave :
He drank ; and straight a bright celestial beam
Before his eyes display'd a dazzling gleam ;
Myriads of airy shapes around him gazed ;
Some praised his wisdom, some his courage
praised :

Then o'er his limbs a starry robe they spread,
And placed a crown of diamonds on his head.

His aged guide was gone, and in his place
 Stood a fair cherub flush'd with rosy grace;
 Who, smiling spake—' Here ever wilt thou rest,
 Admired, beloved, our brother and our guest;
 So all shall end, whom vice can charm no more
 With the gay follies of that perilous shore.
 See yon immortal towers their gates unfold,
 With rubies flaming, and no earthly gold!
 There joys, before unknown, thy steps invite
 Bliss without care, and morn without a night.
 But now farewell! my duty calls me hence;
 Some injured mortal asks my just defence.
 To yon pernicious island I repair,
 Swift as a star.' He speaks, and melts in air.
 The youth o'er walks of jasper takes his flight;
 And bounds and blazes in eternal light.

SOLIMA,

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

1768.

' YE maids of Aden! hear a loftier tale
 Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.
 —The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
 Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
 The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
 That wanton with the laughing summer air;
 Love-tinctured cheeks, whence roses seek their
 bloom,
 And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume:
 Invite no more the wild unpolish'd lay,
 But fly like dreams before the morning ray.

Then farewell, love! and farewell, youthful fires!
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets; and, ye gales, be still.

‘ See yon fair groves that o’er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o’er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales!
See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green;
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bowers,
Who deck’d their spiry tops with blooming flowers,
Taught the blue stream o’er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?
Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring¹.
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intertwined the lily, pink, and rose;
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck’d the glowing
east;—

Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb’d with winter’s cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;

¹ It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the known description of the Man of Ross.

The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct :—
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can Heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?
Come to these groves, and these life-breathing
glades,

**Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids ;
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble ; and ye sick, that grieve ;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade :**

Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.

**Mourns there a widow, bathed in streaming tears?
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years?**

**Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope bereft?**

To Solima their sorrows they bewail;

To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.

She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,

'Through the thick forest gains her easy way :

She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,

What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;

And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,

Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye :

Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,

And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,

Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears

Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

**‘ When, chill’d with fear, the trembling pilgrim
roves [groves,**

Through pathless deserts and through tangled
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing, [wing,

While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
 And thrilling horror howls in every blast;
 She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
 By day a sun, a beaming moon by night; [ray,
 Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly
 And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.

‘Ye heavens, for this in showers of sweetness
 shed

Your mildest influence o’er her favour’d head!
 Long may her name, which distant climes shall
 praise,

Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays!
 And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flower
 Paints every dale and sweetens every bower,
 Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume,
 For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!

These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
 While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
 O’er Azib’s banks while lovelorn damsels rove,
 And gales of fragrance breathe from Hagar’s
 grove.’

So sung the youth, whose sweetly warbled strains
 Fair Mena heard, and Saba’s spicy plains.
 Sooth’d with his lay, the ravish’d air was calm,
 The winds scarce whisper’d o’er the waving palm;
 The camels bounded o’er the flowery lawn,
 Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn;
 Their silken bands the listening rosebuds rent,
 And twined their blossoms round his vocal tent:
 He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept;
 And closing flowers beneath the night dew wept;
 Then ceased, and slumber’d in the lap of rest
 Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.
 Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
 In other meadows and in other vales.

L A U R A.

AN ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.

IN this fair season ¹, when the whispering gales
 Drop showers of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
 From bower to bower the vernal warblers play;
 The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;
 The nightingale in many a melting strain
 Sings to the groves, 'Here Mirth and Beauty reign.'
 But me, for ever bathed in gushing tears,
 No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers:
 The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,
 Relieve no more this solitary gloom.

I see where late the verdant meadow smiled,
 A joyless desert, and a dreary wild:—
 For those dear eyes that pierced my heart before
 Are closed in death, and charm the world no more:
 Lost are those tresses that outshone the morn,
 And pale those cheeks that might the skies adorn.
 Ah, death! thy hand has cropp'd the fairest flower ².
 That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower;
 Thy dart has laid on yonder sable bier
 All my soul loved, and all the world held dear;
 Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
 Soft-eyed benevolence, and white-robed truth.

Hard fate of man ³, on whom the heavens bestow
 A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe!
 Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consumed,
 Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd!
 How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
 Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light:

¹ *Imitations*.—Petrarch, Sonnet 270.

² Sonnet 243.

³ Sonnet 230.

But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies,
Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise!
How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years!

Not far removed⁴, yet hid from distant eyes,
Low in her secret grot, a naiad lies.
Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne:
There, in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,
And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow;
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains;
Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies;
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar;
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam;—
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride;
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains;
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.

First, on these banks (ah, dream of short delight!)

The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight;
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That heaven might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw—and O! what heart could long rebel?
I saw, I loved, and bade the world farewell.

⁴ See a description of this celebrated fountain in a poem of Madame Deshoulières.

Where'er she moved, the meads were fresh and
gay,

And every bower exhaled the sweets of May ;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale ;
The rising flowers impurpled every dale ;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene ;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene :
But when in death's cold arms entranced she lay,
(Ah, ever dear¹, yet ever fatal day !)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread ;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead ;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew :
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

Go, plaintive breeze ! to Laura's flowery bier,
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear.
There to the awful shade due homage pay,
And softly thus address the sacred clay—
' Say⁶, envied earth ! that dost those charms infold,
Where are those cheeks, and where those looks
of gold ?

Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung ?
Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting
tongue ?

Ye radiant tresses ! and thou, nectar'd smile !
Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile !
You robb'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep :
You taught me how to love, and how to weep.⁷
No shrub⁷ o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,
No blossom trembles to the dying gale,
No floweret blushes in the morning rays,
No stream along the winding valley plays,

¹ Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the 6th of April in the year 1327 ; and she died on the same day in 1348.

⁶ Sonnet 260, and 259.

⁷ Sonnet 248.

But knows what anguish thrills my tortured breast,
What pains consume me, and what cares infest.
At blush³ of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,
Sits on the border of each purling rill,
Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill,
Flows³ the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow?
Or pants the zephyr on the waving bough?
Or sips the labouring bee her balmy dews,
And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues?
Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn
The wakeful bird that hails the rising morn?
—My Laura's voice, in many a soothing note,
Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float:
'Why fill thy sighs (she says) this lonely bower?
Why down thy bosom flows this endless shower?
Complain no more: but hope ere long to meet
Thy much loved Laura in a happier seat.
Here, fairer scenes detain my parted shade;
Suns that ne'er set, and flowers that never fade:
Through crystal skies I wing my joyous flight,
And revel in eternal blaze of light;
See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,
And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears:
Death waked my soul, that slept in life before,
And oped these brighten'd eyes, to sleep no more.'
She ends: the Fates, that will no more reveal,
Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.
'Return, sweet shade! (I wake, and fondly say)
O, cheer my gloom with one far beaming ray!
Return: thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell;
Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,
And bound enraptured through her native sky.'

³ Sonnet 241.³ Sonnet 239.

She comes no more : my pangs more fierce return :
 Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.
 Ye banks ¹⁰, that oft my weary limbs have borne,
 Ye murmuring brooks, that learn'd of me to mourn ;
 Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay ;
 Ye groves, where love once taught my steps to
You, ever sweet, and ever fair, renew [stray ;
 Your strains melodious, and your blooming hue:
 But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,
 My heart the haunt of never ceasing pain !

Henceforth,—to sing in smoothly warbled lays
 The smiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays ;
 To see ¹¹ the morn her early charms unfold,
 Her cheeks of roses, and her curls of gold ;
 Led by ¹² the sacred Muse, at noon to rove
 O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove ;
 To watch the stars that gild the lucid pole,
 And view yon orbs in mazy order roll ;
 To hear the tender nightingale complain,
 And warble to the woods her amorous strain :—
 No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
 But each gay vision melts in endless night.

Nymphs ! ¹³ who in glimmering glades by moon-
 light dance,
 And ye, who through the liquid crystal glance,
 Who oft have heard my sadly pleasing moan ;
 Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.
 Ah ! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies ;
 Clouds ! fold me round ; and, gather'd darkness, rise ;
 Bear me, ye gales ! in death's soft slumber laid ;
 And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting shade.

¹⁰ Sonnet 261.¹¹ Sonnet 251.¹² Sonnet 272.¹³ Sonnet 263.

WRITTEN FOR

A FETE CHAMPETRE IN WALES.

FAIR Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flow-
 ing, [bowers,
 Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine
 Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glow-
 ing, [less hours!
 While friendship and mirth claim these labour-
 Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
 More sweet than the pleasure which *prospects* can
 Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan, [give;
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odour of jasmine and roses,
 That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
 Perhaps for Bleanpant¹ fresh perfume he composes,
 Or tidings from Bronwith² auspiciously brings;
 Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
 More sweet than the pleasure which *odours* can
 Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan, [give:
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that enliven'd the spirit,
 And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!
 The poet is absent; be just to his merit;
 Ah! may he in love be more happy than we;
 For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
 More sweet than the pleasure the *Muses* can give:
 Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

¹ The seat of W. Brigstooke, Esq.

² The seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran³ o'erhangs the brown
dale;

Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song or repeat a wild tale!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *friendship* can
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan, [give:
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Neatheam or
Brooke; [sages;
Leave your books and parchments to gray-bearded
Be nature, and love, and fair woman, our book:
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *learning* can
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan, [give;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Admit that our labours were crown'd with full
measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flowers,
That India supplied us with long hoarded treasure,
That Dinevor⁴, Slebeck⁵, and Coidsmore⁶ were
ours;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *riches* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

³ A ruin of a castle on the banks of the Tivy.

⁴ Seat of Lord Dinevor, near Landelo, in Carmarthen.

⁵ Seat of — Philips, Esq. near Haverford West.

⁶ Seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. near Cardigan.

Her shape was like the slender pine,
With vernal buds array'd,
O heaven! what rapture would be mine,
To slumber in its shade.

Her cheeks—one rose had Strephon seen,
But dazzled with the sight,
At distance view'd her nymphlike mien,
And fainted with delight.

He thought Diana from the chase
Was hastening to her bower;
For more than mortal seem'd a face
Of such resistless power.

Actæon's fatal change he fear'd,
And trembled at the breeze:
High antlers had his fancy rear'd,
And quivering sunk his knees.

He well might err—that morn confess'd,
The queen with silver beam,
Shone forth, and Sylvia thus address'd,
By Tivy's azure stream!

' Let us this day our robes exchange;
Bind on my waxing moon:
Then through yon woods at pleasure range,
And shun the sultry noon.

' Whilst I at Cardigan prepare
Gay stores of silk and lace,
Like thine, will seem my flowing hair,
Like thine, my heavenly grace.

' My brother Phœbus lost his heart
When first he view'd thy charms,
And would this day, with dangerous art,
Allure thee to his arms.

‘ But Cynthia, friend to virgins fair,
 Thy steps will ever guide,
 Protect thee from the’ enchanting snare,
 And o’er thy heart preside.

‘ In vain his wiles he shall essay,
 And touch his golden lyre;
 Then to the skies shall wing his way,
 With pale, yet raging fire.

‘ Should he with lies traduce the fair,
 And boast how oft he kiss’d her,
 The gods shall laugh while I declare,
 He flirted with his sister.’

TO LADY JONES.

FROM THE ARABIC.

1783.

WHILE sad suspense and chill delay
 Bereave my wounded soul of rest,
 New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
 By turns assail my labouring breast.

My heart, which ardent love consumes,
 Throbs with each agonizing thought;
 So flutters with entangled plumes,
 The lark in wily meshes caught.

There she, with unavailing strain,
 Pours through the night her warbled grief:
 The gloom retires, but not her pain;
 The dawn appears, but not relief.

Two younglings wait the parent bird,
 Their thrilling sorrows to appease:
 She comes—ah! no: the sound they heard
 Was but a whisper of the breeze.

FROM

THE PERSIAN POEM OF HATIFI,

IN THE MEASURE OF THE ORIGINAL.

WITH cheeks where eternal paradise bloom'd,
 Sweet Laili the soul of Kais had consumed.
 Transported her heavenly graces he view'd :
 Of slumber no more he thought, nor of food.
 Love raised in their glowing bosoms his throne,
 Adopting the chosen pair as his own.
 Together on flowery seats they reposed ;
 Their lips not one idle moment were closed.
 To mortals they gave no hint of their smart :
 Love only the secret drew from each heart.

TRANSPPOSITION ¹.

With cheeks where paradise eternal bloom'd,
 Sweet Laili had the soul of Kais consumed.
 Her heavenly graces he transported view'd :
 No more he thought of slumber, nor of food.
 Love in their glowing bosoms raised his throne,
 The chosen pair adopting as his own.
 On flowery seats together they reposed :
 Their lips one idle moment were not closed.
 No hint they gave to mortals of their smart ;
 Love only drew the secret from each heart.

¹ The reader will perceive in this transposition that the stations of the words are only changed, by which simple means the five couplets are transposed to Iambic measure.

SONNET,

TO G. HARDYNGE, ESQ.

HARDYNGE, whom Camden's voice, and Camden's fame,
 To noble thoughts and high attempts excite,
 Whom thy learn'd sire's well polish'd lays invite,
 To kindle in thy breast Phœbean flame,
 Oh! rise; oh! emulate their lives; and claim
 The glorious meed of many a studious night,
 And many a day spent in asserting right,
 Repressing wrong, and bringing fraud to shame.
 Nor let the glare of wealth or pleasure's bowers
 Allure thy fancy. Think how Tully shone,
 Think how Demosthenes with heavenly fire
 Shook Philip's throne, and lighten'd o'er his towers.
 What gave them strength? Not eloquence alone;
 But minds elate above each low desire.

 EXTEMPORE OPINION
On *Nature's* Talent.

IN ANSWER TO LINES FROM A FRIEND.

AH! but too well, dear friend, I know
 My fancy weak, my reason slow,
 My memory by art improved,
 My mind by baseless trifles moved.
 Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
 The ploughman's or the gardener's praise,
 With patient and unceasing toil,
 To meliorate a stubborn soil:

And say (no higher meed I ask),
 ' With zeal hast thou perform'd thy task ;'
 Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
 They best confer who merit most.

WRITTEN AFTER A PERUSAL OF
 THE EIGHTH SERMON OF BARROW.

1786.

As meadows parch'd, brown groves, and withering
 flowers,
 Imbibe the sparkling dew and genial showers ;
 As chill dark air inhales the morning beam ;
 As thirsty harts enjoy the gelid stream ;
 Thus to man's grateful soul from heaven descend,
 The mercies of his Father, Lord, and Friend !

THE CONCLUDING
 SENTENCE OF BERKELEY'S SIRIS,
 IMITATED.

BEFORE thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
 I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth :
 Thus let me kneel till this dull form decay,
 And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray :
 Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
 Soar without bound, without consuming glow ¹.

¹ These lines were written by Sir William Jones in Berkeley's Siris ; they are, in fact, a beautiful version of the last sentence of the Siris, amplified and adapted to himself : ' He that would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first fruits, at the altar of Truth.'

AN EPODE

FROM A CHORUS IN THE UNFINISHED TRAGEDY OF
SOHRAB.

WHAT Power, beyond all powers elate,
Sustains this universal frame?
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
Etherial space, or subtile flame;
No; 'tis one vast eternal mind,
Too sacred for an earthly name!
He forms, pervades, directs the whole;
Not like the macrocosm's imaged soul,
But provident of endless good,
By ways nor seen nor understood,
Which e'en His angels vainly might explore.
High, their highest thoughts above,
Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,
Wrought in His heavenly essence, blaze and soar.
Mortals, who His glory seek,
Rapt in contemplation meek,
Him fear, Him trust, Him venerate, Him adore!

EX

FERDUSII

POETÆ PERSICI POEMATE HEROICO.

SAMUS, ut aurato cinctum diademate regem
Vidit ovans, excelsa ferebat ad atria gressum;
Quem rex ad meritos facilis provexit honores,
Et secum in solio jussit considerare eburneo,

Cælato rutilanti auro, insertisque pyropis.
Magnanimum affatus tum blandâ heroâ loquelâ,
Multa super sociis, super armis multa rogabat,
Jam, quantos aleret tellus Hyrcana gigantas,
Jam, quâ parta manu nova sit victoria Persis :
Cui dux hæc memori parens est voce locutus.
Venimus ad castra hostilis, rex maxime, gentis ;
Gens est dura, ferox ; non aspera sævior errat
Per dumeta leo, non sylvâ tigris in atrâ ;
Non equus in lætis Arabum it velocior agris.
Cùm subito trepidam pervenit rumor in urbem
Adventare aciem, queruli per tecta, per arces,
Auditi gemitûs, et non lætabile murmur :
Illicet æratâ fulgentes casside turmas
Eduxere viri ; pars vastos fusa per agros,
Pars monte in rigido, aut depressa valle sedebat :
Horruit ære acies, tantæque a pulvere nubes
Exortæ, ut pulchrum tegetet jubar ætherius sol.
Quale in arenoso nigrarum colle laborat
Formicarum agmen, congestaque farra reponit ;
Aut qualis culicum leviter stridentibus alis
Turba volans, tenues ciet importuna susurros ;
Tales prosiluere. Nepos ante agmina Salmi
Cercius emicuit, quo non fuit ardua pinus
Altior, aut verna excelsa in monte cupressus.
At Persarum artûs gelidâ formidine solvi
Arguit et tremor, et laxato in corpore pallor :
Hoc vidi, et valido torquens hastile lacerto
Per medias jussi, duce me, penetrare phalangas ;
Irruit alatus sonipes, ceu torvus in arvis
Æthiopum latis elephas, neque sensit habenam :
Militibus vires rediêre, et pristina virtus.
Ac velut, undantis cùm surgant flumina Nili,
Et refluant, avidis haud injucunda colonis,

Pingua frugiferas implentur fluctibus arva ;
Sic terra innumeris agitata est illa catervis :
Cum strepitum audierit nostrum, ingentemque
fragorem

Findentis galeas et ferrea scuta bipennis,
Cercius, horrifico complens loca vasta boatu,
In me flexit equum, me crudeli ense petebat,
Captivumque arcto voluit constringere nodo :
Frustra ; nam, lunansabilem nec segniter arcum,
Populeas nisi duro mucrone sagittas,
Flammarum ritu, aut per nubila fulminis acti :
Ille tamen celeri ruit impete, nosque morantes
Increpitat, letum minitans, rigidasve catenas ;
Ut verò accessit violenti turbinis instar,
Pulsus ut et clypeus clypeo est, et casside cassis
Illum insurgentem, dirumque infigere vulnus
Conantem, arripui, qua discolor alia cinxit
Balteus, et rutilis subnexa est fibula baccis.
Strenua tum valido molimine brachia versans
E stratis evulsi equitem, qui pronus, inermis,
Decidit, et rabido frendens campum ore momordit ;
Pectora cui nivea, et ferratâ cuspide costas
Transfodi, madidam defluxit sanguis in herbam
Purpureus, tristisque elapsa est vita sub umbras.
Haud mora, diffugiunt hostes, ductore perempto,
Saxa per et colles ; nostris victoria turmis
Affulsit, cæsosque doles, Hyrcania, natos.
Sic pereant, quicumque tuo, rex optime sceptro,
Qui premis imperio stellas, parere recusent !
Dixit ; et heroas Persarum rector ovantes
Laudibus in cælum tollit ; jubet inde beatas
Instaurari epulas, et pocula dulcia poni :
Conventum est, textoque super discumbitur auro.

ELEGIA ARABICA.

FULGUR an è densâ vibratum nube coruscat?
 An roseas nudat Leila pudica genas?
Bacciferumne celer fruticetum devorat ignis?
 Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant?
Nardus an Hageri, an spirant violaria Meccæ,
 Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis?
Quàm juvat ah! patrios memori tenuisse recessûs
 Mente, per ignotos dum vagor exul agros?
 Valle sub umbrosâ, pallens ubi luget amator,
 Num colit assuetos mollis amica lares?
Jamne cient raucum præfracta tonitrua murmur
 Montibus, effusæ quos rigat imber aquæ?
 An tua, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,
 Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet, ut ante, sitim?
Quot mea felices, vidistis gaudia, campi,
 Gaudia vœ! misero non renovanda mihi?
Ecquis apud Nagedi lucos aut pascua Tudæ
 Pastor amatorum spesque metusque canit?
Ecquis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,
 'Heu! quid Cademeo in monte sodalis agit?'
Num graciles rident hyemalia frigora myrti?
 Num viret in solitis lotos amata locis?
Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ?
 Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyems!
 An mea Alegiades, dulcissima turba, puellæ
 Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?
 An viridem saliunt, nullo venante, per hortum
 Hinnuleique citi, capreolique leves?
Visamne umbriferos, loca dilectissima, saltus,
 Ducit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum?
Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ,
 Ah! quoties lacrymis humidâ facta meis?

Grata quis antra colit, nobis absentibus, Amri,
 Antra puellarum quàm bene nota gregi?
 Forsan amatores Meccanà in valle reductos
 Absentis Solimæ commeminisse juvat.
 Tempus erit, levibus quo pervigilata cachinnis
 Nox dabit unanimi gaudia plena choro;
 Quo dulces juvenum spirabit cœtus amores,
 Et lætos avidâ combibet aure modos.

AD MUSAM.

VALE, Camena, blanda cultrix ingeni,
 Virtutis altrix, mater eloquentiæ!
 Linquenda alumno est laurus et chelys tuo:
 At tu dearum dulcium dulcissima,
 Seu Suada mavis sive Pitho dicier,
 A te receptus in tuâ vivam fide:
 Mihi sit, oro, non inutilis toga,
 Nec indiserta lingua, nec turpis manus.

 TERZETTI.

GIA rosseggiava intorno all' orizzonte
 * Dolce color d'oriental rubini,
 E innanzi al biondo padre di Fetonte
 Spargea l' Aurora rose e gelsomini:
 † Candando a gara amorosetti lai
 Sen gian di ramo in ramo gli augellini,

IMITATIONS.

- * Dolce color, d'oriental zaffiro
 Che s'accoglieva nel sereno aspetto
 Dell' aer puro. DANTE, *Par. c. 1.*
 † Odi quel rusignolo
 Che va di ramo in ramo
 Cantando; Io amo, io amo.
 TASSO *Am. At. i. S. 1.*

Quando presso al ruscel così cantai:
 ' Ahi, Ninfa mia ritrosa e vezzosetta,
 La prima ond'io m'accesi e m'infiammai,
 Quando ti vidi pria sopra l'erbetta,
 Pien di viole e di ligustri il grembo,
 Tessendo un' amorosa ghirlandetta,
 * Sedevi, oimè! setto un soave nembo
 Di rose, e la tua mano alabastrina
 Sostenea di tua gonna il ricco lembo,
 E sulla mano era la guancia inchina,
 Qual fior che pende sul nativo stelo,
 Che imbianca, o gelo o pioggia cristallina,
 Scendesti allor cred'io dal terzo cielo
 Per ingannar gl' incauti e rozzi petti;
 O la sorella del gran Dio di Delo,
 O colei fosti che ne' boschi eletti
 Di Cipro e Pafo per Adon sospira.
 Dacchè mirai tuoi risi leggiadretti,
 Rauco era il suon di canna e flauto e lira
 Nè piacque più l'usata compagnia.
 Or ogni pastorella che mi mira
 Si burla della mia malinconia;

IMITATIONS.

- * Da' be' rami scendea
 Dolce nella memoria,
 Una pioggia di fior sopra'l suo grembo;
 Ed ella si sedea
 Umile in tanta gloria
 Coperta già dell' amoroso nembo;
 Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
 Qual su le trecce bionde
 Ch'oro forbito e perle
 Eran quel dì a vederle:
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual su l'onde;
 Qual con un vago errore
 Girando, pareva dir; ' qui regna Amore.'

PET. Par. 1. Can. 14.

Chè fra romiti monti, e sopra il sasso
Sempre sfogando vo' l'ambascia mia;
Ed erro, non so dove passo passo,
 Piangendo sì, che da sua stanza nera
 Eco risponde a' miei singulti; Ahi lasso!
Ah, se mai mi darà la donna altera
 * Soavi baci, o quel che più desio,
 Allor allor con voce lusinghiera
Canterò lietamente il fausto Dio
D'amore: Amor risponderanno i colli:
Vedranno i vezzi nostri, e'l gaudio mio
I cespugli fioriti e gli antri molli.

IMITATIONS.

- * Ella mi seque
 Dar promettendo a chi m'insegna a lei
 O dolci baci, o cosa altra più cara.

TASSO, *Am. Prologo.*

ODES.

AN ODE OF PETRARCH,

TO THE

Fountain of Calchiusa'.

YE clear and sparkling streams !
(Warm'd by the sunny beams)
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd ;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade² ;
Sweet herbs ! and blushing flowers !
That crown yon vernal bowers,

¹ See Canzone 27.

² M. de Voltaire has given a beautiful paraphrase of this first stanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original, or at most only the three first lines of it ; for he asserts that the Italian song is irregular, and without rhymes ; whereas the stanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His design was to give Madame du Chatelet, for whom he wrote his history, an idea of Petrarch's style ; but, if she had only read his imitation, she could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will easily perceive by comparing them.

For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;
And ye, that heard my sighs
When first she charm'd my eyes,
Soft-breathing gales! my dying accents hear.
If Heaven has fix'd my doom,
That Love must quite consume
My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
Ah! grant this slight request,—
That, here my urn may rest,
When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
This pleasing hope will smooth
My anxious mind, and sooth
The pangs of that inevitable hour;
My spirit will not grieve
Her mortal veil to leave
In these calm shades, and this enchanting bower.
Haply, the guilty maid
Through yon accustom'd glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
When love on this fair border bade me stray:
There, sorrowing, shall she see,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true, but hapless, lover's lowly bier;
Too late, her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.
O! well remember'd day,
When on yon bank she lay,
Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
The young and blooming flowers,
Falling in fragrant showers,
Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smiled:

**Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were strung,
Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold ;
Some, in a spicy cloud
Descending, call'd aloud,
' Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold.'
I view'd the heavenly maid;
And, rapt in wonder, said—
' The groves of Eden gave this angel birth ;'
Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all Heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of earth :
The star-bespangled skies
Were open'd to my eyes ; scene?
Sighing I said, ' Whence rose this glittering
Since that auspicious hour,
This bank, and odorous bower,
My morning couch and evening haunt have been.
Well mayst thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear ;
But, were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that Heaven might stoop to hear.**

AN ODE OF JAMI.

IN THE PERSIAN FORM AND MEASURE.

How sweet the gale of morning breathes ! Sweet news of my *delight* he brings ;
 News, that the rose will soon approach the tuneful bird of *night*, he brings.
 Soon will a thousand parted souls be led, his captives, through the sky,
 Since tidings, which in every heart must ardent flames *excite*, he brings.
 Late near my charmer's flowing robe he pass'd, and kiss'd the fragrant hem ;
 Thence, odour to the rose-bud's veil, and jasmine's mantle *white*, he brings.
 Painful is absence, and that pain to some base rival oft is owed ;
 Thou know'st, dear maid ! when to thine ear false tales, contrived in *spite*, he brings.
 Why should I trace love's mazy path, since destiny my bliss forbids ?
 Black destiny ! ' my lot is woe, to me no ray of *light* he brings.
 In vain, a friend his mind disturbs, in vain a childish trouble gives,
 When sage physician to the couch, of heartsick lovelorn *wight*, he brings.
 A roving stranger in thy town no guidance can sad Jami find,
 Till this his name, and rambling lay, to thine all-piercing *sight* he brings.

THE MUSE RECALLED.

An Ode.

ON THE NUPTIALS OF LORD VISCOUNT ALTHORP, NOW EARL SPENSER, AND MISS LAVINIA BINGHAM, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF CHARLES, LORD LUCAN. MARCH 6, 1781.

RETURN, celestial Muse!

By whose bright fingers o'er my infant head,
Lull'd with immortal symphony, were spread
Fresh bays and flowerets of a thousand hues:

Return! thy golden lyre,
Chorded with sunny rays of temper'd fire,
Which in Astræa's fane I fondly hung,
Bold I reclaim: but ah, sweet maid,
Bereft of thy propitious aid
My voice is tuneless, and my harp unstrung.
In vain I call—what charm, what potent spell
Shall kindle into life the long unwaken'd shell?

Haste! the well wrought basket¹ bring,
Which two sister graces wove,
When the third, whose praise I sing,
Blushing sought the bridal grove,
Where the slow-descending sun
Gilt the bowers of Wimbledon.
In the vase mysterious fling
Pinks and roses gemm'd with dew,
Flowers of every varied hue,
Daughters fair of early spring;
Laughing sweet with sapphire eyes,
Or with Iris' mingled dyes:

¹ Miss Louisa Bingham, and Miss Frances Molesworth her cousin, decked a basket with ribands and flowers to hold the nuptial presents.

Then around the basket go,
 Tripping light with silent pace,
 While, with solemn voice and slow
 Thrice pronouncing thrice I trace
 On the silken texture bright,
 Character'd in beamy light,
 Names of more than mortal power,
 Sweetest influence to diffuse;
 Names that from her shadiest bower
 Draw the soft reluctant Muse.

First, I with living gems enchase
 The name of her, whom for this festive day
 With zone and mantle elegantly gay
 The Graces have adorn'd, herself a Grace,
 Molesworth—hark! a swelling note
 Seems on Zephyr's wing to float,
 Or has vain hope my flatter'd sense beguiled?
 Next her who braided many a flower
 To deck her sister's nuptial bower,
 Bingham, with gentle heart and aspect mild:
 The charm prevails—I hear, I hear
 Strains nearer yet, and yet more near.
 Still, ye nymphs and youths, advance,
 Sprinkle still the balmy shower,
 Mingle still the mazy dance.
 Two names of unresisted power,
 Behold, in radiant characters I write:
 O rise! O leave thy secret shrine,
 For they, who all thy nymphal train outshine,
 Duncannon*, heavenly Muse, and Devonshire
 invite.

* Lady Henrietta Spencer, second daughter of John Earl Spencer, and wife of Lord Viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the Earl of Besborough.

Saw ye not yon myrtle wave?
Heard ye not a warbled strain?
Yes! the harp, which Clío gave,
Shall his ancient sound regain.
One dearer name remains. Prepare, prepare!
She comes—how swift the' impatient air
Drinks the rising accent sweet!
Soon the charm shall be complete.
Return and wake the silent string; [sing.
Return, sweet Muse, for Althorp¹ bids me
'Tis she—and, as she smiles, the breathing lyre
Leaps from his silken bands, and darts ethereal fire.

Bright son of evening, lucid star,
Auspicious rise thy soften'd beam,
Admired ere Cynthia's pearly car
O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her gleam:
Thou saw'st the blooming pair,
Like thee serenely fair,
By love united and the nuptial vow,
Thou seest the mirthful train
Dance to the' unlabour'd strain,
Seest bound with myrtle every youthful brow,
Shine forth, ye silver eyes of night, [light.
And gaze on virtues crown'd with treasures of de-

And thou, the golden tressed child of morn,
Whene'er thy all inspiring heat
Bids bursting rosebuds hill and mead adorn,
See them with every gift that Jove bestows,
With every joy replete,
Save, when they melt at sight of human woes.

¹ Lady Georgiana, eldest daughter of Earl Spencer, and wife of William Cavendish, fifth Duke of Devonshire.

Flow smoothly, circling hours,
 And o'er their heads unblended pleasure pour;
 Nor let your fleeting round
 Their mortal transports bound,
 But fill their cup of bliss, eternal powers,
 Till Time himself shall cease, and suns shall blaze
 no more.

Each morn, reclined on many a rose
 Lavinia's⁴ pencil shall disclose
 New forms of dignity and grace,
 The' expressive air, the' impassion'd face,
 The curled smile, the bubbling tear,
 The bloom of hope, the snow of fear,
 To some poetic tale fresh beauty give,
 And bid the starting tablet rise and live;
 Or with swift fingers shall she touch the
 And in the magic loom of harmony [strings,
 Notes of such wondrous texture weave
 As lift the soul on seraph wings,
 Which, as they soar above the jasper sky,
 Below them suns unknown and worlds unnum-
 ber'd leave,

While thou by listening crowds approved,
 Loved by the Muse and by the poet loved,
 Althorp, shouldst emulate the fame
 Of Roman patriots and the' Athenian name;
 Shouldst charm with full persuasive eloquence,
 With all thy mother's⁵ grace, and all thy father's
 sense,

⁴ Lady Althorp has an extraordinary talent for drawing historic subjects, and expressing the passions in the most simple manner.

⁵ Georgiana Poyntz, Countess Spencer.

The' applauding senate; whilst, above thy
Exulting Liberty should smile, [head,
Then, bidding dragon-born Contention cease,
Should knit the dance with meek-eyed Peace,
And by thy voice impell'd should spread
An universal joy around her cherish'd isle.
But ah! thy public virtues, youth! are vain
In this voluptuous, this abandon'd age,
When Albion's sons with frantic rage,
In crimes alone and recreant baseness bold,
Freedom and Concord, with their weeping train,
Repudiate; slaves of vice, and slaves of gold!
They, on starry pinions sailing
Through the crystal fields of air,
Mourn their efforts unavailing,
Lost persuasions, fruitless care:
Truth, Justice, Reason, Valour, with them fly
To seek a purer soil, a more congenial sky.

Beyond the vast Atlantic deep
A dome by viewless Genii shall be raised,
The walls of adamant compact and steep,
The portals with sky-tinctured gems emblazed:
There on a lofty throne shall Virtue stand;
To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel;
And, when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, tyrants, bow beneath the' avenging steel!
Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
And arts, that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with every Grace and every Muse,
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heavenly beams
She ceases; and a strange delight [diffuse.
Still vibrates on my ravish'd ear:
What floods of glory drown my sight!
What scenes I view! what sounds I hear!

This for my friend—but, gentle nymphs, no more
 Dare I with spells divine the Muse recall:
 Then, fatal harp, thy transient rapture o'er,
 Calm I replace thee on the sacred wall.
 Ah! see how lifeless hangs the lyre,
 Not lightning now, but glittering wire!
 Me to the brawling bar and wrangles high
 Bright-hair'd Sabrina calls and rosy-bosom'd
 Wye.

AN ODE

IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

Ου λιθοι, οδε ξυλα, οδε
 Τειχνη τεκλιων αι πολεις εισι
 Αλλ' οσα ποτ' αν ωσιν ΑΝΔΡΕΣ
 Αύτως σωζειν ιδοτες,
 Ερλ αυθα τειχη και πολεις.

ALC. quoted by Aristides.

WHAT constitutes a state?
 Not high raised battlement or labour'd mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starr'd and spangled courts, [pride.
 Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to
 NO:—Men, high minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;

Prevent the long aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:

These constitute a state,
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown

The fiend, Discretion, like a vapour sinks,

And e'en the' all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!

No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?

Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,

'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

ABERGAVENNY,
March 31, 1781.



AN ODE
IN IMITATION OF CALLISTRATUS.

Εν μυρτῇ κλαδί το ξίφος φέρει,
Ὡς περ Ἀρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογίτων,
Ὅτι τὸν τυραννὸν κτείναντες
Ἰσονόμος τ' Ἀθῆνας ἐποίησαντες.

κ. τ. λ.

Quod si post Idus illias Martias e Tyrannoctonis quispiam tale aliquod carmen plebi tradidisset inque Suburram et fori circulos et in ora vulgi intulisset, actum profecto fuisset de partibus deque dominatione Cæsarum; plus mehercule valuisset unum *Ἀρμόδιου* *μᾶλλον* quam Ciceronis *Philippicæ* omnes.

LOWTH, *De Sacra Poesi, Præl. 1.*

VERDANT myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my biting falchion wreath :
Soon shall grace each manly side
Tubes that speak and points that breathe.
Thus, Harmodius! shone thy blade;
Thus, Aristogiton! thine:
Whose, when Britain sighs for aid,
Whose shall now delay to shine?
Dearest youths, in islands bless'd,
Not, like recreant idlers dead,
You with fleet Pelides rest,
And with godlike Diomed.
Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my thirsty blade entwine:
Such, Harmodius! deck'd thy side;
Such, Aristogiton! thine.

They the base Hipparchus slew
 At the feast of Pallas crown'd :
 Gods!—how swift their poniards flew !
 How the monster tinged the ground !
 Then in Athens all was peace,
 Equal laws and liberty :
 Nurse of arts, and age of Greece !
 People valiant, firm, and free !
 Not less glorious was thy deed,
 Wentworth ! fix'd in virtue's cause ;
 Not less brilliant be thy meed,
 Lenox ! friend to equal laws.
 High in Freedom's temple raised,
 See Fitz-Maurice beaming stand,
 For collected virtues praised,
 Wisdom's voice and Valour's hand !
 Ne'er shall Fate their eyelids close ;
 They, in blooming regions bless'd,
 With Harmodius shall repose ;
 With Aristogiton rest.
 No, bless'd chiefs ! a hero's crown
 Let the' Athenian patriots claim :
 You less fiercely won renown ;
 You assumed a milder name.
 They through blood for glory strove,
 You more blissful tidings bring ;
 They to death a Tyrant drove,
 You to fame restored a King.
 Rise, Britannia ! dauntless rise !
 Cheer'd with triple harmony,
 Monarch good, and Nobles wise,
 People valiant, firm, and free !

THE

FIRST NEMEAN ODE OF PINDAR¹.

CALM breathing-place of Alpheus dead
 Ortygia, *graceful* branch of Syracuse renown'd.
 Young Dina's *rosy* bed,
 Sister of Delos, thee, with sweet, *yet lofty*, sound
 Bursting numbers call, to raise
 Of tempest-footed steeds the trophies glorious
 (Thus Etnean Jove we praise);
 While Chromius' car invites, and Nemea's plain,
 For *noble* acts victorious
 To weave the' encomiastic strain.

From *prospering* gods the song begins; [meeds:
 Next hails that godlike man and virtue's holy
 He the flower of greatness wins [deeds
 Whom smiling fortune crowns; and vast heroic
 Every Muse delights to sing.
 Now wake to that *fair* isle the splendid story,
 Which the *great* Olympian king,
 Jove, gave to Proserpine, and waved his locks
 Vowing, that, supreme in glory,
 Famed for sweet fruits, and *nymph'd-loved* rocks,

Sicilia's full nutritious breast
 With tower'd and wealthy cities he would crown.
 Her the son of Saturn bless'd
 With suitors brazen-arm'd for war's renown

¹ This Ode is translated word for word with the original; those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added which are printed in *italic* letters.

See Argument of the Hymns to Pacriti.

By lance and fiery steed; yet oft thy leaves,
Olympic olive! bind their hair
In wreathy gold. Great subjects I prepare;
But none the' immortal verse deceives.

Oft in the portals was I placed [strain,
Of that guest-loving man, and pour'd the dulcet
Where becoming dainties graced
His hospitable board; for ne'er with efforts vain
Strangers to his mansion came:
And thus the virtuous, when detraction rages,
Quench with liberal streams her flame.
Let each in virtue's path right onward press,
As each his art engages,
And, urged by genius, win success.

Laborious action strength applies,
And wary conduct, Sense: the future to foresee
Nature gives to few, the wise.
Agesidamus' son, she frankly gave to thee
Powerful might and wisdom deep.
I seek not in dark cells the hoarded treasure
Groveling with low care to keep,
But, as wealth flows, to spread it, and to hear
Loud fame, with ample measure
Cheering my friends, since hope and fear

Assail disastrous men. The praise
Of Hercules with rapture I embrace:
On the heights, which virtues raise,
The rapid legend old his name shall place;
For, when he *brook'd no more the cheerless gloom,*
And burst into the blaze of day,
The child of Jove with his twin-brother lay,
Refulgent from the sacred womb.

Not unobserved the godlike boy
 By Juno golden-throned the saffron cradle
 press'd;
 Straight heaven's queen with furious joy
 Bade *hideous* dragons fleet the' *unguarded* floor
 infest:

They, the portals opening wide, [mendous,
 Roll'd through the chamber's broad recess *tre-*
 And in jaws *fire-darting* tried
 The slumbering babe to close. He, starting light,
 Rear'd his *bold* head *stupendous*,
 And first in battle proved his might.

With both resistless hands he clasp'd
 Both *struggling horrid* pests, and clothed their
 necks with death;
 They expiring, as he grasp'd,
 Pour'd from their throats compress'd the foul
 envenom'd breath.
 Horror seized the female train,
 Who near Alcmena's *genial* couch attended:
 She, from agonizing pain
 Yet weak, *unsandal'd and* unmantled rush'd,
 And her loved charge defended,
 Whilst he the *fiery* monsters crush'd.

Swift the Cadmean leaders ran
 In brazen mail precipitately bold:
 First Amphytrion, dauntless man,
 Bared his raised falchion from its sheathing gold,
 While griding anguish pierced his *fluttering*
 For private woes most keenly bite [breast;
 Self-loving man; but soon the heart is light,
 With sorrow not its own oppress'd.

Standing in deep amazement wild
 With rapturous pleasure mix'd, he saw the' enormous force,
 Saw the valour of his child :
 And fated heralds prompt, as heaven had shaped
 their course,
 Wafted round the varied tale :
 Then call'd he from high Jove's contiguous region,
 Him, whose warnings never fail,
 Tiresias *blind*, who told, in diction sage,
 The chief and thronging legion
 What fortunes must his boy engage ;

What lawless tyrants of the wood, [the main,
 What *serpents* he would slay, what monsters of
 What proud foe to human good, [stain,
 The worst of monstrous forms, *that holy manhood*
 His huge arm to death would dash :
 How when heaven's host, o'er Phlegra's cham-
 paign *hasting*,
 With embattled giants *rash* [storm
Vindictive warr'd, his ponderous mace would
 With dreadful strokes *wide wasting*,
 And dust their glittering locks deform.

He told ; and how in blissful peace
 Through cycles infinite of gliding time,
 When his mortal task should cease,
 Sweet prize of perils hard and toil sublime,
 In gorgeous mansions he should hold entranced
 Soft Hebe, fresh with blooming grace,
 And crown, exalting his majestic race,
 The bridal feast near Jove advanced.

A CHINESE ODE

PARAPHRASED.

BEHOLD where yon blue rivulet glides
Along the laughing dale;
Light reeds bedeck its verdant sides,
And frolic in the gale:

So shines our prince! In bright array
The Virtues round him wait;
And sweetly smiled the' auspicious day
That raised him o'er our state.

As pliant hands in shapes refined
Rich ivory carve and smooth,
His *laws* thus mould each ductile mind,
And every passion sooth.

As gems are taught by patient art
In sparkling ranks to beam,
With *manners* thus he forms the heart,
And spreads a general gleam.

What soft, yet awful dignity!
What meek, yet manly grace!
What sweetness dances in his eye,
And blossoms in his face!

So shines our prince! A sky-born crowd
Of virtues round him blaze:
Ne'er shall oblivion's murky cloud
Obscure his deathless praise.

THE VERBAL TRANSLATION.

‘ BEHOLD yon reach of *the river* Ki;
 Its green reeds how luxuriant! how luxuriant!
 Thus is our prince adorn’d with virtues;
 As a carver, as a filer of ivory,
 As a cutter, as a polisher, of gems.
 O, how elate and sagacious! O, how dauntless
 and composed!
 How worthy of fame! How worthy of reverence!
 We have a prince adorn’d with virtues,
 Whom to the end of *time* we cannot forget.’

 A TURKISH ODE

OF MESIHI.

* HEAR! how the nightingales, on every spray,
 Hail, in wild notes, the sweet return of May;
 —The gale that o’er yon waving almond blows
 The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows;
 The smiling season decks each flowery glade.
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.
 † What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!
 Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles
 wear!

IMITATIONS.

* ‘Thou hearest the tale of the nightingale, “that the vernal season approaches.” The Spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove, where the almond tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.’

† ‘The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers: a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure, is raised in the garden. Who knows which of us will be alive when the fair season ends? Be cheerful,’ &c.

Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
 When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?
 E'en death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

* The tulip now its varied hue displays,
 And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
 Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
 The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
 Will not these notes your timorous minds per-
 suade?
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

† The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
 Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
 If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
 Attend, ye nymphs! a poet's words are sage;
 While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

‡ The fresh-blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
 When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
 The charms of youth at once are seen and pass'd:
 And nature says, ' They are too sweet to last.'

IMITATIONS.

* ' The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed:
 among the plants the fortunate tulips represent his companions.
 Come, O people of Mohammed! this is the season of merriment.
 Be cheerful,' &c.

† ' Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the
 water of a bright scimitar. The dewdrops fall through the air
 on the garden of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou
 desirest to be delighted. Be cheerful,' &c.

‡ ' The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beau-
 tiful maids, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew.
 Deceive not thyself, by thinking that these charms will have
 a long duration. Be cheerful,' &c.

So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

* See! yon anemones their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming and with living gold.
—While crystal showers from weeping clouds de-
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend: [scend,
Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's laid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

† The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head:
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

‡ Cleardrops, each morn, impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the zephyr drinks perfume;
The dewy buds expand their lucid store:
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more.
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

IMITATIONS.

* ' Tulips, roses, and anemones, appear in the gardens;
the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the
banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably
with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful,' &c.

† ' The time is passed in which the plants were sick, and
the rose-bud hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The
season comes in which mountains and rocks are coloured with
tulips. Be cheerful,' &c.

‡ ' Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose-gar-
den: the breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk. Be
not neglectful of thy duty through too great a love of the
world. Be cheerful,' &c.

* The dewdrops sprinkled by the musky gale,
 Are changed to essence ere they reach the dale.
 The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
 Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
 Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade;—
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

† Late, gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
 Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
 Soft in his reign, the notes of love resound,
 And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
 Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

‡ May this rude lay from age to age remain,
 A true memorial of this lovely train.
 Come, charming maid! and hear thy poet sing,
 Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring;
 Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

IMITATIONS.

* 'The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant that the dew, before it falls, is changed into rose water. The sky spreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful,' &c.

† 'Whoever thou art, know that the black gusts of autumn had seized the garden; but the king of the world again appeared, dispensing justice to all: in his reign the happy cup-bearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful,' &c.

‡ 'By these strains I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley: may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Mesih, when thou walkest with the damsels, whose cheeks are like roses. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last!'

THE SAME,

IN IMITATION OF THE PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

ALITES audis loquaces per nemora, per arbutos,
 Veris adventum canentes tinnulo modulamine;
 Dulcè luget per virentes mollis aura amygdalas :
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum
 ver fugit, abit!

Ecce jam flores refulgent gemmeis honoribus,
 Quique prata, quique saltûs, quique sylvulas
 amant;
 Quis scit an nox una nobis dormienda æterna sit?
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum
 ver fugit, abit!

Quantus est nitor rosarum; quantus hyacinthi
 decor!
 Non ocellus, cùm renidet, est puellæ lætior:
 Hic levi dies amoris est, hic voluptati sacer:
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum
 ver fugit, abit!

Ecce baccatæ recentis guttulæ roris micant,
 Per genam rosæ cadentes, perque mite lilium:
 Auribus gratum, puellæ, sit meum vestris melos;
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum
 ver fugit, abit!

Ut rosa in prato refulget, sic teres vergo nitet,
 Hæc onusta margaritis, illa roris gemmulis:
 Ne perenne vel puellæ vel rosæ speres decus.
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum
 ver fugit, abit!

Aspice, ut roseta amictu discolori splendeant,
Prata dum fœcundat æther læta gratis imbribus,
Fervidos inter sodales da voluptati diem.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver
fugit, abit!

Jam situ deformis ægro non jacet rosæ calyx:
Ver adest, ver pingit hortos purpurantes floribus,
Perque saxa, perque colles, perque lucos emicat:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver
fugit, abit!

Ecce, per rosæ papillas suavè rident guttulæ,
Quas odorifer resolvit lenis auræ spiritus;
Hæ pyropis, hæ smaragdis cariores Indicis.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver
fugit, abit!

Is tenellis per vireta spirat è rosis odor,
Ut novum stillans amomum ros in herbas decidat,
Suavè olentibus coronans lacrymis conopeum
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver
fugit, abit!

Acris olim cum malignis sæviit ventis hyems;
Sed roseto, solis instar, regis affulsit nitor;
Floruit nemus repentè, dulce manavit merum:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver
fugit, abit!

His iners modis, Mesihi, melleam aptabas chelyn;
Veris ales est poeta: verna cantat gaudia,
Et rosas carpit tepentes è puellarum genis.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum: florem ver
fugit, abit!

CARMINUM LIBER.

ODE SINICA.

VIDES ut agros dulce gemmatos lavet
 Argenteus rivi latex :
Virides ut aura stridulo modulamine
 Arundines interstrepant :
Sic, sic, amœno cincte virtutum choro
 Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Ut maximo labore, et arte maximâ
 Effingit artifex ebur,
Sic ad benignitatem amica civium
 Blandè figuras pectora.
Ut delicata gemmulam expolit manus
 Fulgore lucentem aureo,
Sic civitatem mitium gaudes tuam
 Ornare morum lumine.
O quàm verenda micat in oculis lenitas !
 Minantur et rident simul.
O quanta pulchro dignitas vultu patet,
 Et quantus incessu decor !
Scilicet, amœno cincte virtutum choro
 Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Annon per omne, veris instar, seculum
 Memoria florescet tui ?

ODE PERSICA.

JAM rosa purpureum caput explicat. Adsit, amici,
 Suavis voluptatum cohors :
 Sic monuère senes.

Nunc læti sumus; at citius læta avolat ætas,
 Quin sacra mutemus mero
 Strangula nectareo?
 Dulcè gemit zephyrus: ridentem mitte puellam,
 Quam molli in amplexu tenens
 Pocula læta bibam.
 Tange chelyn. Sævitur fortuna; at mitte querelas:
 Cur non canoros barbiti
 Elicimus modulos?
 En! florum regina nitet rosa. Fundite vini,
 Quod amoris extinguat facem,
 Nectareos latices.
 Suavè loquens Philomela vocor: quæ fiat ut umbrâ
 Tectus rosarum nexili
 (Verus avis) taceam?

ALTERA.

AFFER scyphos, et dulcè ridentis meri
 Purpureos latices
 Effunde largiùs, puer.
 Nam vinum amores lenit adolescentium,
 Difficilesque senum
 Emollit ægritudines.
 Solem merum æmulatur, et lunam calix;
 Nectareis foveat
 Dic luna solem amplexibus.
 Flammas nitentes sparge: vini scilicet
 Fervidioris aquam
 Flammæ nitentis æmulam.
 Quòd si rosarum fragilis avolat decor,
 Sparge, puer, liquidas
 Vini rubescentis rosas.

Si devium Philomela deserit nemus,
 Pocula læta canant
 Non elaboratum melos.
 Injuriøsæ sperne fortunæ minas:
 Lætæque mœstitiam
 Depellat informem chelys.
 Somnus beatos, somnus amplexûs dabit:
 Da mihi dulce merum
 Somnum quod alliciat levem.
 Dulce est madere vino. Da calices novos,
 Ut placidâ madidus
 Oblivione perfruar.
 Scyphum affer alterum, puer, deinde alterum:
 Seu vetitum fuerit,
 Amice, seu licitum, bibam.

ODE ARABICA.

AD FABULLUM.

DULCI tristitiam vino lavere, aut, nitente lunâ,
 Multâ reclines in rosâ
 Urgere blandis osculis puellas;
 Aut, dum prata levi pulsat pede delicata virgo
 Comam renodans auream,
 Molli cupidinis tepere flammâ:
 Aut, dum blanda aures recreat lyra, floreo sub-
 Ad suave zephyrorum melos [antro
 Rore advocati spargier soporis:
 Hæc ver purpureum dat gaudia, comis et juvenas,
 His, mite dum tempus favet,
 Decet vacare, dumque ridet annus.
 Quicumque aut rerum domini sumus, aut graves
 Curas egestatis pati, [coacti
 Debemur asperæ, Fabulle, morti.

AD LÆLIUM.

VESTIMENTA tuis grata sororibus,
Et donem lapides, quos vel alit Tagi
Fluctus, vel celer undâ
Ganges auriferâ lavit,
Læli, si mea sit dives opum domus:
Quid mittam addubito. Scilicet haud mea
Servo carmina blandis
Nympharum auribus insolens,
Quarum tu potior pectora candidis
Mulces alloquiis, te potiore amat
Musa, utcunque puellæ
Pulsas Æoliæ fides.
Quin illis acies mittere commodus
Tornatas meditor, quæ bicoloribus
Armis conspiciendæ
Bella innoxia destinant;
Qualis propter aquas aut Lacedæmoni
Eurotæ gelidas, aut Tiberis vada,
Cornicum manus albis
Nigrans certat oloribus.
Cur non sub viridi ludimus ilicis
Umbrâ suppositi? Dic veniat genis
Ridens Lydia pulchris,
Et saltare decens Chloe:
Dic reddant mihi me. Ludite, virgines;
Me testudineis aut Venerem modis
Dicente, aut juvenilis
Telum dulce Cupidinis.

AD LUNAM.

CÆLI dulcè nitens decus,
 Lentâ lora manu, Cynthia, corripe :
 Pulchræ tecta peto Chloës,
 Et labrum roseo nectare suavius.
 Non prædator ut improbus,
 Per sylvas propero, te duce, devias ;
 Nec, dum lux radiat tua,
 Ultricem meditor figere cuspidem.
 Quem tu, mitis Amor, semel
 Placatum tepidâ lenieris face,
 Illum deseruit furor,
 Et telum facili decidit è manu.
 Nec delicta per et nefas
 Furtiva immeritus gaudia persequor ;
 Blandâ victa Chloë prece
 Peplum rejiciet purpureum libens.

AD VENEREM.

ORO te teneri blanda Cupidinis
 Mater, cœruleis edita fluctibus,
 Quæ grati fruticeta accolis Idali,
 Herbosamque Amathunta, et viridem Cnidon,
 Oro, Pyrrha, meis cedat amoribus,
 Quæ nunc, Tænariâ immitior æsculo,
 Mœrentis Licini sollicitum melos
 Ridet. Non liquidæ carmine tibix,
 Non illam Æoliis illacrymabilem
 Plectris dimoveat, lenis ut arduam
 Cervicem tepidum flectat ad osculum,
 (Quantum est et vacuis nectar in oculis!)

Quod si carminibus mitior applicet
 Aures illa meis, si (rigidum gelu
 Te solvente) pari me tepeat face,
 Te propter liquidum fonticuli vitrum,
 Ponam conspicuo marmore lucidam,
 Te cantans Paphiam, teque Amathusiam
 Pellam gramineum ter pede cespitem,
 Tum nigranti hederâ et tempora laureâ
 Cingam, tunc hilares eliciam modos:
 At nunc me juvenum prætereuntium
 Me ridet comitum cœtus amabilis;
 Et ludens puerorum in plateis cohors
 Ostendit digitis me, quia langueo
 Demissis oculis, me, quia somnia
 Abrupta haud facili virgine saucium
 Monstrant, et violâ pallidior gena.

 AD EANDEM.

PERFIDO ridens Erycina vultu,
 Seu Joci mater, tenerique Amoris,
 Seu Paphi regina potens, Cyprique
 Lætior audis,
 Linque jocundam Cnidon, et coruscum
 Dirigens currum levis huc vocanti,
 Huc veni, et tecum properet soluto
 Crine Thalia.
 Jam venis! nubes placidi serenas
 Passeres findunt; super albicantes
 Dum volat sylvas, celeresque versant
 Leniter alas.
 Rursus ad cœlum fugiunt. Sed almâ
 Dulcè subridens facie, loquelam
 Melle conditam liquido jacentis
 Fundis in aurem.

'Qua tepes, inquis, Licini, puellâ,
 Lucidis venanti oculis amantes?
 Cur doces mœstas resonare lucum,
 Care, querelas?
 Dona si ridet tua, dona mittet;
 Sive te molli roseos per hortos
 Hinnulo vitat levior, sequetur
 Ispa fugacem.'
 Per tuos oro, dea mitis, ignes,
 Pectus ingratæ rigidum Corinnæ
 Lenias. Et te, Venus alma, amore
 Forsit Adonis.

AD

LIBERTATEM CARMEN¹.

VIRTUS renascens quem jubet ad sonos
 Spartanam avitos ducere tibiam?
 Quis fortium cœtus in æuras
 Ætherias juvenum ciebit,
 Quos, Marti amicos, aut hyacinthinis
 Flavâ in palæstrâ conspicuos comis;
 Aut alma Libertas in undis
 Egelidis agiles videbat,
 Cœleste ridens? Quis modulabitur
 Excelsa plectro carmina Lesbio;
 Quæ dirus, Alcæo sonante,
 Audiit et tremuit dynastes?
 Quis myrtæâ ensem fronde reconditum
 Cantabit? Illum, civibus Harmodi
 Dilecte servatis, tenebas:
 Tuque fidelis Aristogiton.

¹ It may be proper, though unnecessary, to inform the classical reader, that some stanzas of this Alcaic are little more than a liberal translation from Collins's Ode to Liberty.

Vix se refrænât fulmineus chalybs :

Mox igne divino emicat, exilit ;

Et cor reluctantis tyranni

Perforat ictibus haud remissis :

O ter placentem Palladi victimam !

Nec tu minorem Roma dabas Jovi ;

Ex ore cum Bruti sonaret,

Sanguine Cæsareo rubentis,

Vox grata Divis,—grataque Tullio !

Ah ! lacrymarum ne scatebræ fluant,

Afflicta Libertas, tuarum :

(O pudor ! O miseri Quirites !)

Vafri tacebo carnificis dolos,

Cui nomen Augusto impia plebs dedit ;

Fletura et infandas Neronum

Nequitias odiosiorum.

Noto tyrannorum improbioribus

Sanctum inquinari nominibus melos,

Quos turpis ætas in Latinæ

Dedecus exitiumque gentis

Produxit. His te, Diva, furentibus,

Ad templa cæli et sidereas domos

Vidit jugatis subvolantem

Musa aquilis nitidoque curru.

At Roma, vasti molibus imperi

Sublata, centum nubila brachiis

Differt, colosseoque Olympi

Vertice verticibus minatur.

Sed, fervidi instar diluvii ruens,

Septem relictis turba trionibus

Formidolosorum gigantum

Hesperios populatur agros.

Qui plurimo conamine, plurimis

Immane adorti monstrum ululatibus,

Vix diro anhelantesque frenden-
—tesque trahunt strepitu ruinam.
Gens, te remotâ, nulla diu potest
Florere. Mox tu purpureas, Dea,
Sedes reliquisti piorum,
Ausa novas habitare terras.
Tum vitibus Florentia vestiens
Colles apricos, et nemora aureo
Splendore malorum coronans,
Te coluit,—coluitque musas;
Casura amatâ (væ miseræ!) manu.
At tu petebas pratula mollium
Pisarum, olivetumque Lucæ,
Et scopulos tenuis Marini.
Vix te vocabat, nec docilem sequi,
Dux gloriosæ gemmifer Adriæ;
Qui scandit, haud pauper maritus,
Cæruleam Thetidos cubile.
Post exulem te, nobilis insula,
Tutis recepit Corsica rupibus:
Quâ Marte non uno subactâ,
Sæve Ligur, nimium superbis.
Nunc te nivosas, Diva, libentius
Quæro per Alpes: durus ubi gelu
Helvetius frangit ligone, aut
Remigiis agitat Lemanum:
Quæro per urbes, dona maris, novas,
Et fida sacris tecta ciconiis:
Quæro paludosos per agros,
Et validæ saliceta gentis;
Quæ fulmen Albani haud timuit ducis.
Hinc pulsa migras? quo, Dea, quo fugis?
Ah! grata dilectis Britannis
Nympha, tuos video recessûs.

Olim, hæc recluisit musa vetustior :
Inter feracis littora Galliæ
Interque divisum Albionis
Nulla solum resonabat unda :
At sæpe ab Icci, non madido pede,
Saxis verendas ad Doroberniæ
Sedes adornati ambulabant
Glandiferâ Druidæ coronâ.
Tunc æstuentes ad mare Suevicum
Fluctus ruebant tramite dissito,
Quo belluosis horret Orcas,
Montibus et glaciata Thule.
Sed mox resurgens oceanus manum
Effert minacem ; et, dum croceum æthera
Scindunt percussis procellæ
Fulguribus, valido tridente
Divellit agros dissociabiles :
Tunc enatabas, pulchra Britannia,
Silvisque, et arvis, et sonoris
Amnibus egregiè triumphans.
Gemmata multâ tum Thetis insulâ
Risit : sacratis Mona, parens mea,
Ornata quercetis refulsit ;
Et Zephyro recreata Vectis.
Hæc facta nutu, Diva potens, tuo :
Nam lassa dulcis pomiferas Vagæ
Ripas, et undantis Sabrinæ,
Nobile perfugium, eligebas ;
Remota Gallis :—Galli eternim truces,
(Psyche ut antehac barbari amabilem)
Te reppulerunt exulantem ;
Gens meritas luitura pœnas !
Tunc, in recessu fertilis insulæ
Lecto, sacratum nominibus tuis

Fanum smaragdis emicabat
Consitum et ætheriis pyropis.
Ventura jam tum fama Britannæ,
Mirâ arte, miris pictæ coloribus,
Postesque et excelsum lacunar,
Et variam irradiabat aulam.
Depictus ense protulit et stylum
Sidneius; heros, quem neque iudicis
Vultus, nec infamis tyranni
Terruit ira diu reposta.
Effulsit ardenti et gladio et lyra
Miltonus audens, cui nitidam nimis
Te, nuda Libertas, videnti
Nox oculos tenebrosa clausit:
Nunc templo in ipso (quâ radiat vetor
Orâ, profani, dicere), vatibus
Insertus heroumque turmæ
Verba canit recitanda Divis.
O nympha! mœstam grata Britanniam
Ni tu revisas, percita civium
Non mite nepenthes levabit
Corda, salutiferumve moly.
Altaribus te jam tredecim vocat,
Te thure templisque urget America:
Audis: Atlanteumque pennis
Ire paras levibus per æquor.
Ah! ne roseta et flumina deseras
Dilecta nuper: nam piget—heu piget
Martis nefasti fratricidæ,
Imperiique malè arrogati.
Jam, veris instar, præniteas novo
Pacata vultu: Pax tibi sit comes;
Quæ blanda civilis duelli
Sopiat ignivomos dracones.

Cum transmarinis juncta sororibus,
Nectat choream læta Britannia.

Neu mitis absit, jam solutis

Mercibus, haud violanda Ierne.

O! quæ paratur copia fulminis,

Centum reposti navibus, improbos

Gallos et audaces Iberos,

Civibus haud nocitura, frangat.

Idibus Martiis,

MDCCLXXX.

ODE D'HAFIZ.

CITEE DANS L'HISTOIRE DE NADER CHAH, LIVRE II.
CHAPITRE XII.

QUOIQUE le vin ici répande l'allégresse,
Et quoiqu'autour de vous les caressans Zéphyr,
En agitant les Fleurs, invitent aux plaisirs,
Prenez discrètement la Coupe enchanteresse ;
N'accordez point vos Luths, modérez vos désirs,
Car le Censeur punit sévèrement l'Ivresse.

Si la vive couleur de ce Jus délectable
Brille dans le Cristal, de son éclat jaloux,
Et si vous jouissez du bonheur le plus doux
Dans les bras d'un Objet aussi tendre qu'aimable ;
Laissez à la Prudence un juste droit sur vous,
Car le temps est critique, et le péril palpable.

Loin, avec ce flacon, de vous laisser surprendre,
Dérobez avec soin sa vue à l'œil malin ;
Car, en ces tristes jours, un barbare destin
Exerce sa fureur : rien ne peut vous défendre ;
Autant que vous versez de gouttes de ce vin,
Autant de sang humain il se plaît à répandre.

N'espérez pas jouir d'une tranquille vie,
Et craignez la Fortune au Sein de ses faveurs :
Elle n'offre à vos yeux que trompeuses douceurs ;
Cette Coupe en ses mains, qui vous parolt remplie
Des plus excellens Vins, des plus riches Liqueurs,
Ne vous présente, au fond qu'une insipide Lie.

Je pleure, et mes habits sont mouillés de mes
larmes,

Qui, ressemblant au Vin épais et rougissant,
Expriment la douleur que mon âme ressent ;
Contre soi c'est le temps qu'on doit prendre les
armes,

C'est le temps d'immoler un plaisir innocent,
Et de ne s'occuper que de Saintes alarmes.

O Hafiz ! toi que Fars, toi qu'Irak admirèrent,
Quand de tes vers touchans les sons mélodieux
T'armèrent d'un pouvoir divin, victorieux,
Et ces fameux pays à la fois subjuguèrent ;
Hâte-toi, viens, cueillir les lauriers glorieux,
Qu'à Bagdad, qu'à Tauris, les cieux te réservèrent.

ODE D'HAFIZ.

AMIS, c'est la saison des Roses,
Livrons-nous à tous nos désirs ;
Ne craignons point sur nos plaisirs
Du sage et du Vieillard les gloses ;
Ne disent-ils pas, tout périt ?
Profitez, jeunesse légère,
De cette Saison passagère
Où la nature vous sourit.

Encor du Vin, mettons en vente
Ces Tapis où, sur nos genoux,
Nous demandions ces biens si doux,
Dont le Ciel comble notre attente.
Ah! que l'air est voluptueux!
Destin, dans ces charmans asiles,
Fais que quelques beautés dociles
De ce vin partage les feux.

A nous réjouir tout invite;
Ici nous bravons les rigueurs
Que la Fortune en ses erreurs
Exerce contre le mérite.
La Rose naît autour de nous;
Accordons la Harpe et la Lyre,
Et, dans l'ivresse et le délire,
De l'Amour repoussons les Coups.

Hafiz, d'un étrange silence
Ne te laisse point accuser,
Dans le temps où de tout oser
Chacun se donne la Licence,
Toi, Rossignol mélodieux,
Pourrois-tu passer bouche close
L'aimable Saison de la Rose,
Et perdre ce temps précieux?

ODE D'HAFIZ.

O DOUCE haleine du Zéphire!
C'est de l'Objet de mon ardeur
Que vient ton parfum enchanteur,
Avec transport je le respire.

Mais ce don si cher à mes vœux
Est un larcin que je t'envie,
Ah ! redoute ma jalousie !
Pourquoi toucher ses beaux cheveux ?

O Rose ! auprès de son visage
Oses-tu montrer ta beauté ?
Tout en lui n'est que volupté,
Mille épines sont ton partage.
Boutons fleuris ! par quelle erreur
A ses joues l'on vous compare !
Un éternel Printemps les pare,
Un jour flétrit votre couleur.

Narcisse, as-tu rien qui l'égale ?
Ses yeux dans leurs feux languissans
Lancent d'Amour les traits puissans,
Ta couleur est ternie et pâle.
O Pins ! qui nos jardins parez,
De votre ondoyante verdure,
A son élégante Stature
Pouvez-vous être comparés ?

O quel bien voudrois-tu, mon âme,
Si, sur tous, tu pouvois choisir ?
Tu préférerois le plaisir
D'un retour parfait à ta flamme.
Viens, cher Objet de mon amour,
Viens par ton aimable présence
Finir ma cruelle souffrance,
Donne-moi du moins un beau jour.

LES

DIX ODES D'HAFIZ.

ODE I.

COURONNE de Rose et de Lierre;
L'Objet de mes vœux dans mes bras;
Je commande dans ce repas
Au Maître de la Terre entière.
Point de Flambeaux dans ce réduit.
C'est de cette Face charmante,
En sa pleine Lune éclatante,
Que vient la clarté qui nous luit.

Quoi! des Parfums dans cette Salle!
Eteins ces inutiles feux;
Que l'Ambre de tes beaux cheveux
Soit la seule odeur qui s'exhale.
Pour assaisonner nos plaisirs
Miel et Sucre sont inutiles;
Tes lèvres en douceurs fertiles
Seules excitent mes désirs.

Bien qu'ici le Vin on tolère,
Sans toi, Cyprès, dont les couleurs
Ont l'éclat des plus belles fleurs,
Toute liqueur me semble amère:
Quand tu n'éclaires point ces lieux
Des doux rayons de ton visage,
Les plaisirs n'ont rien qui m'engage,
Et je me cache à tous les yeux.

Pourquoi parler de renommée?
Je méprise l'ambition.
Que sert de me citer mon nom?
La Gloire n'est qu'une fumée.
Entendre ou la Harpe ou le Luth,
Regarder ta bouche vermeille,
Jeter les yeux sur ma bouteille,
Voilà de mes désirs le but.

Ah! si nous sommes tout ensemble
Buveurs obstinés, amoureux;
Si notre œil exprime nos feux,
Qui dans ces points ne nous ressemble?
Nous accuser aux Magistrats
Ce seroient plaintes importunes
Toutes ces fautes sont communes,
A tout âge, et dans tous états.

C'est ici la Saison nouvelle,
L'aimable Fête du Printemps;
Le Jasmin offre son encens;
De roses la terre étincelle,
Hafiz veut passer ces beaux jours,
Ces jours de joie et d'allégresse,
Avec du vin et sa maîtresse,
Les Jeux, les Ris, et les Amours.

ODE II.

HONNEUR à toi, belle contrée,
Chiraz! séjour délicieux!
Qu'à jamais la faveur des cieux,
Préserve ta terre sacrée!

O Rocnabad ! puissent tes eaux,
Où l'on puise la longue vie,
Qui rend Khedher digne d'envie,
Se conserver en clairs Ruisseaux.

Giaferabad ! de tes Allées,
De tes verts Sentiers, Mosella !
Nul Parfum jamais n'égala
Les douces odeurs exhalées !
Hâtez-vous, venez à Chiraz,
Vous tous qui cherchez les délices,
Rendez ses Habitans propices ;
Ils ont des Anges les appas.

Du Sucre dont l'Egypte abonde,
O vous qui vantez la douceur !
Venez connoître votre erreur,
Dans cette Ville sans seconde :
De ses Prés parcourez l'émail ;
Volez à ses Nymphes charmantes,
Et de leurs lèvres séduisantes
Pressez le tendre et doux Corail.

Et toi, rivale du Zéphire,
Aure du matin des Plaisirs,
Que fait l'Objet de mes désirs,
Quand pour ses charmes je soupire ?
Mais pourquoi d'un heureux sommeil
As-tu dissipé le nuage ?
J'y jouissois de son image,
Qui vient de fuir à mon réveil.

Chère Aure, sois ma Messagère,
Dis à l'Objet de mon Ardeur,
Que s'il veut le sang de mon cœur,
Ma main aussitôt pour lui plaire,

Le répandant à son souhait,
Il l'auroit en même abondance,
Que sa Mère, en sa tendre enfance,
Lui laissoit prendre de son lait.

Hafiz, quand le poids de l'absence
Ton triste cœur tient oppressé ;
Quand, par le Destin menacé,
Il craint une longue souffrance ;
Songe à ces temps délicieux,
Où l'aimable Objet de ta flamme
De plaisir enivroit ton âme,
Et de ces temps rends grâce aux Cieux.

ODE III.

PORTE ces Coupes à la ronde,
Garçon, verse, verse du vin ;
Contre l'amour est-il au monde
Un remède plus Souverain ?
La Coupe et le Jus de la Treille,
Semblent la Lune et le Soleil ;
Cet Astre à la couleur vermeille
Mérite un Cercle sans pareil.

Viens, répands les liquides flammes
De ce Vin pur, étincelant ;
Sans laisser attrister nos âmes,
Jouissons de ce doux instant.
Si la Rose perd sa nuance,
Apporte ce vin coloré ;
Qu'au bruit des coups le Silence
Du Rossignol soit réparé.

Ah! que la Fortune ennemie
Ne trouble pas notre repos!
Ce doux Luth par son harmonie
Doit nous faire oublier nos maux.
Bientôt dans un Songe agréable
Je verrai l'Objet de mes vœux,
Qu'à grands flots, ce Jus délectable
Avance ces momens heureux.

Contre ma frénétique ivresse
Quels secours pourroit-on trouver?
Verser, verser du vin sans cesse
Est le moyen de me sauver.
Dans cette liqueur salulaire
Hafiz veut perdre sa Raison,
Et laisser au Censeur sévère
Le soin de l'approuver ou non.

ODE IV.

CE Jour est le Jour des plaisirs,
Du Printemps c'est la Fête;
La Sort soumis à nos désirs,
A les combler s'apprête.
O toi, Lune, épouse des Cieux!
Que tes clartés nouvelles
Se cachent à l'éclat des yeux
De la Belle des Belles!

Quand le Rossignol par son chant,
Si rempli de tendresse,
Pour saluer le doux Printemps
Au point du jour s'empresse;

Dis au Censeur, peux-tu blâmer
La folâtre jeunesse ?
Qui passe ce jour sans aimer,
Sans Vin, et sans Maîtresse ?

Vois où le Derviche prudent
Va passer sa journée ;
Seroit-ce comme auparavant
Au fond d'une Mosquée ?
Non, c'est au coin d'un cabaret
Que le plaisir l'enchaîne,
Assis auprès d'un tendre Objet,
Sa Coupe toujours pleine.

Qu'on annonce à tout l'Univers,
Qu'en ce jour délectable
Hafiz joint les charmes divers
D'Amour et de la Table ;
Ses yeux fixés avec transport
Sur sa divine Amante ;
Et ses lèvres sur le doux bord
De sa Coupe brillante.

ODE V.

C'EST à toi, Matineux Zéphire,
A m'apprendre dans quels climats
On voit les ravissans appas
De l'Objet pour qui je soupire.
Dans quels lieux, bravant les rigueurs
De mon implacable Fortune,
Trouverai-je la belle Lune
Qui détruit ses admirateurs ?

La Nuit étend ses Voiles sombres ;
Sur la Terre est semé l'effroi ;
Aïman présente devant moi
Sa Vallée et ses tristes Ombres :
Où se cachent les brillans feux
Dont on vit ces plaines reluire ?
Hélas ! qui voudra me conduire
Vers l'Objet de mes tendres vœux ?

D'insensés l'Univers abonde,
L'Homme bientôt perd sa Raison ;
On en voit dans cette Saison,
Qui cherchent un sage à la ronde.
Heureux qui pénètre l'objet
Du sens caché de mes paroles,
Celui qui les trouve frivoles
Sauroit-il garder le Secret ?

J'ai mille ampoureuses affaires
A régler avec tes cheveux,
Où sommes nous ? Censeur fâcheux,
Où sont tes reproches sévères ?
Ah ! j'ai perdu le jugement !
De tes tresses l'aimable chaîne
A toute heure vers toi m'entraîne :
Où revoir ce lien charmant !

En vain aux plaisirs tout convie,
Les Danses, le Vin coloré,
Les Roses, tout est préparé,
Sans toi qu'imparfaite est la vie !
Où te chercher, Objet chéri !
En vain Hafiz dans ces Bocages
Se trouve à l'abri des Orages,
L'Epine est au Rosier fleuri.

ODE VI.

AH ! que ta forme est séduisante !
Que ton esprit est enchanteur !
Il possède autant de douceur,
Qu'a d'attraits la Rose naissante.
On peut comparer ta beauté
Aux Cyprès du Jardin Céleste ;
La grâce de ton moindre geste
Remplit mon cœur de Volupté.

Que de ton tendre badinage
Les charmes sont délicieux !
Qu'ils sont beaux tes sourcils ! tes yeux !
Et que parfait est ton visage !
Par toi, d'un nouvel agrément,
S'embellit l'émaillé Parterre ;
Le Zéphyr embaume la Terre
Du Musc qu'en tes tresses il prend.

Dans le sentier d'amour se trouve
D'angoisses le Torrent fatal,
Ton amitié charme le mal
Qu'à surmonter ses flots j'éprouve ;
Et lorsqu'à tes yeux je me meurs,
De ton pouvoir merveille étrange !
Un seul de tes doux regards change
En plaisirs toutes mes douleurs.

Bien qu'au noir Désert de l'absence
De toutes parts soit le danger,
Ton Hafiz ose y voyager,
Et quoique timide il avance.
Sous ses pas que guide l'amour,
La route devient praticable,
Il se la rend même agréable
En espérant ton prompt retour.

ODE VII.

VIENS, j'aperçois dans l'instant
Sur cet aimable visage, •
Le Zéphire caressant
Fixer son humeur volage ;
 Dans ses soins empressés
 Il s'y plaît, il s'y joue ;
 Tous les cœurs sont blessés
 Par cette belle Joue.

Les ravissantes beautés
De ces Vierges nonpareilles,
Et leurs appas si vantés,
Du paradis les merveilles,
 Sont étranges récits
 Que raison désavoue,
 Mais ils sont éclaircis
 Par cette belle Joue.

Sais-tu que le Musc fameux,
Dont s'enorgueillit la Chine,
Du parfum de ses cheveux
Reçoit son odeur divine ?
 La douceur dont l'Amour
 Ce rare parfum doue,
 Ces tresses à leur tour
 L'ont prise à cette Joue.

Qui le Pin comparera
A cette Taille élégante,
Aussitôt le trouvera
Semblable à l'Herbe rampante.
 La Rose de dépit,
 Quoique chacun la loue,
 Se penche et se flétrit
 Auprès de cette Joue.

Vois-tu jaunir le Jasmin,
Sécher, se mourir d'envie ?
C'est la blancheur de ce Sein
Qui cause sa jalousie.
L' Amaranthe en courroux,
En se fanant avoue,
Que l'éclat le plus doux
Le cède à cette Joue.

Les flammes dont le Soleil
A nos yeux brille, étincelle,
De ce Visage vermeil
Tirent une ardeur nouvelle :
La Lune au Firmament
Son Char radieux cloue,
A l'aspect éclatant
De cette belle Joue.

Les Ruisseaux qui sont sortis
Des pures Sources de vie,
Coulent dans les vers d'Hafiz
Qu'ils rendent dignes d'envie :
Tel le sang de son cœur
En bouillonnant avoue,
Le pouvoir enchanteur,
Qu'a sur lui cette Joue.

ODE VIII.

Ton Visage a l'éclat dont la Lune étincelle,
Et du Printemps la volupté ;
Ta Joue et ton Souris, dans leur grâce nouvelle,
Sont le centre de la Beauté.

De tes yeux languissans la magie charmante
Tient mon cœur sans cesse enchanté;
De tes brillans cheveux chaque boucle ondoiyante
Est le séjour de la Beauté.

Sur l'Horizon d'Amour, quel Astre à toi semblable
A jamais au Ciel éclaté?
A ta taille, quel Pin fut jamais comparable
Sur le terrain de la Beauté!

Ces jours, ces heureux jours, dont l'Amour est le
Tiennent leur prix de ta bonté : [maître,
Tes attraits, ta douceur, donnent un nouvel être
A la Saison de la Beauté.

Dans ce Piège doré, tes tresses qu'on admire,
Ah! quel cœur n'est pas arrêté!
Et qui, comme l'Oiseau que le Miroir attire,
N'est le captif de la Beauté!

Nature te chérit, elle choisit ton âme
Dans le Sein de l'Eternité,
Sans cesse elle entretient sa pure et douce flamme
Dans le Giron de la Beauté.

Ainsi de la Tulipe, en tous lieux si prisée,
Se conserve l'éclat vanté,
Par les Ondes de vie à toute heure arrosée
Aux bords fleuris de la Beauté.

Si l'amoureux Hafiz, sans se lasser, te loue,
C'est l'encens de la vérité;
Il soutiendra toujours que ta vermeille joue
Est le palais de la Beauté.

ODE IX.

LA Beauté que mon cœur adore,
Qui de la Rose a les attraits,
Comme elle, est sous l'ombrage frais
D'Hyacinthes qu'Amour colore.
Ses joues ont plus de clarté
Que les Ruisseaux où l'on se mire;
Et sa belle bouche respire
Le souffle de la volupté.

Lorsqu'elle tend sur son visage
Le piège de ses beaux cheveux,
Elle dit au Zéphyr heureux
Garde le secret et sois sage.
Ne peut-on dresser des Autels
A cette incomparable belle?
O Ciel! rends sa vie éternelle,
Car ses appas sont immortels.

Quand je m'enflammai pour ses charmes,
Je me disois avec soupirs,
Cette perle de mes désirs
Va me coûter bien des alarmes!
Si cette mer étoit sans fond,
Battu de ses vagues sans cesse,
Trouverois-je cette richesse
Dans un abyme si profond?

Jette, jette du vin à terre;
Tel fut le sort de ces Héros,
Qui n'eurent jamais de repos,
Redoutables foudres de guerre:

De Gemchid et de Caikhosru
Le pouvoir n'est plus qu'une fable,
Quoique jadis si formidable
A l'Univers il ait paru.

Quand je contemple ta Stature
Si semblable à l'altier Cypès ;
Quand j'ose l'admirer de près,
Ne le prends pas pour une injure.
A ta Source je veux m'asseoir ;
C'est dans son eau paisible et claire
Qu'est le remède salulaire
Au mal qui fait mon désespoir.

Veux-tu m'arrêter dans ta chaîne ?
Hâte-toi d'en serrer les nœuds ;
Les délais traînent après eux
Trop de malheur et trop de peine.
Epargne-moi la cruauté
Des flèches que l'absence darde,
Si tu veux que le Ciel te garde
De l'œil de la malignité.

Quand la Rose qui vient d'éclore,
Tendre Rossignol, te sourit ;
Quand à tes yeux elle fleurit,
Et des plus doux feux se colore,
Ah ! crains mille pièges divers !
On doit peu compter sur la Rose,
Quoiqu'en elle se trouve enclose
La beauté de tout l'Univers.

Ma Maitresse boit à la ronde,
Et n'a pour moi que du dédain ;
Viens, Ordonnateur du festin,
Viens, et ma vengeance seconde :

Nul cœur n'échappe aux doux attraits
De la moindre de ses œillades,
Elle dresse ses embuscades,
Et sans cesse ajuste ses traits.

A la Cour de ta bien-aimée,
Hafiz, qu'est-il donc arrivé?
Les Rois en baisent le pavé,
Toute la ville est alarmée.
De ton sort quelle est la rigueur?
L'objet qui ces beaux feux allume
Remplit ton âme d'amertume,
Quand sa bouche a tant de douceur.

ODE X.

O TOI, léger et doux Zéphire,
Quand tu passes par le séjour
Où l'objet de mon tendre amour
Entouré des grâces respire,
Fais qu'au retour, selon mes vœux,
Ton haleine soit parfumée
De cette senteur embaumée
Qu'épand l'ambre de ses cheveux.

Que de son souffle favorable
Mon être seroit ranimé,
Si par toi de mon bien-aimé
J'avois un message agréable!
Si trop foible tu ne peux pas
Porter ce poids, à ma prière
Jette sur moi de la poussière
Que tu recueilles sous ses pas.

Mon âme languit dans l'attente
De son retour si désiré,
Ah ! quand ce visage adoré
Viendra-t-il la rendre contente ?
Le pin fut moins haut que mon cœur,
A présent au saule semblable,
Pour cet objet incomparable
Il tremble d'amoureuse ardeur.

Quoique celui que mon cœur aime,
Pour ma tendresse ait peu d'égards,
Hélas ! pour un de ses regards
Je donnerois l'univers même.
Que ce seroit un bien pour moi,
Puisqu'à ses pieds le sort m'enchaîne,
De n'avoir d'autre soin ni peine,
De ne vivre que pour mon Roi !

HYMNS.

TO CAMDEO.

The Argument.

THE Hindu God, to whom the following Poem is addressed, appears evidently the same with the Grecian Eros and the Roman Cupido; but the Indian description of his person and arms, his family, attendants, and attributes, has new and peculiar beauties.

According to the mythology of Hindustan, he was the son of Maya, or the general *attracting* power, and married to Retty or *Affection*; and his bosom friend is Bessent or *Spring*: he is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother and consort, in the midst of his gardens and temples; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot or lory, and attended by dancing girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his colours, which are a fish on a red ground. His favourite place of resort is a large tract of country round Agra, and principally the plains of Matra, where Krishen also, and the nine Gopia, who are clearly the Apollo and Muses of the Greeks, usually spend the night with music

and dance. His bow of sugar-cane, or flowers, with a string of bees, and his five arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality, are allegories equally new and beautiful. He has at least twenty-three names, most of which are introduced in the hymn: that of *Cam*, or *Cama*, signifies *desire*, a sense which it also bears in ancient and modern Persian; and it is possible that the words *Dipuc* and *Cupid*, which have the same signification, may have the same origin, since we know that the old Hetruscans, from whom great part of the Roman language and religion was derived, and whose system had a near affinity with that of the Persians and Indians, used to write their lines alternately forwards and backwards, as furrows are made by the plough; and, though the two last letters of *Cupido* may only be the grammatical termination, as in *libido* and *capedo*, yet the primary root of *cupio* is contained in the three first letters. The seventh stanza alludes to the bold attempt of this deity to wound the great God Mahadeo, for which he was punished by a flame consuming his corporeal nature, and reducing him to a mental essence; and hence his chief dominion is over the minds of mortals, or such deities as he is permitted to subdue.

THE HYMN.

WHAT potent God from Agra's orient bowers
 Floats through the lucid air, whilst living flowers
 With sunny twine the vocal arbours wreath,
 And gales enamour'd heavenly fragrance breathe?

Hail, power unknown! for at thy beck
 Vales and groves their bosoms deck,
 And every laughing blossom dresses
 With gems of dew his musky tresses.
 I feel, I feel thy genial flame divine,
 And hallow thee, and kiss thy shrine.

'Know'st thou not me?' Celestial sounds I hear!
 'Know'st thou not me?' Ah, spare a mortal ear!
 'Behold'—My swimming eyes entranced I raise,
 But, oh! they sink before the' excessive blaze.

Yes, son of Maya, yes, I know
 Thy bloomy shafts and cany bow,
 Cheeks with youthful glory beaming,
 Locks in braids etherial streaming,
 Thy scaly standard, thy mysterious arms,
 And all thy pains and all thy charms.

God of each lovely sight, each lovely sound,
 Soul-kindling, world-inflaming, star-ycrown'd,
 Eternal Cama! Or doth Smara bright,
 Or proud Ananga give thee more delight?

Whate'er thy seat, whate'er thy name,
 Seas, Earth, and Air thy reign proclaim:

Wreathy smiles and roseate pleasures
Are thy richest, sweetest treasures.
All animals to thee their tribute bring,
And hail thee universal king.

Thy consort mild, Affection ever true,
Graces thy side, her vest of glowing hue;
And in her train twelve blooming girls advance,
Touch golden strings, and knit the mirthful dance.

Thy dreaded implements they bear,
And wave them in the scented air,
Each with pearls her neck adorning,
Brighter than the tears of morning.
Thy crimson ensign, which before them flies,
Decks with new stars the sapphire skies.

God of the flowery shafts and flowery bow,
Delight of all above and all below!
Thy loved companion, constant from his birth,
In heaven cleped Bessent, and gay Spring on earth,
Weaves thy green robe and flaunting bowers,
And from thy clouds draws balmy showers,
He with fresh arrows fills thy quiver
(Sweet the gift, and sweet the giver!)
And bids the many-plumed warbling throng
Burst the pent blossoms with their song.

He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string
With bees, how sweet! but ah, how keen their
sting!

He with five flowerets tips thy ruthless darts,
Which through five senses pierce enraptured
Strong Chumpha, rich in odorous gold, [hearts:
Warm Amer, nursed in heavenly mould,

Dry Nagkeser in silver smiling,
Hot Kiticum our sense beguiling,
And last, to kindle fierce the scorching flame,
Loveshaft, which gods bright Bela name.

Can men resist thy power, when Krishen yields,
Krishen, who still in Matra's holy fields
Tunes harps immortal, and to strains divine
Dances by moonlight with the Gopia nine?

But, when thy daring arm untamed
At Mahadeo a loveshaft aim'd,
Heaven shook, and, smit with stony wonder,
Told his deep dread in bursts of thunder,
Whilst on thy beauteous limbs an azure fire
Blazed forth, which never must expire.

O thou for ages born, yet ever young,
For ages may thy Bramin's lay be sung!
And, when thy lory spreads his emerald wings
To waft thee high above the towers of kings,
Whilst o'er thy throne the moon's pale light
Pours her soft radiance through the night,
And to each floating cloud discovers
The haunts of bless'd or joyless lovers,
Thy mildest influence to thy bard impart,
To warm, but not consume, his heart.

TWO HYMNS TO PRACRITI.

The Argument.

IN all our conversations with learned Hindus, we find them enthusiastic admirers of poetry, which they consider as a divine art, that had been practised for numberless ages in heaven, before it was revealed on earth by Valmic, whose great heroic poem is fortunately preserved: the Brahmans of course prefer that poetry which they believe to have been *actually inspired*; while the Vaidyas (who are in general perfect grammarians and good poets, but are not suffered to read any of the sacred writings except the *Ayurveda*, or Body of Medical Tracts) speak with rapture of their innumerable *popular* poems, epic, lyric, and dramatic, which were composed by men not literally inspired, but called, metaphorically, the sons of Sereswati, or Minerva; among whom the Pandits of all sects, nations, and degrees, are unanimous in giving the prize of glory to Calidasa, who flourished in the court of Vicramaditya, fifty-seven years before Christ. He wrote several dramas, one of which, entitled *Sacontala*, is in my possession; and the subject of it appears to be as interesting as the composition is beautiful: besides these he published the *Meghaduta*, or cloud messenger, and the *Nalodaya*, or rise of Nala, both elegant love tales: the *Raghuvansa*, an Heroic poem; and the *Cumara Sambhava*, or

birth of Cumara, which supplied me with materials for the first of the following odes. I have not indeed yet read it; since it could not be correctly copied for me during the short interval in which it is in my power to amuse myself with literature: but I have heard the story told, both in Sanscrit and Persian, by many Pandits, who had no communication with each other; and their outline of it coincided so perfectly, that I am convinced of its correctness: that outline is here filled up, and exhibited in a lyric form, partly in the Indian, partly in the Grecian taste; and great will be my pleasure, when I can again find time for such amusements, in reading the whole poem of Calidasa, and in comparing my descriptions with the original composition. To anticipate the story in a preface would be to destroy the interest that may be taken in the poem; a disadvantage attending all prefatory arguments, of which those prefixed to the several books of Tasso, and to the dramas of Metastasio, are obvious instances; but, that any interest may be taken in the two hymns addressed to Pracriti, under different names, it is necessary to render them intelligible by a previous explanation of the mythological allusions, which could not but occur in them.

Iswara or Isa, and Isani or Isi, are unquestionably the Osiris and Isis of Egypt; for, though neither a resemblance of names, nor a similarity of character, would separately prove the identity of *Indian* and *Egyptian* deities, yet, when they both concur with the addition of numberless corroborating circumstances, they form a proof little short of demonstration. The *female* divinity, in

the mythological systems in the East, represents the active power of the *male*; and that *Isi* means *active nature*, appears evidently from the word *s'acta*, which is derived from *s'acti*, or *power*, and applied to those Hindus, who direct their adoration principally to that goddess: this feminine character of *Pracriti*, or *created nature*, is so familiar in most languages, and even in our own, that the gravest English writers, on the most serious subjects of Religion and Philosophy, speak of *her* operations, as if *she* were actually an animated being; but such personifications are easily misconceived by the multitude, and have a strong tendency to polytheism. The principal operations of nature are, not the absolute annihilation and new creation of what we call *material substances*, but the temporary extinction and reproduction, or rather, in one word, the *transmutation of forms*: whence the epithet *Polymorphos* is aptly given to nature by European philosophers: hence *Iswara*, *Siva*, *Hara* (for those are his names and near a thousand more) united with *Isi*, represent the *secondary causes*, whatever they may be, of natural phenomena, and principally those of temporary destruction and regeneration; but the Indian *Isis* appears in a variety of characters, especially in those of *Parvati*, *Cali*, *Durga*, and *Bhavani*, which bear a strong resemblance to the *Juno* of *Homer*, to *Hecate*, to the armed *Pallas*, and to the *Lucretian Venus*.

The name *Parvati* took its rise from a wild poetical fiction. *Himalaya*, or the *Mansion of Snow*, is the title given by the Hindus to that vast chain of mountains, which limits India to the

north, and embraces it with its eastern and western arms, both extending to the Ocean; the former of those arms is called *Chandrasec'hara*, or the *Moon's Rock*; and the second, which reaches as far west as the mouths of the Indus, was named by the ancients *Montes Parveti*. These hills are held sacred by the Indians, who suppose them to be the terrestrial haunt of the god Iswara. The mountain *Himalaya*, being personified, is represented as a powerful monarch, whose wife was Mena: their daughter is named Parvati, or *Mountain-born*, and Durga, or *of difficult access*; but the *Hindus* believe her to have been married to Siva in a preexistent state, when she bore the name of Sati. The daughter of Himalaya had two sons; Ganesa, or the *Lord of Spirits*, adored as the wisest of deities, and always invoked at the beginning of every literary work, and Cumara, Scanda, or Carticeya, commander of the celestial armies.

The pleasing fiction of Cama, the Indian Cupid, and his friend Vasanta, or the Spring, has been the subject of another poem; and here it must be remembered, that the God of Love is named also Smara, Candarpa, and Ananga. One of his arrows is called *Mellica*, the *Nyctanthes* of our botanists, who very unadvisedly reject the vernacular names of most Asiatic plants: it is beautifully introduced by Cálidása into this lively couplet;

Mellicamucole bhati gunjanmattamadbuvratah,
Prayane panchaoanasya sano'hamapurayanniva.

' The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the fresh blown *Mellica*, like him who gives breath

to a white conch in the procession of the god with five arrows.'

A critic to whom Calidasa repeated this verse observed, that the comparison was not exact: since the bee sits on the blossom itself, and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him who blows a conch. 'I was aware of that (said the poet), and, therefore, described the bee as *intoxicated*: a drunken musician would blow the shell at the wrong end.' There was more than wit in this answer; it was a just rebuke to a dull critic; for poetry delights in general images, and is so far from being a perfect imitation, that a scrupulous exactness of descriptions and similes, by leaving nothing for the imagination to supply, never fails to diminish or destroy the pleasure of every reader who has an imagination to be gratified.

It may here be observed, that *Nymphæa*, not *Lotos*, is the generic name in Europe of the flower consecrated to Isis: the Persians know by the name of *Nilûfer* that species of it which the botanists ridiculously call *Nelumbo*, and which is remarkable for its curious pericarpium, where each of the seeds contains in miniature the leaves of a perfect vegetable. The *lotos* of Homer was probably the *sugar-cane*, and that of Linnæus is a papilionaceous plant; but he gives the same name to another species of the *Nymphæa*; and the word is so constantly applied among us in India to the *Nilûfer*, that any other would be hardly intelligible: the blue *lotos* grows in Cashmir and in Persia, but not in Bengal, where we see only the red and white; and hence occasion is taken to

feign that the lotos of Hindustan was dyed crimson by the blood of Siva.

Cuvera, mentioned in the fourteenth stanza, is the *god of wealth*, supposed to reside in a magnificent city, called Alacà; and *Vrihaspati*, or the genius of the planet Jupiter, is the preceptor of the gods in *Swerga* or the firmament: he is usually represented as their orator, when any message is carried from them to one of their superior deities.

The lamentations of Reti, the wife of Cama, fill a whole book in the Sanscrit poem, as I am informed by my teacher, a learned Vaidya; who is restrained only from reading the book which contains a description of the nuptials: for the ceremonies of a marriage where Brahma himself officiated as the father of the bridegroom are too holy to be known by any but Brahmans.

The achievements of Durga in her martial character as the patroness of Virtue, and her battle with a demon in the shape of a buffalo, are the subject of many episodes in the *Purânas* and *Câv-yas*, or sacred and popular poems; but a full account of them would have destroyed the unity of the Ode, and they are barely alluded to in the last stanza.

It seemed proper to change the measure, when the goddess was to be addressed as Bhavâni, or *the power of fecundity*; but such a change, though very common in Sanscrit, has its inconveniences in European poetry: a distinct hymn is therefore appropriated to her in that capacity: for the explanation of which we need only premise, that Lacshmi is the goddess of *Abundance*; that the

Cetata is a fragrant and beautiful plant of the Diœcian kind, known to botanists by the name *Pandanus*; and that the *Dúrgótsava*, or great festival of Bhaváni at the close of the rains, ends in throwing the image of the goddess into the Ganges, or other sacred waters.

I am not conscious of having left unexplained any difficult allusion in the two poems; and have only to add (lest European critics should consider a few of the images as inapplicable to Indian manners) that the ideas of snow and ice are familiar to the Hindus; that the mountains of Himálaya may be clearly discerned from a part of Bengal; that the Grecian Hæmus is the Sanscrit word *haimas*, meaning snowy; and that funeral urns may be seen perpetually on the banks of the river.

The two hymns are neither translations from any other poems, nor imitations of any; and have nothing of Pindar in them except the measures, which are nearly the same, syllable for syllable, with those of the first and second Nemean Odes: more musical stanzas might perhaps have been formed; but in every art, variety and novelty are considerable sources of pleasure. The style and manner of Pindar have been greatly mistaken; and that a distinct idea of them may be conceived by such, as have not access to that inimitable poet in his own language, I cannot refrain from subjoining the first Nemean Ode¹, not only in the same measure as nearly as possible, but almost word for word with the original; those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added, which are printed in *Italic letters*.

¹ See page 110.

TO DURGA.

I. 1.

FROM thee begins the solemn air,
 Adored Ganésá; next, thy sire we praise
 (Him, from whose red clustering hair
 A new-born crescent sheds propitious rays,
 Fair as Gangá's curling foam),
 Dread Iswara; who loved o'er awful mountains,
 Rapp'd in prescience deep, to roam,
 But chiefly those, whence holy rivers gush,
 Bright from their secret fountains,
 And o'er the realms of Brahmá rush.

I. 2.

Rock above rock they ride sublime,
 And lose their summits in blue fields of day,
 Fashion'd first; when rolling Time,
 Vast infant, in his golden cradle lay,
 Bidding endless ages run,
 And wreath their giant heads in snows eternal
 Gilt by each revolving sun;
 Though neither morning beam, nor noontide glare,
 In wintry sign or vernal,
 Their adamant strength impair;

I. 3.

Nor e'en the fiercest summer heat
 Could thrill the palace where their monarch reign'd
 On his frost-impearled seat
 (Such height had unremitted virtue gain'd!)

Himálaya, to whom a lovely child,
Sweet Parvatí, sage Ména bore,
Who now in earliest bloom saw heaven adore
Her charms; earth languish till she smiled.

II. 1.

But she to love no tribute paid;
Great Iswara her pious cares engaged;
Him, who gods and fiends dismay'd, [raged.
She sooth'd with offerings meek, when most he
On a morn when, edged with light, [panded,
The lake-born flowers their sapphire cups ex-
Laughing at the scatter'd night,
A vale-remote and silent pool she sought,
Smooth-footed, lotos-handed,
And braids of sacred blossoms wrought;

II. 2.

Not for her neck, which, unadorn'd,
Bade envying antelopes their beauties hide:
Art she knew not, or she scorn'd;
Nor had her language e'en a name for pride.
To the god, who, fix'd in thought,
Sat in a crystal cave new worlds designing,
Softly sweet her gift she brought,
And spread the garland o'er his shoulders broad,
Where serpents huge lay twining,
Whose hiss the round creation awed.

II. 3.

He view'd, half-smiling, half-severe, [rocks
The prostrate maid—that moment through the
He who decks the purple year,
Vasanta, vain of odoriferous locks,

With Cama, horsed on infant breezes flew :
(Who knows not Cama, nature's king ?)
Vasanta barb'd the shaft and fix'd the string ;
The living bow Candarpa drew.

III. 1.

Dire sacrilege ! the chosen reed,
That Smara pointed with transcendent art,
Glanced with unimagined speed,
And ting'd its blooming barb in Siva's heart :
Glorious flower, in heaven proclaim'd
Rich Mellicà, with balmy breath delicious,
And on earth Nyctanthes named !
Some drops divine, that o'er the lotos blue
Trickled in rills auspicious,
Still mark it with a crimson hue.

III. 2.

Soon closed the wound its hallow'd lips ;
But nature felt the pain : heaven's blazing eye
Sank absorb'd in sad eclipse,
And meteors rare betray'd the trembling sky ;
When a flame, to which compared
The keenest lightnings were but idle flashes,
From that orb all-piercing glared,
Which in the front of wrathful Hara rolls,
And soon to silver ashes
Reduced the' inflamer of our souls.

III. 3.

Vasant, for thee a milder doom,
Accomplice rash, a thundering voice decreed :
' Withering live in joyless gloom,
While ten gay signs the dancing seasons lead.

Thy flowers, perennial once, now annual made,
The fish and ram shall still adorn;
But when the bull has rear'd his golden horn,
Shall, like yon idling rainbow, fade.'

IV. 1.

The thunder ceased; the day return'd;
But Siva from terrestrial haunts had fled:
Smit with rapturous love he burn'd,
And sigh'd on gemm'd Cailása's viewless head.
Lonely down the mountain steep,
With fluttering heart, soft Parvati descended;
Nor in drops of nectar'd sleep
Drank solace through the night, but lay alarm'd,
Lest her mean gifts offended
The god her powerful beauty charm'd.

IV. 2.

All arts her sorrowing damsels tried, [smooth.
Her brow, where wrinkled anguish lour'd, to
And, her troubled soul to sooth,
Sagacious Mena mild reproof applied;
But nor art nor counsel sage,
Nor e'en her sacred parent's tender chiding,
Could her only pain assuage:
The mountain drear she sought, in mantling shade
Her tears and transports hiding,
And oft to her adorer pray'd.

IV. 3.

There on a crag whose icy rift
Hurl'd night and horror o'er the pool profound,
That with madding eddy swift
Revengeful bark'd his rugged base around,

The beauteous hermit sat; but soon perceived
A Bráhmaṇ old before her stand,
His rude staff quivering in his wither'd hand,
Who, faltering, ask'd for whom she grieved.

V. 1.

' What graceful youth, with accents mild,
Eyes like twin stars, and lips like early morn,
Has thy pensive heart beguiled?
' No mortal youth (she said with modest scorn)
E'er beguiled my guiltless heart:
Him have I lost, who to these mountains hoary
Bloom celestial could impart.
Thee I salute, thee venerate, thee deplore,
Dread Siva, source of glory,
Which on these rocks must gleam no more !'

V. 2.

' Rare object of a damsel's love
(The wizard bold replied) who, rude and wild,
Leaves eternal bliss above,
And roves o'er wastes where nature never smiled,
Mounted on his milk white bull !
Seek Indra with aerial bow victorious;
Who from vases ever full
Quaffs love and nectar; seek the festive hall,
Rich caves, and mansion glorious
Of young Cuvera, loved by all ;

V. 3.

' But spurn that sullen wayward god,
That three-eyed monster, hideous, fierce, untamed.
Unattired, ill girt, unshod——'
' Such fell impiety (the nymph exclaim'd)

Who speaks must agonize; who hears must die;
Nor can this vital frame sustain
The poisonous taint, that runs from vein to vein;
Death may atone the blasphemy.'

VI. 1.

She spoke, and o'er the rifted rocks
Her lovely form with pious frenzy threw;
But beneath her floating locks
And waving robes a thousand breezes flew,
Knitting close their silky plumes,
And in mid air a downy pillow spreading;
Till in clouds of rich perfumes
Embalm'd they bore her to a mystic wood;
Where streams of glory shedding,
The well feign'd Bráhma, Siva, stood.

VI. 2.

The rest, my song, conceal:
Unhallow'd ears the sacrilege might rue.
Gods alone to gods reveal
In what stupendous notes the' Immortals woo.
Straight the sons of light prepared
The nuptial feast, heaven's opal gates unfolding,
Which the' empyreal army shared;
And sage Himálaya shed blissful tears,
With aged eyes beholding
His daughter, empress of the spheres.

VI. 3.

Whilst every lip with nectar glow'd,
The bridegroom blithe his transformation told:
Round the mirthful goblet flow'd,
And laughter free o'er plains of ether roll'd:

' Thee too, like Vishnu (said the blushing queen),
Soft Maya, guileful maid, attends;
But in delight supreme the phantasm ends;
Love crowns the visionary scene.'

VII. 1.

Then rose Vrihaspati, who reigns
Beyond red Mangala's terrific sphere,
Wandering o'er cerulean plains :
His periods eloquent heaven loves to hear
Soft as dew on waking flowers.
He told how Taraca with snaky legions,
Envious of supernal powers,
Had menaced long old Meru's golden head,
And Indra's beaming regions
With desolation wild had spread :

VII. 2.

How, when the gods to Brahma flew
In routed squadrons, and his help deplored ;
' Sons ! (he said) from vengeance due
The fiend must wield secure his fiery sword
(Thus the' unerring Will ordains)
Till from the Great Destroyer's pure embraces,
Knit in love's mysterious chains
With her, who, daughter to the mountain king,
Yon snowy mansion graces,
Cumara, warrior child, shall spring ;

VII. 3.

Who bright in arms of heavenly proof,
His crest a blazing star, his diamond mail
Colour'd in the rainbow's woof,
The rash invaders fiercely shall assail,

And, on a stately peacock borne, shall rush
Against the dragon of the deep;
Nor shall his thundering mace insatiate sleep,
Till their infernal chief it crush.'

VIII. 1.

' The splendid host with solemn state
(Still spoke the' ethereal orator unblamed)
Reason'd high in long debate;
Till, through my counsel provident, they claim'd
Hapless Cama's potent aid :
At Indra's wish appear'd the soul's inflamer,
And, in vernal arms array'd,
Engaged (ah, thoughtless!) in the bold emprise
To tame wide nature's tamer,
And soften Him who shakes the skies.

VIII. 2.

' See now the god, whom all adored,
An ashy heap, the jest of every gale!
Loss by heaven and earth deplored!
For, love extinguish'd, earth and heaven must fail.
Mark how Reti bears his urn,
And toward her widow'd pile with piercing ditty
Points the flames—ah, see it burn!
How ill the funeral with the feast agrees!
Come, Love's pale sister, Pity:
Come, and the lover's wrath appease.'

VIII. 3.

Tumultuous passions whilst he spoke
In heavenly bosoms mix'd their bursting fire,
Scorning frigid Wisdom's yoke,
Disdain, revenge, devotion, hope, desire:

Then grief prevail'd; but pity won the prize.
Not Siva could the charm resist:
' Rise, holy love,' he said, and kiss'd
The pearls that gush'd from Durga's eyes.

IX. 1.

That instant through the bless'd abode,
His youthful charms renew'd, Ananga came:
High on emerald plumes he rode
With Reti brighten'd by the' eluded flame:
Nor could young Vasanta mourn
(Officious friend!) his darling lord attending,
Though of annual beauty shorn:
' Love-shafts enow one season shall supply
(He menaced unoffending)
To rule the rulers of the sky.'

IX. 2.

With shouts the boundless mansion rang;
And, in sublime accord, the radiant quire
Strains of bridal rapture sang,
With glowing conquest join'd and martial ire:
' Spring to life, triumphant son,
Hell's future dread, and heaven's eternal wonder!
Helm and flaming habergeon
For thee, behold, immortal artists weave,
And edge with keen blue thunder
The blade that shall the' oppressor cleave.'

IX. 3.

O Durga, thou hast deign'd to shield
Man's feeble virtue with celestial might,
Gliding from yon jasper field,
And, on a lion borne, hast braved the fight:

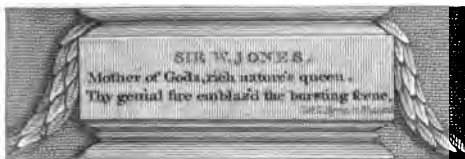
For, when the demon Vice thy realms defied,
And arm'd with death each arched horn,
Thy golden lance, O goddess, mountain-born,
Touch'd but the pest—He roar'd and died.

TO BHAVANI.

WHEN time was drown'd in sacred sleep,
And raven darkness brooded o'er the deep,—
Reposing on primeval pillows
Of tossing billows,
The forms of animated nature lay;
Till o'er the wide abyss, where love
Sat like a nestling dove,
From heaven's dun concave shot a golden ray.

Still brighter and more bright it stream'd,
Then, like a thousand suns, resistless gleam'd;
Whilst on the placid waters blooming,
The sky perfuming,
An opening lotos rose, and smiling spread
His azure skirts and vase of gold,
While o'er his foliage roll'd
Drops, that impearl Bhavani's orient bed.

Mother of gods, rich nature's queen,
Thy genial fire emblaz'd the bursting scene;
For, on the' expanded blossom sitting,
With sunbeams knitting
That mystic veil for ever unremoved,
Thou badest the softly kindling flame
Pervade this peopled frame,
And smiles, with blushes tinged, the work approved.



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Goddess, around thy radiant throne
The scaly shoals in spangled vesture shone,
Some slowly, through green waves advancing,
Some swiftly glancing,
As each thy mild mysterious power impell'd :
E'en orcs and river dragons felt
Their iron bosoms melt
With scorching heat ; for love the mightiest quell'd.

But straight ascending vapours rare
O'ercanopied thy seat with lucid air,
While, through young Indra's new dominions
Unnumber'd pinions
Mix'd with thy beams a thousand varying dyes
Of birds or insects, who pursued
Their flying loves, or woo'd
Them yielding, and with music fill'd the skies.

And now, bedeck'd with sparkling isles
Like rising stars, the watery desert smiles ;
Smooth plains by waving forests bounded,
With hillocks rounded,
Send forth a shaggy brood, who, frisking light
In mingled flocks of faithful pairs,
Impart their tender cares :
All animals to love their kind invite.

Nor they alone : those vivid gems,
That dance and glitter on their leafy stems,
Thy voice inspires, thy bounty dresses,
Thy rapture blesses ;
From yon tall palm, who, like a sunborn king,
His proud tiara spreads elate,
To those who throng his gate,
Where purple chieftains vernal tribute bring.

A gale so sweet o'er Ganga breathes,
That in soft smiles her graceful cheek she wreaths.
Mark where her argent brow she raises,
And blushing gazes
On yon fresh Cétaca, whose amorous flower
Throws fragrance from his flaunting hair,
While with his blooming fair
He blends perfume, and multiplies the bower.

Thus, in one vast eternal gyre,
Compact or fluid shapes, instinct with fire,
Lead, as they dance, this gay creation,
Whose mild gradation
Of melting tints illudes the visual ray:
Dense earth in springing herbage lives,
Thence life and nurture gives
To sentient forms, that sink again to clay.

Ye maids and youths on fruitful plains,
Where Lacshmi revels and Bhavani reigns,
Oh, haste! oh, bring your flowery treasures,
To rapid measures
Tripping at eve these hallow'd banks along;
The power, in yon dim shrines adored,
To primal waves restored,
With many a smiling race shall bless your song.

TO INDRA.

The Argument.

So many allusions to Hindu Mythology occur in the following Ode that it would be scarce intelligible without an explanatory introduction, which, on every account, and on all occasions, appears preferable to notes in the margin.

A distinct idea of the god, whom the poem celebrates, may be collected from a passage in the ninth section of the *Gītā*, where the sudden change of measure has an effect similar to that of the finest modulation :

te punyamasadya surendra locam
asnanti divyan dividevabhogan,
te tam bhuctwa swergalocam visalam
oshine punye mertyalocam visanti.

‘ These, having through virtue reached the mansion of the king of Sura, feast on the exquisite heavenly food of the gods: they, who have enjoyed this lofty region of Swerga, *but* whose virtue is exhausted, revisit the habitation of mortals.’

Indra, therefore, or the *King of Immortals*, corresponds with one of the ancient Jupiters (for several of that name were worshiped in Europe), and particularly with Jupiter the *Conductor*,

whose attributes are so nobly described by the Platonic philosophers: one of his numerous titles is *Dyupeti*, or, in the nominative case before certain letters, *Dyupetir*; which means the *Lord of Heaven*, and seems a more probable origin of the Hetruscan word than *Juvans Pater*; as Diespiter was probably, not the *Father*, but the *Lord of Day*. He may be considered as the Jove of Ennius in this memorable line:

Aspice hoc sublime candens, quem invocant omnes Jovem—

where the poet clearly means the firmament, of which Indra is the personification. He is the god of thunder and the five elements, with inferior genii under his command: and is conceived to govern the eastern quarter of the world, but to preside, like the *Genius* or *Agathodæmon* of the ancients, over the celestial bands, which are stationed on the summit of Meru or the *North Pole*, where he solaces the gods with nectar and heavenly music: hence, perhaps, the Hindus, who give evidence, and the magistrates, who hear it, are directed to stand fronting the East or the North.

This imaginary mount is here feigned to have been seen in a vision at *Varanasi*, very improperly called *Banaris*, which takes its name from two rivulets that embrace the city; and the bard, who was favoured with the sight, is supposed to have been Vyasa, surnamed *Dwaipayana*, or *Dwelling in an Island*; who, if he really composed the *Gītā*, makes very flattering mention of himself in the tenth chapter. The plant *Lata*, which he describes weaving a net round the

mountain Mandara, is transported by a poetical liberty to *Sumeru*, which the great author of the *Mahabharat* has richly painted in four beautiful couplets: it is the generic name for a *creeper*, though represented here as a species of which many elegant varieties are found in Asia.

The genii named *Cinnaras* are the male dancers in *Swerga*, or the Heaven of Indra: and the *Ap-saras* are his dancing girls, answering to the fairies of the Persians, and to the damsels called in the Koran *hhûru'lûyûn*, or *with antelopes' eyes*. For the story of *Chitrarat'ha*, the chief musician of the Indian Paradise, whose painted car was burned by Arjun; and for that of the *Chaturde-saretna*, or *fourteen gems*, as they are called, which were produced by churning the ocean; the reader must be referred to Mr. Wilkins's learned annotations on his accurate version of the *Bhagavadgîtâ*. The fable of the pomegranate flower is borrowed from the popular mythology of Nepal and Tibet.

In this poem the same form of stanza is repeated with variations, on a principle entirely new in modern lyric poetry, which on some future occasion may be explained.



THE HYMN.

BUT ah ! what glories yon blue vault emblaze ?
What living meteors from the zenith stream ?
Or hath a rapturous dream
Perplex'd the isle-born bard in fiction's maze ?
He wakes : he hears ; he views no fancied rays ;
'Tis Indra mounted on the sun's bright beam ;
And round him revels his empyreal train :
How rich their tints ! how sweet their strain !

Like shooting stars around his regal seat
A veil of many colour'd light they weave,
That eyes unholy would of sense bereave :
Their sparkling hands and lightly tripping feet
Tired gales and panting clouds behind them leave.
With love of song and sacred beauty smit
The mystic dance they knit ;
Pursuing, circling, whirling, twining, leading,
Now chasing, now receding ;
Till the gay pageant from the sky descends
On charm'd Sumeru, who with homage bends,

Hail, mountain of delight,
Palace of glory, bless'd by glory's king !
With prospering shade embower me, whilst I sing
Thy wonders yet unreach'd by mortal flight.
Sky-piercing mountain ! in thy bowers of love
No tears are seen, save where medicinal stalks
Weep drops balsamic o'er the silver'd walks ;
No plaints are heard, save where the restless dove
Of coy repulse and mild reluctance talks ;

Mantled in woven gold, with gems unchased,
With emerald hillocks graced,
From whose fresh laps in young fantastic mazes
Soft crystal bounds and blazes
Bathing the lithe convolvulus, that winds
Obsequious, and each flaunting arbour binds,
When sapient Brahma this new world approved,
On woody wings eight primal mountains moved;
But Indra mark'd Sumeru for his own,
And motionless was every stone.

Dazzling the moon he rears his golden head :
Nor bards inspired, nor heaven's all perfect speech,
Less may unhallow'd rhyme his beauties teach,
Or paint the pavement which the 'immortals tread;
Nor thought of man his awful height can reach :
Who sees it maddens ; who approaches dies ;
For, with flame-darting eyes,
Around it roll a thousand sleepless dragons ;
While from their diamond flagons
The feasting gods exhaustless nectar sip,
Which glows and sparkles on each fragrant lip.

This feast in memory of the churned wave
Great Indra gave, when Amrit first was won
From impious demons, who to Máya's eyes
Resign'd the prize, and rued the fight begun.
Now, while each ardent Cinnara persuades
The soft-eyed Apsara to break the dance,
And leads her loath, yet with love-beaming glance,
To banks of marjoram and champac shades,
Celestial Genii toward their king advance
(So call'd by men, in heaven Gandharvas named)
For matchless music famed.
Soon, where the bands in lucid rows assemble,
Flutes breathe, and citherns tremble ;

Till Chitraratha sings—His painted car,
Yet unconsumed, gleams like an orient star.

Hush'd was every breezy pinion,
Every breeze his fall suspended :
Silence reign'd; whose sole dominion
Soon was raised, but soon was ended.

He sings, how ' whilom from the troubled main
The sovereign elephant Airavan sprang :
The breathing shell, that peals of conquest rang;
The parent cow, whom none implores in vain;
The milk-white steed, the bow with deafening
 clang;

The goddesses of beauty, wealth, and wine :
Flowers that unfading shine,
Narayan's gem, the moonlight's tender languish;
Blue venom, source of anguish;
The solema leech, slow moving o'er the strand,
A vase of long-sought Amrit in his hand.

' To soften human ills dread Siva drank
The poisonous flood, that stain'd his azure neck;
The rest thy mansions deck,
High Swerga! stored in many a blazing rank.

' Thou, god of thunder! sat'st on Meru throned,
Cloud-riding; mountain-piercing, thousand-eyed,
With young Pulomaja, thy blooming bride,
Whilst air and skies thy boundless empire own'd;
Hail, Dyupetir, dismay to Bala's pride!
Or speaks Purander best thy martial fame,
Or Sacra, mystic name?
With various praise in odes and hallow'd story
Sweet bards shall hymn thy glory.
Thou, Vasava, from this unmeasured height
Shed'st pearl, shed'st odours o'er the sons of light!

The genius rested ; for his powerful art
 Had swell'd the monarch's heart with ardour vain,
 That threaten'd rash disdain and seem'd to lour
 On gods of loftier power and ampler reign.

He smiled ; and, warbling in a softer mode,
 Sang ' the red lightning, hail, and whelming rain,
 O'er Gocul green and Vraga's nymph-loved plain
 By Indra hurl'd, whose altars ne'er had glow'd,
 Since infant Crishna ruled the rustic train
 Now thrill'd with terror—Them the heavenly child
 Call'd, and with looks ambrosial smiled,
 Then with one finger rear'd the vast Goverdhen,
 Beneath whose rocky burden
 On pastures dry the maids and herdsmen trod :
 The lord of thunder felt a mightier God !'

What furies potent modulation sooths !
 E'en the dilated heart of Indra shrinks ;
 His ruffled brow he smooths,
 His lance, half-raised, with listless languor sinks.

A sweeter strain the sage musician chose :
 He told how, ' Sachi, soft as morning light,
 Blithe Sachi, from her lord, Indrani bight,
 When through clear skies their car etherial rose,
 Fix'd on a garden trim her wandering sight,
 Where gay pomegranates, fresh with early dew,
 Vaunted their blossoms new :

" Oh ! pluck (she said) yon gems, which nature
 To grace my darker tresses." [dresses
 In form a shepherd's boy, a god in soul,
 He hasten'd, and the blooming treasure stole.

' The reckless peasant, who those glowing flowers,
 Hopeful of rubied fruit, had foster'd long,
 Seized, and with cordage strong
 Shackled the god who gave him showers.

Straight from seven winds immortal genii flew,
 Green Varuna, whom foamy waves obey,
 Bright Vahni, flaming like the lamp of day,
 Cuvera sought by all enjoy'd by few,
 Marut, who bids the winged breezes play,
 Stern Yama, ruthless judge, and Isa cold
 With Nairrit mildly bold:
 They, with the ruddy flash that points his thunder,
 Rend his vain bands asunder.
 The' exulting god resumes his thousand eyes,
 Four arms divine, and robes of changing dyes'—

Soft memory retraced the youthful scene;
 The thunderer yielded to resistless charms,
 Then smiled enamour'd on his blushing queen,
 And melted in her arms.

Such was the vision, which—on Varan's breast,
 Or Asi pure, with offer'd blossoms fill'd—
 Dwaipayan slumbering saw; (thus Nared will'd)
 For waking eye such glory never bless'd,
 Nor waking ear such music ever thrill'd.
 It vanish'd with light sleep: he, rising, praised
 The guarded mount high raised,
 And pray'd the thundering power, that sheafy
 Mild showers, and vernal pleasures [treasures,
 The labouring youth in mead and vale might cheer,
 And cherish'd herdsmen bless the' abundant year.

Thee, darter of the swift blue bolt! he sang;
 Sprinkler of genial dews and fruitful rains
 O'er hills and thirsty plains! [sprang
 ' When through the waves of war thy charger
 Each rock rebellow'd and each forest rang,
 Till vanquish'd Asurs felt avenging pains.
 Send o'er their seats the snake that never dies,
 But waft the virtuous to thy skies!'

TO SURYA.

The Argument.

A PLAUSIBLE opinion has been entertained by learned men, that the principal source of idolatry among the ancients was their enthusiastic admiration of the sun; and that, when the primitive religion of mankind was lost amid the distractions of establishing the regal government, or neglected amid the allurements of vice, they ascribed to the great visible luminary, or to the wonderful fluid, of which it is the general reservoir, those powers of pervading all space and animating all nature, which their wisest ancestors had attributed to one eternal Mind, by whom the substance of fire had been created as an inanimate and secondary cause of natural phenomena. The Mythology of the East confirms this opinion; and it is probable that the *triple Divinity* of the Hindus was originally no more than a personification of the Sun, whom they called *Treyitenu*, or *Three-bodied*, in his triple capacity of producing forms by his genial *heat*, preserving them by his *light*, or destroying them by the concentrated force of his *igneous* matter: this, with the wilder conceit of a *female power* united with the Godhead, and ruling nature by his authority, will account for nearly the whole system of Egyptian, Indian, and Grecian polytheism, distinguished from the sublime theology of the philosophers, whose understandings were

too strong to admit the popular belief, but whose influence was too weak to reform it.

Surya, the Phœbus of European heathens, has near fifty names or epithets in the Sanscrit language; most of which, or at least the meaning of them, are introduced in the following Ode; and every image, that seemed capable of poetical ornament, has been selected from books of the highest authority among the Hindus: the title *Arca* is very singular; and it is remarkable that the Tibetians represent the Sun's car in the form of a *boat*.

It will be necessary to explain a few other particulars of the Hindu Mythology, to which allusions are made in the poem. Soma, or the Moon, is a *male* deity in the Indian system, as *Mona* was, I believe, among the Saxons, and *Lunus* among some of the nations who settled in Italy; his titles also, with one or two of the ancient fables, to which they refer, are exhibited in the second stanza. Most of the *Lunar Mansions* are believed to be the daughters of *Casyapa*, the first production of Brahmâ's head; and from their names are derived those of the twelve months, who are here feigned to have married as many constellations: this primeval *Brahman* and *Vinata* are also supposed to have been the parents of *Arun*, the charioteer of the Sun, and of the bird *Garuda*, the eagle of the great Indian Jove, one of whose epithets is *Mudhava*. After this explanation, the Hymn will have few or no difficulties, especially if the reader has perused and studied the *Bhagavadgita*, with which our literature has been lately enriched, and the fine

episode from the *Mahabharat*, on the production of the *Amrita*, which seems to be almost wholly astronomical, but abounds with poetical beauties. Let the following description of the demon *Rahu*, decapitated by *Narayan*, be compared with similar passages in Hesiod and Milton.

tach ob'hailasringapratiman danavasya siro mahat
chaorach'binnam o'hamutpatya nenaditi bhayancaram
tat cabandham pepatsya visp'burad dharanitale
sapervatavanadwipan daityasyacampayanmahim.

THE HYMN.

FOUNTAIN of living light,
That o'er all nature streams,
Of this vast microcosm both nerve and soul;
Whose swift and subtle beams,
Eluding mortal sight,
Pervade, attract, sustain the' effulgent whole,
Unite, impel, dilate, calcine,
Give to gold its weight and blaze,
Dart from the diamond many tinted rays,
Condense, protrude, transform, concoct, refine
The sparkling daughters of the mine;
Lord of the lotos, father, friend, and king,
O Sun, thy powers I sing:
Thy substance Indra with his heavenly bands
Nor sings nor understands;
Nor e'en the Vedas three, to man explain
Thy mystic orb triform, though Brahma tuned
the strain.

Thou, nectar-beaming Moon,
Regent of dewy night,
From yon black roe, that in thy bosom sleeps,
Fawn-spotted Sasin hight;
Wilt thou desert so soon
Thy night-flowers pale, whom liquid odour steeps,
And Oshadhi's transcendent beam
Burning in the darkest glade?
Will no loved name thy gentle mind persuade
Yet one short hour to shed thy cooling stream?
But ah! we court a passing dream:
Our prayer nor Hindu nor Himansu hears;
He fades; he disappears——
E'en Casyapa's gay daughters twinkling die,
And silence lulls the sky,
Till Chatacs twitter from the moving brake,
And sandal-breathing gales on beds of ether wake.

Burst into song, ye spheres;
A greater light proclaim,
And hymn, concentric orbs! with sevenfold chime,
The god with many a name;
Nor let unhallow'd ears
Drink life and rapture from your charm sublime:
Our bosoms, Aryama, inspire,
Gem of heaven, and flower of day,
Vivaswat, lancer of the golden ray,
Divacara, pure source of holy fire,
Victorious Rama's fervid sire,
Dread child of Aditi, Martunda bless'd,
Or Sura be address'd,
Ravi, or Mihira, or Bhanu bold,
Or Arca, title old,
Or Heridaswa drawn by green-hair'd steeds,
Or Carmasacshi keen, attesting secret deeds.

' What fiend, what monster fierce
 E'er durst thy throne invade?
 Malignant Rahu. Him thy wakeful sight,
 That could the deepest shade
 Of snaky Narac pierce,
 Mark'd quaffing nectar: whom by magic sleight
 A Sura's lovely form he wore,
 Robed in light, with lotos crown'd,
 What time the' immortals peerless treasures found
 On the churn'd Ocean's gem-bespangled shore,
 And Mandar's load the tortoise bore:
 Thy voice reveal'd the daring sacrilege;
 Then, by the deathful edge
 Of bright Sudersan cleft, his dragon head
 Dismay and horror spread,
 Kicking the skies, and struggling to impair
 The radiance of thy robes, and stain thy golden hair.

' With smiles of stern disdain
 Thou sovereign victor! seest
 His impious rage: soon from the mad assault
 The coursers fly released;
 Then toss each verdant mane,
 And gallop o'er the smooth aerial vault;
 Whilst in charm'd Gocul's odorous vale
 Blue-eyed Yamuna descends
 Exulting, and her tripping tide suspends,
 The triumph of her mighty sire to hail:
 So must they fall who gods assail!
 For now the demon rues his rash emprise,
 Yet, bellowing blasphemies
 With poisonous throat, for horrid vengeance
 And oft with tempest bursts, [thirsts,
 As oft repell'd he groans in fiery chains, [reigns.'
 And o'er the realms of day unvanquish'd Surya

Ye clouds, in wavy wreaths
 Your dusky van unfold ;
 O'er dimpled sands, ye surges, gently flow,
 With sapphires edged and gold !
 Loose-tressed Morning breathes,
 And spreads her blushes with expansive glow ;
 But chiefly where heaven's opening eye
 Sparkles at her saffron gate,
 How rich, how regal in his orient state !
 Ere long he shall emblaze the' unbounded sky :
 The fiends of darkness yelling fly ;
 While birds of liveliest note and lightest wing
 The rising daystar sing,
 Who skirts the' horizon with a blazing line
 Of topazes divine ;
 E'en, in their prelude, brighter and more bright,
 Flames the red east, and pours insufferable light'.

First o'er blue hills appear,
 With many an agate hoof
 And pasterns fringed with pearl, seven coursers
 Nor boasts yon arched woof, [green ;
 That girds the showery sphere,
 Such heaven-spun threads of colour'd light serene
 As tinge the reins which Arun guides,
 Glowing with immortal grace,
 Young Arun, loveliest of Vinatian race,
 Though younger. He, whom Madhava bestrides,
 When high on eagle-plumes he rides :
 But oh ! what pencil of a living star
 Could paint that gorgeous car,
 In which, as in an ark supremely bright,
 The lord of boundless light

¹ See Gray's Letters, p. 382, 4to. and the note.

Ascending calm o'er the' empyrean sails, [veils.
And with ten thousand beams his awful beauty

Behind the glowing wheels
Six jocund Seasons dance,
A radiant Month in each quick-shifting hand;
Alternate they advance,
While buxom Nature feels
The grateful changes of the frolic band:
Each Month a Constellation fair
Knit in youthful wedlock holds;
And o'er each bed a varied sun unfolds,
Lest one vast blaze our visual force impair,
A canopy of woven air.
Vasanta blithe with many a laughing flower
Decks his Candarpa's bower;
The drooping pastures thirsty Grishma dries,
Till Versha bids them rise;
Then Sarat with full sheaves the champaign fills,
Which Sisira bedews, and stern Hemanta chills.

Mark, how the' all kindling orb
Meridian glory gains!
Round Meru's breathing zone he winds oblique
O'er pure cerulean plains:
His jealous flames absorb
All meaner lights, and unresisted strike
The world with rapturous joy and dread.
Ocean, smit with melting pain,
Shrinks, and the fiercest monster of the main
Mantles in caves profound his tusky head
With seaweeds dank and coral spread:
Less can mild Earth and her green daughters bear
The noon's wide-wasting glare;

To rocks the panther creeps : to woody night
The vulture steals his flight ;
E'en cold chameleons pant in thickets dun, [run.
And o'er the burning grit the' unwinged locusts

But when thy foaming steeds
Descend with rapid pace,
Thy fervent axle hastening to allay,—
What majesty, what grace
Dart o'er the western meads
From thy relenting eye their blended ray !
Soon may the' undazzled sense behold
Rich as Vishnu's diadem,
Or Amrit sparkling in an azure gem,
The horizontal globe of molten gold,
Which pearl'd and rubied clouds infold.
It sinks ; and myriads of diffusive dyes
Stream o'er the tissued skies,
Till Soma smiles, attracted by the song
Of many a plumed throng,
In groves, meads, vales ; and, whilst he glides above
Each bush and dancing bough, quaffs harmony and
love.

Then roves thy poet free,
Who with no borrow'd art
Dares hymn thy power ; and durst provoke thy
blaze,
But felt thy thrilling dart ;
And now, on lowly knee,
From him, who gave the wound, the balsam prays,
Herbs, that assuage the fever's pain,
Scatter from thy rolling car,
Cull'd by sage Aswin and divine Cumar ;

And, if they ask, 'What mortal pours the strain?'
Say (for thou seest earth, air, and main)
Say: 'From the bosom of yon silver isle,
Where skies more softly smile,
He came; and, lisping our celestial tongue,
Though not from Brahma sprung,
Draws orient knowledge from its fountains pure,
Through eaves obstructed long, and paths too long
obscure.'

Yes; though the Sanscrit song
Be strown with fancy's wreaths,
And emblems rich, beyond low thoughts refined,
Yet heavenly truth it breathes
With attestation strong,—
That, loftier than thy sphere, the' Eternal Mind,
Unmoved, unrival'd, undefiled,
Reigns with providence benign:
He still'd the rude abyss, and bade it shine
(While Sapience with approving aspect mild
Saw the stupendous work, and smiled!)
Next, thee, his flaming minister, bade rise
O'er young and wondering skies.
Since thou, great orb! with all enlightening ray
Rulest the golden day,
How far more glorious He, who said, serene,
Be, and thou wast—Himself unform'd, unchanged,
unseen!

TO LACSHMI.

The Argument.

MOST of the allusions to Indian Geography and Mythology, which occur in the following Ode to the Goddess of Abundance, have been explained on former occasions; and the rest are sufficiently clear. Lacshmi, or Sri, the Ceres of India, is the *preserving power* of nature, or, in the language of allegory, the consort of Vishnu or Heri, a personification of the divine goodness; and her origin is variously deduced in the several Puranas, as we might expect from a system wholly figurative and emblematical. Some represent her as the daughter of Bhrigu, a son of Brahma; but, in the Marcandeya Puran, the Indian Isis, or *Nature*, is said to have assumed three transcendent forms, according to her three *gunds* or *qualities*; and in each of them to have produced a pair of divinities, Brahma and Lacshmi, Mahesa and Sereswati, Vishnu and Cali; after whose intermarriage, Brahma and Sereswati formed the mundane Egg, which Mahesa and Cali divided into halves; and Vishnu together with Lacshmi preserved it from destruction: a third story supposes her to have sprung from a *Sea of Milk*, when it was churned on the second incarnation of Heri, who is often painted leaning on the serpent Ananta, the em-

blem of eternity; and this fable, whatever may be the meaning of it, has been chosen as the most poetical. The other names of Sri or *Prosperity*, are Heripriya, Pedmalaya, or Pedma, and Camala; the first implying the wife of Vishnu, and the rest derived from the names of the Lotos. As to the tale of Sudaman, whose wealth is proverbial among the Hindus, it is related at considerable length in the *Bhagavat*, or great Puran on the achievements of Crishna: the Brahman who read it with me was frequently stopped by his tears. We may be inclined, perhaps, to think, that the wild fables of idolaters are not worth knowing, and that we may be satisfied with mispending our time in learning the Pagan theology of old Greece and Rome; but we must consider, that the allegories contained in the Hymn to Lacshmi constitute at this moment the prevailing religion of a most extensive and celebrated empire, and are devoutly believed by many millions, whose industry adds to the revenue of Britain, and whose manners, which are interwoven with their religious opinions, nearly affect all Europeans who reside among them.

THE HYMN.

DAUGHTER of Ocean and primeval night,
Who, fed with moonbeams dropping silver dew,
And cradled in a wild wave dancing light,
Saw'st with a smile new shores and creatures new,
Thee, goddess! I salute; thy gifts I sing;

And, not with idle wing,

Soar from this fragrant bower through tepid skies,
Ere yet the steeds of noon's effulgent king [eyes:
Shake their green manes and blaze with rubied
Hence, floating o'er the smooth expanse of day,

Thy bounties I survey,

See through man's oval realm thy charms display'd,
See clouds, air, earth, performing thy behest,
Plains by soft showers, thy tripping handmaids,
dress'd :

And fruitful woods, in gold and gems array'd,

Spangling the mingled shade;

While autumn boon his yellow ensign rears,
And stores the world's true wealth in ripening ears.

But most that central tract thy smile adorns,
Which old Himala clips with fostering arms,
As with a waxing moon's half-circling horns,
And shields from bandits fell, or worse alarms
Of Tartar horse, from Yunan late subdued,

Or Bactrian bowmen rude;

Snow-crown'd Himala, whence, with wavy wings
Far spread, as falcons o'er their nestlings brood,
Famed Brahmaputra joy and verdure brings,

And Sindhu's five-arm'd flood from Cashghar
To cheer the rocky wastes, [hastes,
Through western this, and that through orient
plains;

While bluish Yamuna between them streams,
And Ganga pure with sunny radiance gleams,
Till Vani, whom a russet ochre stains,

 Their destined confluence gains:

Then flows in mazy knot the triple power
O'er laughing Magadh and the vales of Gour.

Not long inswath'd the sacred infant lay
(Celestial forms full soon their prime attain):

Her eyes, oft darted o'er the liquid way,
With golden light emblazed the darkling main;
And those firm breasts, whence all our comforts

 Rose with enchanting swell; [well,

Her loose hair with the bounding billows play'd,
And caught in charming toils each pearly shell,
That idling through the surgy forest stray'd;

When ocean suffer'd a portentous change,

 Toss'd with convulsion strange;

For lofty Mandar from his base was torn, [whirl'd,
With streams, rocks, woods, by gods and demons
While round his craggy sides the mad spray curl'd;
Huge mountain, by the passive tortoise borne:

 Then sole, but not forlorn,

Shipp'd in a flower, that balmy sweets exhaled,
O'er waves of dulcet cream Pedmala sail'd.

So name the goddess from her lotos blue,

Or Camala, if more auspicious deem'd:

With many petal'd wings the blossom flew,
And from the mount a fluttering seabird seem'd,
Till on the shore it stopp'd, the heaven-loved shore,
 Bright with unvalued store

Of gems marine by mirthful Indra won ;
 But she, (what brighter gem had shone before?)
 No bride for old Maricha's frolic son,
 On azure Heri fix'd her prospering eyes :

Love bade the bridegroom rise ; [rush'd,
 Straight o'er the deep, then dimpling smooth, he
 And toward the' unmeasured snake, stupendous
 bed,

The world's great mother, not reluctant, led :
 All nature glow'd whene'er she smiled or blush'd ;
 The king of serpents hush'd [blazed,
 His thousand heads, where diamond mirrors
 That multiplied her image, as he gazed.

Thus multiplied, thus wedded, they pervade,
 In varying myriads of etherial forms,
 This pendent egg by dovelike Maya laid,
 And quell Mahesa's ire, when most it storms ;
 Ride on keen lightning and disarm its flash,
 Or bid loud surges lash
 The' impassive rock, and leave the rolling bark
 With oars unshatter'd milder seas to dash ;
 And oft, as man's unnumber'd woes they mark,
 They spring to birth in some high favour'd line,
 Half human, half divine,
 And tread life's maze transfigured, unimpair'd :
 As when through bless'd Vrindavan's odorous
 grove,
 They deign'd with hinds and village girls to rove ;
 And mirth or toil in field or dairy shared,
 As lowly rustics fared :
 Blythe Radha she, with speaking eyes, was
 named,
 He Chrishna, loved in youth, in manhood famed.

Though long in Mathura with milkmaids bred,
Each bush attuning with his pastoral flute,
Ananda's holy steers the herdsman fed,
His nobler mind aspired to nobler fruit;
The fiercest monsters of each brake or wood
His youthful arm withstood,
And from the rank mire of the stagnant lake
Drew the crush'd serpent with ensanguined hood;
Then, worse than ravening beast or fenny snake,
A ruthless king his ponderous mace laid low,
And Heaven approved the blow:
No more in bower or wattled cabin pent,
By rills he scorn'd and flowery banks to dwell;
His pipe lay tuneless, and his wreathy shell
With martial clangor hills and forests rent;
On crimson waves intent
He sway'd high Dwaraca, that fronts the mouth
Of gulfy Sindhu from the burning south.

A Brahman young, who, when the heavenly boy
In Vraja green and scented Gocul play'd,
Partook each transient care, each flitting joy,
And hand in hand through dale or thicket stray'd,
By fortune sever'd from the blissful seat,
Had sought a lone retreat,
Where in a costless hut sad hours he pass'd,
Its mean thatch pervious to the daystar's heat,
And fenceless from night's dew or pinching blast:
Firm virtue he possess'd and vigorous health,
But they were all his wealth.
Sudaman was he named; and many a year
(If glowing song can life and honour give)
From sun to sun his honour'd name shall live:
Oft strove his consort wife their gloom to cheer,
And hide the stealing tear;

But all her thrift could scarce each eve afford
 The needful sprinkling of their scanty board.
 Now Fame, who rides on sunbeams, and conveys
 To woods and antres deep her spreading gleam,
 Illumined earth and heaven with Crishna's praise:
 Each forest echoed loud the joyous theme:
 But keener joy Sudaman's bosom thrill'd,
 And tears ecstatic rill'd:

' My friend (he cried) is monarch of the skies !'
 Then counsel'd she, who nought unseemly will'd:
 ' Oh! haste; oh! seek the god with lotos' eyes;
 The power, that stoops to soften human pain,
 None e'er implored in vain !'

To Dwaraca's rich towers the pilgrim sped,
 Though bashful penury his hope depress'd;
 A tatter'd cincture was his only vest,
 And o'er his weaker shoulder loosely spread

Floated the mystic thread:

Secure from scorn the crowded paths he trod [god.
 Through yielding ranks, and hail'd the shepherd

' Friend of my childhood, loved in riper age,
 A dearer guest these mansions never graced:
 O meek in social hours, in council sage!
 So spake the warrior, and his neck embraced;
 And e'en the goddess left her golden seat

Her lord's compeer to greet:

He, charm'd, but prostrate on the hallow'd floor,
 Their purpled vestment kiss'd and radiant feet;
 Then from a small fresh leaf, a borrow'd store
 (Such offerings e'en to mortal kings are due)

Of modest rice he drew.

Some proffer'd grains the soft-eyed hero ate,
 And more had eaten, but, with placid mien, [queen)
 Bright Rucmini (thus name the' all-bounteous

Exclaim'd—' Ah, hold! enough for mortal state!'

Then grave on themes elate

Discoursing, or on past adventures gay,

They closed with converse mild the rapturous day.

At smile of dawn, dismiss'd ungifted, home

The hermit plodded, till sublimely raised

On granite column many a sumptuous dome

He view'd, and many a spire, that richly blazed,

And seem'd, impurpled by the blush of morn,

The lowlier plains to scorn

Imperious: they, with conscious worth serene,

Laugh'd at vain pride, and bade new gems adorn

Each rising shrub, that clad them. Lovely scene

And more than human! His astonish'd sight

Drank deep the strange delight:

He saw brisk fountains dance, crisp rivulets wind

O'er borders trim, and round inwoven bowers,

Where sportive creepers, threading ruby flowers

On emerald stalks, each vernal arch entwined,

Luxuriant though confined;

And heard sweet breathing gales in whispers tell

From what young bloom they sipp'd their spicy

smell.

Soon from the palace gate in broad array

A maiden legion, touching tuneful strings, [way;

Descending strow'd with flowers the brighten'd

And straight, their jocund van in equal wings

Unfolding, in their vacant centre show'd

Their chief, whose vesture glow'd

With carbuncles and smiling pearls atween;

And o'er her head a veil translucent flow'd,

Which dropping light disclosed a beauteous queen,

Who, breathing love, and swift with timid grace,

Sprang to her lord's embrace

With ardent greeting and sweet blandishment;
His were the marble towers, the' officious train,
The gems unequal'd and the large domain.
When bursting joy its rapid stream had spent,—
The stores which Heaven had lent,
He spread unsparing; unattach'd, employ'd;
With meekness view'd, with temperate bliss enjoy'd.

Such were thy gifts, Pedmala, such thy power!
For when thy smile irradiates yon blue fields,
Observant Indra sheds the genial shower,
And pregnant earth her springing tribute yields
Of spicy blades, that clothe the champaign dank,
Or skirt the verdurous bank,
That in the' o'erflowing rill allays his thirst:
Then, rising gay in many a waving rank,
The stalks redundant into laughter burst;
The rivers broad, like busy shouldering bands,
Clap their applauding hands;
The marish dances and the forest sings;
The vaunting trees their bloomy banners rear;
And shouting hills proclaim the' abundant year,
That food to herds, to herdsmen plenty brings,
And wealth to guardian kings.
Shall man unthankful riot on thy stores?
Ah, no!—he bends, he blesses, he adores.

But, when his vices rank thy frown excite,
Excessive showers the plains and valleys drench,
Or warping insects heath and coppice blight,
Or drought unceasing, which no streams can
quench,
The germin shrivels, or contracts the shoot,
Or burns the wasted root;

Then fade the groves with gather'd crust im-
brown'd,

The hills lie gasping, and the woods are mute,
Low sink the rivulets from the yawning ground;
Till Famine gaunt her screaming pack lets slip,
And shakes her scorpion whip;

Dire forms of death spread havoc, as she flies;
Pain at her skirts and Misery by her side,
And jabbering spectres o'er her traces glide;
The mother clasps her babe, with livid eyes,
Then, faintly shrieking, dies:

He droops expiring, or but lives to feel
The vultures bickering for their horrid meal.

From ills that, painted, harrow up the breast
(What agonies if real must they give!)

Preserve thy votaries: be their labours bless'd!

Oh! bid the patient Hindu rise and live.

His erring mind, that wizard lore beguiles,

Clouded by priestly wiles,

To senseless Nature bows for Nature's God.

Now stretch'd o'er ocean's vast from happier isles,

He sees the wand of empire, not the rod:

Ah, may those beams, that western skies illume,

Disperse the' unholy gloom!

Meanwhile may laws, by myriads long revered,

Their strife appease, their gentler claims decide!

So shall their victors, mild with virtuous pride,

To many a cherish'd grateful race endear'd,

With temper'd love be fear'd:

Though mists profane obscure their narrow ken,

They err, yet feel; though pagans, they are men.

TO NARAYENA.

 The Argument.

A COMPLETE introduction to the following Ode would be no less than a full comment on the Vayds and the Purans of the Hindus, the remains of Egyptian and Persian Theology, and the tenets of the Ionic and Italic schools; but this is not the place for so vast a disquisition. It will be sufficient here to premise, that the inextricable difficulties attending the vulgar notion of material substances concerning which

‘ We know this only, that we nothing know,’

induced many of the wisest among the ancients, and some of the most enlightened among the moderns, to believe that the whole Creation was rather an *energy* than a *work*, by which the Infinite Being, who is present at all times in all places, exhibits to the minds of his creatures a set of perceptions, like a wonderful picture or piece of music, always varied, yet always uniform; so that all bodies and their qualities exist, indeed, to every wise and useful purpose, but exist only as far as they are *perceived*; a theory no less pious than sublime, and as different from any principle of Atheism as the brightest sunshine differs from the blackest midnight. This *illusive operation* of the Deity the Hindu philosophers called *Maya*, or *Deception*: and the word occurs in this sense more than once in the commentary on the *Rig Vayd*, by the great Vasishttha, of which Mr. Halhed has given us an admirable specimen.

The first stanza of the Hymn represents the sublimest attributes of the Supreme Being, and the three forms, in which they most clearly appear to us, Power, Wisdom, and Goodness, or, in the language of Orpheus and his disciples, Love: the second comprises the Indian and Egyptian doctrine of the Divine Essence and Archetypal Ideas; for a distinct account of which the reader must be referred to a noble description in the sixth book of Plato's Republic; and the fine explanation of that passage in an elegant discourse by the author of Cyrus, from whose learned work a hint has been borrowed for the conclusion of this piece. The third and fourth are taken from the institutes of Menu, and the eighteenth Puran of Vyasa, entitled *Srey Bhagawat*, part of which has been translated into Persian, not without elegance, but rather too paraphrastically. From Brehme, or the Great Being, in the *neuter* gender, is formed Brehma in the *masculine*; and the second word is appropriated to the *creative power* of the Divinity.

The Spirit of God, called Narayena, or *moving on the water*, has a multitude of other epithets in Sanscrit, the principal of which are introduced, expressly or by allusion, in the fifth stanza; and two of them contain the names of the evil beings, who are feigned to have sprung from the ears of Vishnu; for thus the Divine Spirit is entitled, when considered as the *preserving power*: the sixth ascribes the perception of secondary qualities by our senses to the immediate influence of Maya; and the seventh imputes to her operation the primary qualities of extension and solidity.

THE HYMN.

SPIRIT of Spirits! who, through every part
Of space expanded and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of labouring thought sublime,
Badest uproar into beauteous order start,
Before heaven was, thou art :
Ere spheres beneath us roll'd, or spheres above,
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
Thou sat'st alone : till through thy mystic Love,
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descant sung.
What first impell'd thee to exert thy might?
Goodness unlimited. What glorious light
Thy power directed? Wisdom without bound.
What proved it first? Oh! guide my fancy right:
Oh! raise from cumbrous ground
My soul in rapture drown'd,
That fearless it may soar on wings of fire :
For Thou, who only know'st, Thou only canst in-
spire.

Wrapp'd in eternal solitary shade,
The' impenetrable gloom of light intense,
Impervious, inaccessible, immense,
Ere spirits were infused or forms display'd,
Brehm his own mind survey'd,
As mortal eyes (thus finite we compare
With infinite) in smoothest mirrors gaze :
Swift, at his look, a shape supremely fair
Leap'd into being with a boundless blaze,
That fifty suns might daze.
Primeval Maya was the goddess named,
Who to her sire, with Love divine inflamed,

A casket gave with rich Ideas fill'd,
From which this gorgeous universe he framed;
For when the' Almighty will'd
Unnumber'd worlds to build,
From Unity diversified he sprang, [rang.
While gay Creation laugh'd, and procreant Nature
First an all-potent all-pervading sound
Bade flow the waters—and the waters flow'd
Exulting in their measureless abode,
Diffusive, multitudinous, profound,
Above, beneath, around;
Then o'er the vast expanse primordial wind
Breathed gently, till a lucid bubble rose,
Which grew in perfect shape an egg refined:
Created substance no such lustre shows,
Earth no such beauty knows.
Above the warring waves it danced elate,
Till from its bursting shell with lovely state
A form cerulean flutter'd o'er the deep,
Brightest of beings, greatest of the great:
Who, not as mortals steep
Their eyes in dewy sleep
But, heavenly-pensive, on the Lotos lay,
That blossom'd at his touch and shed a golden ray.
Hail, primal blossom! hail, empyreal gem!
Kemel or Pedma, or whate'er high name
Delight thee, say, what four-form'd Godhead
With graceful stole and beamy diadem, [came
Forth from thy verdant stem?
Full gifted Brehma! rapt in solemn thought
He stood, and round his eyes fire-darting threw;
But, whilst his viewless origin he sought,
One plain he saw of living waters blue,
Their spring nor saw nor knew.

Then in his parent stalk again retired,
 With restless pain for ages he inquired
 What were his powers, by whom, and why con-
 ferr'd :

With doubts perplex'd, with keen impatience
 He rose, and rising heard [fired,
 The' unknown all-knowing Word,
 ' Brehma! no more in vain research persist:
 My veil thou canst not move—Go; bid all worlds
 exist.'

Hail, self-existent, in celestial speech
 Narayen, from thy watery cradle, named;
 Or Venamaly may I sing unblamed,
 With flowery braids, that to thy sandals reach,
 Whose beauties who can teach?
 Or high Peitamber clad in yellow robes
 Than sunbeams brighter in meridian glow,
 That weave their heaven-spun light o'er circling
 globes?

Unwearied, lotos-eyed, with dreadful bow,
 Dire Evil's constant foe!

Great Pedmanabha, o'er thy cherish'd world,
 The pointed Checra, by thy fingers whirl'd,
 Fierce Kytabh shall destroy and Medhu grim;
 To black despair and deep destruction hurl'd.
 Such views my senses dim,
 My eyes in darkness swim:

What eyes can bear thy blaze, what utterance
 tell [shell?

Thy deeds with silver trump, or many-wreathed
 Omniscient Spirit! whose all-ruling power
 Bids from each sense bright emanations beam;
 Glows in the rainbow, sparkles in the stream,
 Smiles in the bud, and glistens in the flower,
 That crowns each vernal bower;

Sighs in the gale, and warbles in the throat
Of every bird that hails the bloomy spring,
Or tells his love in many a liquid note,
Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,
Till rocks and forests ring ;
Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal grove,
Or where the precious musk-deer playful rove ;
In dulcet juice from clustering fruit distils,
And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove :
Soft banks and verdurous hills
Thy present influence fills ;
In air, in floods, in caverns, woods, and plains ;
Thy will inspirits all, thy sovereign Maya reigns.

Blue crystal vault, and elemental fires,
That in the' etherial fluid blaze and breathe,
Thou tossing main, whose snaky branches
wreath
This pensile orb with intertwisted gyres ;
Mountains, whose radiant spires
Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,
And blend their emerald hue with sapphire light ;
Smooth meads and lawns, that glow with vary-
ing dyes
Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright,
Hence, vanish from my sight :
Delusive pictures, unsubstantial shows !
My soul absorb'd One only Being knows,
Of all perceptions One abundant source,
Whence every object every moment flows,
Suns hence derive their force,
Hence planets learn their course ;
But suns and fading worlds I view no more :
God only I perceive ; God only I adore.

TO SERESWATY.

The Argument.

THE Hindu goddesses are uniformly represented as the subordinate powers of their respective lords: thus Lacshmy, the consort of Vishnu the *preserver*, is the goddess of abundance and prosperity; Bhavany, the wife of Mahadev, is the genial power of fecundity; and Sereswaty, whose husband was the Creator Brehma, possesses the powers of Imagination and Invention, which may justly be termed *creative*. She is, therefore, adored as the patroness of the Fine Arts, especially of Music and Rhetoric, as the inventress of the Sanscrit Language, of the Devanagry Letters, and of the Sciences, which writing perpetuates; so that her attributes correspond with those of Minerva Musica, in Greece and Italy, who invented the flute, and presided over literature. In this character she is addressed in the following Ode, and particularly as the *Goddess of Harmony*; since the Indians usually paint her with a musical instrument in her hand: the seven notes, an artful combination of which constitutes *Music* and variously affects the passions, are feigned to be her earliest production; and the greatest part of the Hymn exhibits a correct delineation of the Ragmala, or *Necklace of Musical Modes*, which may be considered as the

most pleasing invention of the ancient Hindus, and the most beautiful union of Painting with poetical Mythology and the genuine theory of Music.

The different positions of the two semitones, in the scale of seven notes, gives birth to seven primary modes; and, as the whole series consists of twelve semitones, every one of which may be made a *model* note or *tonic*, there are in nature (though not universally in practice) seventy-seven other modes, which may be called *derivative*: all the eighty-four are distributed by the Persians, under the notion of locality, into three classes, consisting of twelve rooms, twenty-four angles, and forty-eight recesses; but the Hindu arrangement is elegantly formed on the variations of the Indian year, and the association of ideas; a powerful auxiliary to the ordinary effect of modulation. The Modes in this system are deified; and, as there are *six* seasons in India, namely, two Springs, Summer, Autumn, and two Winters, an original Rag, or *God of the Mode*, is conceived to preside over a particular season; each principal mode is attended by five Ragnys, or *Nymphs of Harmony*: each has eight Sons or Genii of the same divine art; and each Rag, with his family, is appropriated to a distinct season, in which alone his melody can be sung or played at prescribed hours of the day and night: the mode of Deipeç, or Cupid the *Inflamer*, is supposed to be lost; and a tradition is current in Hindustan, that a musician who attempted to restore it was consumed by fire from heaven. The natural distribution of modes would have been,

seven, thirty-three, and forty-four, according to the number of the minor and major secondary tones; but this order was varied for the sake of the charming fiction above mentioned. Nared, who is described in the third stanza, was one of the first created beings, corresponding with the Mercury of the Italians, inventor of the Vene, a fretted instrument, supported by two large gourds, and confessedly the finest used in Asia.

A full discussion of so copious a subject would require a separate dissertation; but here it will be sufficient to say, that almost every allusion and every epithet in the Poem, as well as the names, are selected from approved treatises, either originally Persian, or translated from the Sanscrit, which contain as lively a display of genius as human imagination ever exhibited.

The last couplet alludes to the celebrated place of pilgrimage, at the confluence of the Ganga and Yamna, which the Sereswaty, another sacred river, is supposed to join under ground.



THE HYMN.

SWEET grace of Brehma's bed !
Thou, when thy glorious lord
Bade airy nothing breathe and bless his power,
Satest with illumined head,
And in sublime accord,
Seven sprightly notes, to hail the' auspicious hour,
Led'st from their secret bower :
They drank the air : they came
With many a sparkling glance,
And knit the mazy dance,
Like yon bright orbs, that gird the solar flame,
Now parted, now combined,
Clear as thy speech, and various as thy mind.

Young Passions at the sound
In shadowy forms arose,
O'er hearts, yet uncreated, sure to reign ;
Joy, that o'erleaps all bound,
Grief, that in silence grows,
Hope, that with honèy blends the cup of pain,
Pale Fear, and stern Disdain,
Grim Wrath's avenging band,
Love, nursed in dimple smooth,
That every pang can sooth ;
But, when soft Pity her meek trembling hand
Stretch'd, like a new-born girl,
Each sigh was music, and each tear a pearl.

Thee her great parent owns,
All-ruling Eloquence,
That, like full Ganga, pours her stream divine,
Alarming states and thrones :
To fix thy flying sense

Of words, thy daughters, by the varied line
 (Stupendous art!) was thine;
 Thine, with pointed reed
 To give primeval truth
 The unfading bloom of youth,
 And paint on deathless leaves high virtue's meed;
 Fair Science, heaven-born child,
 And playful Fancy on thy bosom smiled.

Who bids the fretted Vene
 Start from his deep repose,
 And wakes to melody the quivering frame?
 What youth with godlike mien
 O'er his bright shoulder throws
 The verdant gourd, that swells with struggling
 Nared, immortal name! [flame?
 He, like his potent Sire,
 Creative spreads around
 The mighty world of sound,
 And calls from speaking world etherial fire:
 While to the accordant strings
 Of boundless heavens and heavenly deeds he sings,

But look! the jocund hours
 A lovelier scene display,
 Young Hindol sportive in his golden swing
 High-canopied with flowers;
 While Ragnys ever gay
 Toss the light cordage, and in cadence sing
 The sweet return of spring:
 Here dark Virawer stands:
 There Ramcary divine
 And fawn-eyed Lelit shine;
 But stern Daysasha leads her warring bands,
 And slow in ebon clouds
 Petmenjary her fading beauty shrouds.

Ah! where has Deipic veil'd
His flame-encircled head?
Where flow his lays too sweet for mortal ears?
O loss, how long bewail'd!
Is yellow Camod fled?
And blithe Carnaty vaunting o'er her peers?
Where stream Caydara's tears
Intent on scenes above,
A beauteous anchorite?
No more shall Daysa bright
With gentle numbers call her tardy love?
Has Netta, martial maid,
Lock'd in sad slumbers her sky-temper'd blade?
Once, when the vernal noon
Blazed with resistless glare,
The Sun's eye sparkled, and a God was born:
He smiled; but vanish'd soon——
Then groan'd the northern air;
The clouds, in thunder muttering sullen scorn,
Deluged the thirsty corn.
But, earth-born artist, hold!
If e'er thy soaring lyre
To Deipic's notes aspire,
Thy strings, thy bower, thy breast, with rapture
Red lightning shall consume; [bold
Nor can thy sweetest song avert the doom.
See sky-form'd Maygh descend
In fertilizing rain,
Whilst in his hand a falchion gleams unsheath'd!
Soft nymphs his car attend,
And raise the golden grain,
Their tresses dank with dusky spikenard wreath'd
(A sweeter gale ne'er breathed):
Tenca with laughing eyes,
And Gujry's blooming cheek,

Melar with dimple sleek,
On whose fair front two musky crescents rise :
While Dayscar his rich neck
And mild Bhopaly with fresh jasmin deck.
Is that the king of Dread
With ashy musing face,
From whose-moon-silver'd locks famed Ganga
'Tis Bhairan, whose gay bed [springs?
Five blushing damsels grace,
And rouse old Autumn with immortal strings,
Till every forest rings ;
Bengaly lotos-crown'd,
Vairaty like the morn,
Sindvy with looks of scorn,
And Bhairavy, her brow with champas bound ;
But Medhumadha's eyes [rise.
Speak love, and from her breasts pomegranates
Sing loud, ye lucid spheres ;
Ye gales more briskly play,
And wake with harmony the drooping meads ;
The cooler season cheers
Each bird, that panting lay,
And Siry bland his dancing bevy leads
Hymning celestial deeds :
Marva, with robes like fire,
Vasant, whose hair perfumes
With musk its rich-eyed plumes,
Asavery, whom listening asps admire,
Dhenasry, flower of glades,
And Malsry, whom the branching Amra shades.
Malcaus apart reclines
Bedeck'd with heaven-strung pearls,
Blue-mantled, wanton, drunk with youthful pride ;
Nor with vain love repines,
While softly-smiling girls

Melt on his cheek or frolic by his side,
And wintry winds deride ;
Shambhawty leads along
Cocabh, with kerchief rent,
And Gwury, wine-besprent,
Warm Guncary, and Toda sweet in song,
Whom antelopes surround [sound.
With smooth tall necks, and quaff the streaming

Nor deem these nuptial joys
With lovely fruit unblest'd :
No ; from each god an equal race proceeds,
From each eight blooming boys ;
Who, their high birth confess'd,
With infant lips gave breath to living reeds
In valleys, groves, and meads ;
Mark how they bound and glance !
Some climb the vocal trees,
Some catch the sighing breeze,
Some, like new stars, with twinkling sandals dance ;
Some the young Shamma snare,
Some warble wild, and some the burden bear.

These are thy wondrous arts ;
Queen of the flowing speech,
Thence Sereswaty named, and Vany bright !
Oh, joy of mortal hearts,
Thy mystic wisdom teach !
Expand thy leaves, and with ethereal light
Spangle the veil of night.
If Lepit please thee more,
Or Brahmy, awful name,
Dread Brahmy's aid we claim,
And thirst, Vacadevy ; for thy balmy lore
Drawn from that rubied cave,
Where meek-eyed pilgrims hail the triple wave.

TO GANGA.

The Argument.

THIS poem would be rather obscure without geographical notes; but a short introductory explanation will supply the place of them, and give less interruption to the reader.

We are obliged to a late illustrious Chinese monarch named Canhi, who directed an accurate survey to be made of *Potyid*, or (as it is called by the Arabs) *Tebbut*, for our knowledge, that a chain of mountains nearly parallel with Imaus, and called Cantese by the Tartars, forms a line of separation between the sources of two vast rivers; which, as we have abundant reason to believe, run at first in two opposite directions, and, having finished a winding circuit of two thousand miles, meet a little below Dhaca, so as to enclose the richest and most beautiful peninsula on earth, in which the British nation, after a prosperous course of brilliant actions in peace and war, have now the principal sway. Those rivers are *deified* in India; that, which rises on the western edge of the mountain, being considered as the daughter of Mahadeva, or Siva, and the other as the son of Brahma: their loves, wanderings, and nuptials, are the chief subjects of the following Ode, which is feigned to have been the work of a Brahman, in an early age of Hindu antiquity; who, by a prophetic spirit, discerns the toleration and equity of the British govern-

ment, and concludes with a prayer *for its peaceful duration, under good laws well administered.*

After a general description of the *Ganges*, an account is given of her fabulous birth, like that of Pallas, from the forehead of *Siva*, the Jupiter Tonans and Genitor of the Latins; and the creation of her lover by an act of Brahma's will is the subject of another stanza, in which his course is delineated through the country of Pótyid, by the name of *Sanpo*, or *Supreme Bliss*, where he passes near the fortress of *Rimbu*, the island of *Palte* or *Yambro* (known to be the seat of a high priestess almost equally venerated with the goddess *Bhawani*), and *Trashilumbo* (as a Potya or Tebbutian would pronounce it), or the sacred mansion of the Lama next in dignity to that of Potala, who resides in a city, to the south of the *Sanpo*, which the Italian travellers write *Sgigatzhi*, but which, according to the letters, ought rather to be written in a manner that would appear still more barbarous in our orthography. The *Brahmaputra* is not mentioned again till the twelfth stanza, where his progress is traced, by very probable conjecture, through *Rangamati*, the ancient *Rangamritica* or *Rangamar*, celebrated for the finest spikenard, and *Srihat* or *Siret*, the *Serratæ* of *Eliau*, whence the fragrant essence extracted from the *Malobathrum*, called *Sadah* by the *Persians*, and *Tejapatra* by the *Indians*, was carried by the *Persian* gulf to *Syria*, and from that coast into *Greece* and *Italy*. It is not, however, positively certain, that the *Brahmaputra* rises as it is here described: two great geographers are decidedly of opposite opinions on this very point; nor is it impossible that the In-

dian river may be one arm of the *Sanpo*, and the Naucyan another; diverging from the mountains of *Arham*, after they have been enriched by many rivers from the rocks of China.

The fourth and fifth stanzas represent the goddess obstructed in her passage to the west by the hills of *Emodi*, so called from a Sanscrit word signifying *snow*, from which also are derived both *Imaus* and *Himalaya* or *Himola*. The sixth describes her, after her entrance into *Hindustan*, through the Straits of *Cupala*, flowing near *Sambal*, the *Sambalaca* of *Ptolemy*, famed for a beautiful plant of the like name, and thence to the now opulent city and royal place of residence, *Canyacuvja*, erroneously named *Calinipaxa* by the Greeks, and *Canauj*, not very accurately, by the modern Asiatics: here she is joined by the *Calinadi*, and pursues her course to *Prayaga*, whence the people of *Bahar* were named *Prasii*, and where the *Yamuna*, having received the *Sereswati* below *Indraprest'ha* or *Delhi*, and watered the poetical ground of *Mat'hura* and *Agara*, mingles her noble stream with the *Gangà* close to the modern fort of *Ilahabad*. This place is considered as the confluence of three sacred rivers, and known by the name of *Triveni*, or the *three plaited locks*; from which a number of pilgrims, who there begin the ceremonies to be completed at *Gaya*, are continually bringing vases of water, which they preserve with superstitious veneration, and are greeted by all the *Hindus*, who meet them on their return.

Six of the principal rivers, which bring their tribute to the *Ganges*, are next enumerated, and are succinctly described from real properties:

thus the *Gandac*, which the Greeks knew by a similar name, abounds, according to *Giorgi*, with crocodiles of enormous magnitude; and the *Mahanadi* runs by the plain *Gaura*, once a populous district with a magnificent capital, from which the *Bengalese* were probably called *Gan-gardiæ*, but now the seat of desolation, and the haunt of wild beasts. From *Prayaga* she hastens to *Casi*, or, as the Muslimans named it *Benares*; and here occasion is taken to condemn the cruel and intolerant spirit of the crafty tyrant *Aurang-zib*, whom the *Hindus* of *Cashmir* call *Aurang-sur*, or the *Demon*, not the 'ornament of the Throne.' She next bathes the skirts of *Patali-putra*, changed into *Patna*, which, both in situation and name, agrees better on the whole with the ancient *Palibothra* than either *Prayaga* or *Canyacurja*: if *Megasthenes* and the ambassadors of *Seleucus* visited the last named city, and called it *Palibothra*, they were palpably mistaken. After this are introduced the beautiful hill of *Muctigiri*, or *Mengir*, and the wonderful pool of *Sita*, which takes its name from the wife of *Râma*, whose conquest of *Sinhaldwip*, or *Silan*, and victory over the giant *Rawan*, are celebrated by the immortal *Valmici*, and by the other epic poets of India.

The pleasant hills of *Caligram* and *Gangapusad* are then introduced, and give occasion to deplore and extol the late excellent *Augustus Cleveland, Esq.* who nearly completed by lenity the glorious work, which severity could not have accomplished, of civilizing a ferocious race of *Indians*, whose mountains were formerly, perhaps, a rocky island,

or washed at least by that sea, from which the fertile champaign of *Bengal* has been gained in a course of ages. The western arm of the Ganges is called *Bhagirat'hi*, from a poetical fable of a demigod, or holy man, named Bhagerat'ha, whose devotion had obtained from *Siva* the privilege of leading after him a great part of the heavenly water, and who drew it accordingly in two branches, which embrace the fine island, now denominated from *Kasimbazar*, and famed for the defeat of the monster *Sirajuddaulah*; and, having met near the venerable Hindu seminary of *Nawadwip*, or *Neduga*, flow in a copious stream by the several European settlements, and reach the Bay at an island which assumes the name of *Sagar*, either from the sea or from an ancient Raja of distinguished piety. The *Sundarabans*, or *Beautiful Woods*, an appellation to which they are justly entitled, are incidentally mentioned, as lying between the Bhagirat'hi and the Great River, or Eastern arm, which, by its junction with the Brahmaputra, forms many considerable islands; one of which, as well as the town near the conflux, derives its name from *Lacshmi*, the Goddess of Abundance.

It will soon be perceived, that the form of the stanza, which is partly borrowed from Gray, and to which he was probably partial, as he uses it six times in nine, is enlarged in the following Hymn by a line of fourteen syllables, expressing the long and solemn march of the great Asiatic rivers.

THE HYMN.

How sweetly Ganga smiles, and glides
 Luxuriant o'er her broad autumnal bed!
 Her waves perpetual verdure spread,
 Whilst heath and plenty deck her golden sides :
 As when an eagle, child of light,
 On Cambala's unmeasured height,
 By Patala, the pontiff's throne revered,
 O'er her eyry proudly rear'd
 Sits brooding, and her plumage vast expands,
 Thus Ganga o'er her cherish'd lands,
 To Brahma's grateful race endear'd, [divine
 Throws wide her fostering arms, and on her banks
 Sees temples, groves, and glittering towers, that
 in her crystal shine.

Above the stretch of mortal ken,
 On bless'd Cailasa's top, where every stem
 Glow'd with a vegetable gem,
 Mahesa stood, the dread and joy of men ;
 While Parvati, to gain a boon,
 Fix'd on his locks a beamy moon,
 And hid his frontal eye, in jocund play,
 With reluctant sweet delay :
 All nature straight was lock'd in dim eclipse
 Till Brahmans pure with hallow'd lips
 And warbled prayers restored the day ;
 When Ganga from his brow by heavenly fingers
 press'd
 Sprang radiant, and descending graced the caverns
 of the west.

The sun's car blazed, and laugh'd the morn;
 What time near proud Cantesa's eastern bowers
 (While Devata's rain'd living flowers),
 A rivergod, so Brahma will'd, was born,
 And roll'd mature his vivid stream
 Impetuous with celestial gleam: [claim'd,
 The charms of Ganga through all worlds pro-
 Soon his youthful breast inflamed,
 But destiny the bridal hour delay'd;
 Then, distant from the westering maid,
 He flow'd, now blissful Sanpo named, [state,
 By Palté crown'd with hills, bold Rimbu's towering
 And where sage Trashilhumbo hails her Lama's
 form renate.

But she, whose mind at Siva's nod
 The picture of that sovereign youth had seen,
 With graceful port and warlike mien,
 In arms and vesture like his parent God,
 Smit with the bright idea, rush'd,
 And from her sacred mansion gush'd,
 Yet ah! with erring step—The western hills
 Pride, not pious ardour, fills:
 In fierce confederacy the giant bands
 Advance with venom-darting hands,
 Fed by their own malignant rills:
 Nor could her placid grace their savage fury quell:
 The madding rifts and shouldering crags her foamy
 flood repel.

' Confusion wild and anxious woe
 Haunt your waste brows (she said), unholy rocks,
 Far from the nectar-dropping locks!
 But thou, loved father, teach my waves to flow.'
 Loud thunder her high birth confess'd;
 Then from the inhospitable west

She turn'd, and gliding o'er a lovelier plain,
 Cheer'd the pearled east again :
 Through groves of nard she roll'd, o'er spicy reeds,
 Through golden vales and emerald meads ;
 Till, pleased with Indra's fair domain, [ed way :
 She won through yielding marl her heaven-direct-
 With lengthen'd notes her eddies curl'd, and pour'd
 a blaze of day.

Smoothly by Sanbal's flaunting bowers,
 Smoothly she flows where Calinadi brings
 To Canyacuvja, seat of kings,
 On prostrate waves her tributary flowers ;
 Whilst Yamunà, whose waters clear
 Famed Indraprestha's valleys cheer,
 With Sereswati knit in mystic chain,
 Gurgles o'er the vocal plain
 Of Mathura, by sweet Brindávan's grove,
 Where Gopa's lovelorn daughters rove,
 And hurls her azure stream amain, [tides,
 Till bless'd Prayága's point beholds three mingling
 Where pilgrims on the far sought bank drink
 nectar as it glides.

From Himola's perennial snow,
 And southern Palamau's less daring steep,
 Sonorous rivers, bright though deep,
 O'er thirsty deserts youth and freshness throw.
 ' A goddess comes,' cried Gumti chaste,
 And roll'd her flood with zealous haste ;
 Her follow'd Soma with pellucid wave
 Dancing from her diamond cave,
 Broad Gogra, rushing swift from northern hills,
 Red Gandac, drawn by crocodiles,
 (Herds, drink not there, nor, herdsmen, lave !)

Oh ! rising bowers, great Cali's boast,
 And thou, from Gangà named, enchanting mount,
 What voice your wailings can recount,
 Borne by shrill echo o'er each howling coast,
 When he who bade your forests bloom
 Shall seal his eyes in iron gloom ?
 Exalted youth ! The godless mountaineer,
 Roaming round his thickets drear,
 Whom rigour fired, nor legions could appal,
 I see before thy mildness fall,
 Thy wisdom love, thy justice fear : [stains,
 A race, whom rapine nursed, whom gory murder
 Thy fair example wins to peace, to gentle virtue
 trains.

But mark where old Bhágíraih leads
 (This boon his prayers of Mahádèw obtain :
 Grace more distinguish'd who could gain !)
 Her calmer current o'er his western meads,
 Which trips the fertile plains along,
 When vengeance waits the' oppressor's wrong ;
 Then girds, fair Nawadwip, thy shaded cells,
 Where the Pendit musing dwells ;
 Thence by the' abode of arts and commerce glides,
 Till Sagar breasts the bitter tides :
 While she, whom struggling passion swells,
 Beyond the labyrinth green, where pards by
 moonlight prowl,
 With rapture seeks her destined lord, and pours
 her mighty soul.

Meanwhile o'er Pótyid's musky dales,
 Gay Rangamar, where sweetest spikenard blooms,
 And Siret, famed for strong perfumes,
 That, flung from shining tresses, lull the gales,

Wild Brahmaputra winding flows,
And murmurs hoarse his amorous woes;
Then, charming Ganga seen, the heavenly boy
Rushes with tumultuous joy :
(Can aught but love to men or gods be sweet?)
When she, the long-lost youth to greet,
Darts, not as earth-born lovers toy,
But blending her fierce waves, and teeming verdant isles;
While buxom Lacshmi crowns their bed, and
sounding ocean smiles.

What name, sweet bird! will best allure
Thy sacred ear, and give thee honour due?
Vishnutpedi? Mild Bhismarsu?
Smooth Suranimnaga? Trisrota pure?
By that I call; its power confess:
With growing gifts thy suppliants bless,
Who with full sails in many a light-oar'd boat
On thy jasper bosom float;
Nor frown, dread goddess, on a peerless race,
With liberal heart and martial grace,
Wafted from colder isles remote:
As they preserve our laws, and bid our terror
cease,
So be their darling laws preserved in health, in
joy, and peace!

TALES.

THE PALACE OF FORTUNE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That roved at noon in Tibet's musky shades;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd—'Maia, thou art fair!'—
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions robb'd her mind of rest;
In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her labouring parent's lowly cell.
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming cheeks' reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharged the anguish of her soul—
'Why glow those cheeks, if unadmired they glow?
Why flow those tresses, if unpraised they flow?
Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,
Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen!

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As they preserve our laws, and bid our terror
cease,
So be their darling laws preserved in health, in
joy, and peace!

TALES.

THE PALACE OF FORTUNE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That roved at noon in Tibet's musky shades;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd—'Maia, thou art fair!'—
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions robb'd her mind of rest;
In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her labouring parent's lowly cell.
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming cheeks' reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharged the anguish of her soul—
'Why glow those cheeks, if unadmired they glow?
Why flow those tresses, if unpraised they flow?
Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,
Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen!

Warn'd by their empty vanities, beware,
And scorn the folly of each human prayer.¹
She said; and straight a damsel of her train
With tender fingers touch'd a golden chain.
Now a soft bell delighted Maia hears,
That sweetly trembles on her listening ears:
Through the calm air the melting numbers float,
And wanton echo lengthens every note.
Soon, through the doom, a mingled hum arose,
Like the swift stream that o'er a valley flows;
Now louder still it grew, and still more loud,
As distant thunder breaks the bursting cloud;
Through the four portals rush'd a various throng,
That like a wintry torrent pour'd along:
A crowd, of every tongue and every hue,
Toward the bright throne, with eager rapture, flew.
A lovely stripling¹ stepp'd before the rest
With hasty pace, and toward the goddess press'd:
His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,
And in his eye celestial sweetness smiled:
Youth's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam,
O'er his smooth cheeks diffused a lively gleam;
The floating ringlets of his musky hair
Waved on the bosom of the wanton air;
With modest grace the goddess he address'd,
And, thoughtless, thus preferr'd his fond request—
‘ Queen of the world! whose wide extended
 sway,
Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age obey,
Grant me, while life's fresh blooming roses smile,
The day with varied pleasures to beguile;
Let me on beds of dewy flowers recline,
And quaff, with glowing lips, the sparkling wine;

¹ Pleasure.

Grant me to feed on beauty's rifled charms,
And clasp a willing damsel in my arms,—
Her bosom fairer than a hill of snow,
And gently bounding like a playful roe;
Her lips more fragrant than the summer air;
And sweet as Scythian musk her hyacinthine hair;
Let new delights each dancing hour employ,
Sport follow sport, and joy succeed to joy.'

The goddess grants the simple youth's request,
And, mildly, thus accosts her lovely guest—
'On that smooth mirror, full of magic light,
A while, dear Maia, fix thy wandering sight.'
She looks; and in the' enchanted crystal sees
A bower o'er-canopied with tufted trees:
The wanton stripling lies beneath the shade,
And by his side reclines a blooming maid;
O'er her fair limbs a silken mantle flows,
Through which her youthful beauty softly glows,
And, part conceal'd and part disclosed to sight,
Through the thin texture casts a ruddy light;
As the ripe clusters of the mantling vine
Beneath the verdant foliage faintly shine,
And, fearing to be view'd by envious day,
Their glowing tints unwillingly display.

The youth, while joy sits sparkling in his eyes,
Pants on her neck, and on her bosom dies;
From her smooth cheek nectareous dew he sips,
And all his soul comes breathing to his lips.
But Maia turns her modest eyes away,
And blushes to behold their amorous play.

She looks again; and sees, with sad surprise,
On the clear glass far different scenes arise:
The bower, which late outshone the rosy morn,
O'erhung with weeds she saw, and rough with thorn;

With sting of asps the leafless plants were wreath'd;
And curling adders gales of venom breathed :—
Low sat the stripling on the faded ground,
And in a mournful knot his arms were bound;
His eyes, that shot before a sunny beam,
Now scarcely shed a saddening, dying gleam,
Faint as a glimmering taper's wasted light,
Or a dull ray that streaks the cloudy night :—
His crystal vase was on the pavement roll'd,
And from the bank was fallen his cup of gold;
From which the' envenom'd dregs of deadly hue
Flow'd on the ground in streams of baleful dew,
And, slowly stealing through the wither'd bower,
Poison'd each plant, and blasted every flower :
Fled were his slaves, and fled his yielding fair,
And each gay phantom was dissolved in air ;
Whilst in their place was left a ruthless train,
Despair and grief, remorse and raging pain.

Aside the damsel turns her weeping eyes,
And sad reflections in her bosom rise ;
To whom thus, mildly, speaks the radiant queen—
' Take sage example from this moral scene ;
See ! how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
How asps are hid beneath the bowers of bliss !
Whilst ever fair the flower of temperance blows,
Unchanged her leaf, and without thorn her rose ;
Smiling she darts her glittering branch on high,
And spreads her fragrant blossoms to the sky.'

Next, toward the throne she saw a knight¹
advance ;

Erect he stood, and shook a quivering lance ;
A fiery dragon on his helmet shone,
And on his buckler beam'd a golden sun ;

¹ Glory.

O'er his broad bosom blazed his jointed mail
With many a gem and many a shining scale;
He trod the sounding floor with princely mien,
And thus with haughty words address'd the
queen—

' Let falling kings beneath my javelin bleed,
And bind my temples with a victor's meed;
Let every realm that feels the solar ray
Shrink at my frown, and own my regal sway:
Let Ind's rich banks declare my deathless fame,
And trembling Ganges dread my potent name.'

The queen consented to the warrior's prayer;
And his bright banners floated in the air;
He bade his darts in steely tempests fly, [sky;
Flames burst the clouds, and thunders shake the
Death aim'd his lance, earth trembled at his nod,
And crimson conquest glow'd where'er he trod.

And now the damsel, fix'd in deep amaze,
The' enchanted glass with eager look surveys:
She sees the hero in his dusky tent,
His guards retired, his glimmering taper spent;
His spear, vain instrument of dying praise,
On the rich floor, with idle state, he lays;
His gory falchion near his pillow stood,
And stain'd the ground with drops of purple blood;
A busy page his nodding helm unlaced,
And on the couch his scaly hauberk placed.
Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws,
Bathed in the balmy dew of soft repose:
In dreams he rushes o'er the gloomy field,
He sees new armies fly, new heroes yield;
Warm with the vigorous conflict he appears,
And e'en in slumber seems to move the spheres.
But lo! the faithless page, with stealing tread,
Advances to the champion's naked head;

With his sharp dagger wounds his bleeding breast,
And steeps his eyelids in eternal rest : [gore],
Then cries (and waves the steel that drops with
' The tyrant dies ; oppression is no more.'

Now came an aged sire³, with trembling pace ;
Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghastly face ;
A ragged weed of dusky hue he wore,
And on his back a ponderous coffer bore.
The queen with faltering speech he thus address'd—

' O, fill with gold thy true adorer's chest !'
' Behold (said she, and waved her powerful
hand),

Where yon rich hills in glittering order stand,
There load thy coffer with the golden store ;
Then bear it full away, and ask no more.'

With eager steps he took his hasty way,
Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber'd lay ;
There hung enamour'd o'er the gleaming spoil,
Scoop'd the gay dross, and bent beneath the toil.
But bitter was his anguish to behold
The coffer widen, and its sides unfold :
And, every time he heap'd the darling ore,
His greedy chest grew larger than before ;
Till, spent with pain, and falling o'er his hoard,
With his sharp steel his maddening breast he gored :
On the loved heap he cast his closing eye,
Contented on a golden couch to die.

A stripling, with the fair adventure pleased,
Stepp'd forward, and the massy coffer seized ;
But with surprise he saw the stores decay,
And all the long sought treasures melt away :
In winding streams the liquid metal roll'd,
And through the palace ran a flood of gold.

³ Riches.

Next, to the shrine advanced a reverend sage⁴,
Whose beard was hoary with the frost of age;
His few gray locks a sable fillet bound,
And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground:
Grave was his port, yet show'd a bold neglect,
And fill'd the young beholder with respect;
Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled
Yet on those wrinkles sat superior grace; [face,
Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye, [sky.
Darted quick beams, and seem'd to pierce the
At length, with gentle voice and look serene,
He waved his hand, and thus address'd the
queen—

‘ Twice forty winters tip my beard with snow,
And age's chilling gusts around me blow:
In early youth, by contemplation led, [fed;
With high pursuits my flatter'd thoughts were
To nature first my labours were confined,
And all her charms were open'd to my mind,
Each flower that glisten'd in the morning dew,
And every shrub that in the forest grew:
From earth to heaven I cast my wondering eyes,
Saw suns unnumber'd sparkle in the skies,
Mark'd the just progress of each rolling sphere,
Described the seasons, and reform'd the year.
At length sublimer studies I began,
And fix'd my level'd telescope on man;
Knew all his powers, and all his passions traced,
What virtue raised him, and what vice debased:
But when I saw his knowledge so confined,
So vain his wishes, and so weak his mind,
His soul a bright obscurity at best,
And rough with tempests his afflicted breast,

⁴ Knowledge.

His life a flower ere evening sure to fade,
His highest joys the shadow of a shade;
To thy fair court I took my weary way,
Bewail my folly, and Heaven's laws obey,
Confess my feeble mind for prayers unfit,
And to my Maker's will my soul submit:
Great empress of yon orb that rolls below,
On me the last best gift of Heaven bestow.'

He spoke: a sudden cloud his senses stole,
And thickening darkness swam o'er all his soul;
His vital spark her earthly cell forsook,
And into air her fleeting progress took. [heard,

Now from the throng a deafening sound was
And all at once their various prayers preferr'd;
The goddess, wearied with the noisy crowd,
Thrice waved her silver wand, and spoke aloud—

' Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,
But take unheard whate'er you first desire.'

She said: each wish'd, and what he wish'd obtain'd:
And wild confusion in the palace reign'd.

But Maia, now grown senseless with delight,
Cast on an emerald ring her roving sight;
And, ere she could survey the rest with care,
Wish'd on her hand the precious gem to wear.

Sudden the palace vanish'd from her sight,
And the gay fabric melted into night;
But, in its place, she view'd with weeping eyes
Huge rocks around her, and sharp cliffs arise:
She sat deserted on the naked shore,
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempest roar;
Whilst on her finger shone the fatal ring,
A weak defence from hunger's pointed sting,
From sad remorse, from comfortless despair,
And all the painful family of care!



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Frantic with grief her rosy cheek she tore,
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more :
But when the night his raven wing had spread,
And hung with sable every mountain's head,
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold,
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd ;
With trembling arms a rifted crag she grasp'd,
And the rough rock with hard embraces clasp'd.

While thus she stood, and made a piercing
moan,

By chance her emerald touch'd the rugged stone ;
That moment gleam'd from heaven a golden ray,
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day :
A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,
Shot like a meteor through the dusky air ;
His heavenly charms o'ercame her dazzled sight,
And drown'd her senses in a flood of light ;
His sunny plumes, descending, he display'd ;
And softly thus address'd the mournful maid—

' Say, thou, who dost yon wondrous ring possess,
What cares disturb thee, or what wants oppress ;
To faithful ears disclose thy secret grief,
And hope (so Heaven ordains) a quick relief.'

The maid replied, ' Ah, sacred genius ! bear
A hopeless damsel from this land of care ;
Waft me to softer climes and lovelier plains,
Where nature smiles, and spring eternal reigns.'

She spoke ; and, swifter than the glance of
thought,

To a fair isle his sleeping charge he brought.

Now morning breathed : the scented air was mild,
Each meadow blossom'd, and each valley smiled ;
On every shrub the pearly dewdrops hung,
On every branch a feather'd warbler sung ;

The cheerful spring her flowery chaplets wove,
And incense-breathing gales perfumed the grove.

The damsel rose; and, lost in glad surprise,
Cast round the gay expanse her opening eyes,
That shone with pleasure, like a starry beam,
Or moonlight sparkling on a silver stream.

She thought some nymph must haunt that lovely
scene,

Some woodland goddess, or some fairy queen;
At least she hoped in some sequester'd vale
To hear the shepherd tell his amorous tale:
Léd by these flattering hopes,—from glade to
glade,

From lawn to lawn, with hasty steps she stray'd;
But not a nymph by stream or fountain stood,
And not a fairy glided through the wood;
No damsel wanton'd o'er the dewy flowers,
No shepherd sung beneath the rosy bowers:
On every side she saw vast mountains rise,
That thrust their daring foreheads in the skies;
The rocks of polish'd alabaster seem'd,
And in the sun their lofty summits gleam'd.
She call'd aloud; but not a voice replied,
Save Echo babbling from the mountain's side.

By this had night o'ercast the gloomy scene,
And twinkling stars emblaz'd the blue serene:—
Yet on she wander'd—till, with grief oppress'd,
She fell; and, falling, smote her snowy breast:
Now, to the heavens her guilty head she rears,
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears;
Then plaintive speaks—' Ah, fond mistaken maid!
How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd!
Why didst thou wish for bowers and flowery hills,
For smiling meadows, and for purling rills;

Since on those hills no youth or damsel roves,
No shepherd haunts the solitary groves?
Ye meads that glow with intermingled dyes,
Ye flowering palms that from yon hillocks rise,
Ye quivering brooks that softly murmur by,
Ye panting gales that on the branches die;
Ah! why has Nature through her gay domain
Display'd your beauties, yet display'd in vain?
In vain, ye flowers, you boast your vernal bloom,
And waste in barren air your fresh perfume.
Ah! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely spray;
Unheard you warble, and unseen you play:
Yet stay till fate has fix'd my early doom,
And strow with leaves a hapless damsel's tomb.
Some grot or grassy bank shall be my bier,
My maiden herse unwater'd with a tear.'

Thus while she mourns, o'erwhelm'd in deep
despair,

She rends her silken robes, and golden hair:
Her fatal ring, the cause of all her woes,
On a hard rock with maddening rage she throws;
The gem, rebounding from the stone, displays
Its verdant hue, and sheds refreshing rays:
Sudden descends the Genius of the Ring,
And drops celestial fragrance from his wing;
Then speaks, 'Who calls me from the realms of
Ask, and I grant; command, and I obey.' [day?
She drank his melting words with ravish'd ears,
And stopp'd the gushing current of her tears?
Then kiss'd his skirts, that like a ruby glow'd,
And said, 'O bear me to my sire's abode.'

Straight o'er her eyes a shady veil arose,
And all her soul was lull'd in still repose.

By this, with flowers the rosy-finger'd dawn
Had spread each dewy hill and verdurous lawn;—

She waked; and saw a new built tomb, that stood
In the dark bosom of a solemn wood,
While these sad sounds her trembling ears invade,—

‘Beneath yon marble sleeps thy father’s shade.’
She sigh’d, she wept, she struck her pensive breast,
And bade his urn in peaceful slumber rest.

And now, in silence, o’er the gloomy land,
She saw advance a slowly-winding band;
Their cheeks were veil’d, their robes of mournful
hue

Flow’d o’er the lawn, and swept the pearly dew;
O’er the fresh turf they sprinkled sweet perfume,
And strow’d with flowers the venerable tomb.
A graceful matron walk’d before the train,
And tuned in notes of woe the funeral strain:
~~When from her face her silken veil she drew,~~
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.
O’erpower’d with bursting joy, she runs to meet
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet.

The matron with surprise her daughter rears,
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears.
Now o’er the tomb their hallow’d rites they pay,
And form with lamps an artificial day:
Ere long the damsel reach’d her native vale,
And told, with joyful heart, her moral tale;
Resign’d to Heaven, and lost to all beside,
She lived contented, and contented died.

THE ENCHANTED FRUIT;

OR,

The Hindu Wife.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN TALE.

WRITTEN IN THE PROVINCE OF BAHAR.

‘ O LOVELY Age¹, by Brahmins famed,
 Pure Seyte Yug² in Sanscrit named !
 Delightful ! Not for cups of gold,
 Or wives a thousand centuries old ;
 Or men, degenerate now and small,
 Then one and twenty cubits tall :
 Not that plump cows full udders bore,
 And bowls with holy curd³ ran o’er ;
 Not that, by deities defended,
 Fish, Boar, Snake, Lion⁴, heaven-descended,
 Learn’d Pundits, now grown sticks and clods,
 Redde fast the *Nagry of the Gods*⁵,
 And Laymen, faithful to Narayn⁶
 Believed in Brahma’s mystic strain⁷ ;

¹ A parody on the Ode in Tasso’s *Aminta*, beginning *O bella età dell’ oro!*

² The *Golden Age* of the Hindus.

³ Called Joghlat, the food of *Crishna* in his infancy and youth.

⁴ The four first *Avatars*, or Incarnation of the Divine Spirit.

⁵ The Sanscrit or Sangsrit is written in letters so named.

⁶ *Narayn* or *Narayan*, the Spirit of God.

⁷ The *Vayds*, or sacred writings of *Brahma*, called *Rig, Sam*, and *Yejar* : doubts have been raised concerning the authority of the fourth, or *At’herven*, *Vayd*.

Not that all subjects spoke plain truth,
 While Rajas cherish'd eld and youth,
 No—yet delightful times! because
 Nature then reign'd, and Nature's laws;
 When females of the softest kind
 Were unaffected, unconfined;
 And this grand rule from none was hidden^a;
 'What pleaseth hath no law forbidden.'

Thus with a lyre in India strung,
 Aminta's poet would have sung;
 And thus too, in a modest way,
 All virtuous males will sing or say:
 But swarthy nymphs of Hindustan
 Look deeper than short-sighted man,
 And thus, in some poetic chime,
 Would speak with reason, as with rhyme—
 'O lovelier age, by Brahmans famed,
 Gay Dwapar Yug^b in Sanscrit named!
 Delightful! though impure with brass
 In many a green ill scented mass;
 Though husbands but seven cubits high,
 Must in a thousand summers die;
 Though, in the lives of dwindled men,
 Ten parts were Sin; Religion, ten;
 Though cows would rarely fill the pail,
 But made the' expected cream-bowl fail;
 Though lazy Pundits ill could read
 (No care of ours) their Yejar Vied;
 Though Rajas look'd a little proud,
 And Ranies rather spoke too loud;

^a Se piace, ei lice. TASSO.

^b The *Brasen Age*, or that in which vice and virtue were in equal proportion.

Though Gods, display'd to mortal view
 In mortal forms, were only two
 (Yet Crishna¹⁰, sweetest youth, was one,
 Crishna, whose cheeks outblazed the sun);
 Delightful, ne'ertheless! because
 Not bound by vile unnatural laws,
 Which curse this age from Caley¹¹ named,
 By some base woman-hater framed.
 Preposterous! that one biped vain
 Should drag ten housewives in his train,
 And stuff them in a gaudy cage,
 Slaves to weak lust, or potent rage!
 Not such the Dwapar Yuga!—oh then
 "One buxom dame might wed five men."

True history, in solemn terms,
 This philosophic lore confirms;
 For India once, as now cold Tibet¹²,
 A group unusual might exhibit,
 Of several husbands, free from strife,
 Link'd fairly to a single wife!
 Thus botanists, with eyes acute
 To see prolific dust minute,
 Taught by their learned northern Brahman¹³
 To class by pistil and by stamen,
 Produce from nature's rich dominion
 Flowers polyandrian monogynian,
 Where embryo blossoms, fruits, and leaves
 Twenty prepare, and one receives.

¹⁰ The Apollo of India.

¹¹ The *Earthen Age*, or that of Caly or Impurity: this verse alludes to Caley, the Hecate of the Indians.

¹² See the accounts published in the Philosophical Transactions, from the papers of M. Bogle.

¹³ Linnæus.

But, lest my word should not avail,
 Ye Fair, to no unholy tale
 Attend. ¹⁴ Five thousand years ¹⁵ ago,
 As annals in Benares show,
 When Pandu chiefs with Curus fought ¹⁶,
 And each the throne imperial sought,
 Five brothers of the regal line
 Blazed high with qualities divine.
 The first a prince without his peer,
 Just, pious, liberal Yudhishteir ¹⁷;
 Then Erjun, to the base a rod,
 A hero favour'd by a god ¹⁸.
 Bheima, like mountain leopard strong,
 Unrival'd in the' embattled throng;
 Bold Nacul, fired by noble shame
 To emulate fraternal fame :
 And Sehdeo, flush'd with manly grace,
 Bright virtue dawning in his face :
 To these a dame, devoid of care,
 Blithe Draupady, the debonair,

¹⁴ The story is told by the Jesuit Bouchet, in his letter to Huet, Bishop of Avranches.

¹⁵ A round number is chosen; but the *Caly Yug*, a little before which Crishna disappeared from this world, began 4884 years ago, that is, according to our chronologists, 747 before the Flood; and, by the calculation of M. Bailly, but 454 after the foundation of the Indian empire.

¹⁶ This war, which Crishna fomented in favour of the Pandu prince, *Yudhishteir*, supplied Vyas with the subject of his noble epic poem *Mahabharat*.

¹⁷ This word is commonly pronounced with a strong accent on the last letter, but the preceding vowel is short in Sanscrit. The prince is called on the coast *Dherme Raj*, or Chief Magistrate.

¹⁸ The *Geita*, containing instructions to Erjun, was composed by Crishna, who peculiarly distinguished him.

Renown'd for beauty and for wit,
In wedlock's pleasing chain was knit¹⁹.

It fortun'd at an idle hour,
This five-maled single-femaled flower
One balmy morn of fruitful May
Through vales and meadows took its way.
A low thatch'd mansion met their eye
In trees umbrageous bosom'd high:
Near it (no sight, young maids ! for you)
A temple rose to Mahadew²⁰.
A thorny hedge and reedy gate
Enclosed the garden's homely state:
Plain in its neatness : thither wend
The princes and their lovely friend.
Light-pinion'd gales, to charm the sense,
Their odoriferous breath dispense ;
From Belas'²¹ pearl'd, or pointed, bloom,
And Maltý rich, they steal perfume :
There honey-scented Singarhar,
And Juhy, like a rising star,
Strong Chempa, darted by Camdew,
And Mulsery of paler hue,
Cayora²², which the Ranies wear
In tangles of their silken hair,

¹⁹ *Yudheishteir* and *Draupady*, called *Drobada* by M. Sonnerat, are deified on the coast, and their feast, of which that writer exhibits an engraving, is named the *Procession of Fire*, because she passed every year from one of her five husbands to another, after a solemn purification by that element. In the Bhasha language her name is written *Dropty*.

²⁰ The Indian Jupiter.

²¹ The varieties of *Bela*, and the three flowers next mentioned, are beautiful species of *Jasmin*.

²² The Indian Spikenard.

Round Babul flowers²³ and Gulachein
 Dyed like the shell of Beauty's queen,
 Sweet Mindy²⁴ press'd for crimson stains,
 And sacred Tulsy²⁵ pride of plains,
 With Sewty, small unblushing rose,
 Their odours mix, their tints disclose,
 And, as a gemm'd tiara, bright,
 Paint the fresh branches with delight.

One tree above all others tower'd
 With shrubs and saplings close embower'd,
 For every blooming child of Spring
 Paid homage to the verdant king:
 Aloft a solitary fruit,
 Full sixty cubits from the root,
 Kiss'd by the breeze, luxuriant hung,
 Soft Chrysolite with emeralds strung.
 'Try we (said Erjun, indiscreet),
 If yon proud fruit be sharp or sweet;
 My shaft its parent stalk shall wound:
 Receive it, ere it reach the ground.'

Swift as his word an arrow flew;
 The dropping prize besprent with dew
 The brothers, in contention gay,
 Catch, and on gather'd herbage lay.

That instant scarlet lightnings flash,
 And Jemma's waves her borders lash,
 Crishna from Swerga's²⁶ height descends,
 Observant of his mortal friends:

²³ The Mimosa, or true Acacia, that produces the Arabian gum.

²⁴ Called *Alkhina* by the Arabs.

²⁵ Of the kind called *Ocimum*.

²⁶ The heaven of Indra, or the *Empyreum*.

Not such as in his earliest years,
 Among his wanton cowherd peers,
 In Gocul or Brindáben's²⁷ glades,
 He sported with the dairy-maids ;
 Or, having piped and danced enough,
 Closed the brisk night with blindman's-buff²⁸ ;
 (List, antiquaries ! and record
 This pastime of the Gopia's Lord²⁹)
 But radiant with etherial fire :
 Nared alone could Bards inspire
 In lofty Slokes³⁰ his mien to trace,
 And unimaginable grace.
 With human voice, in human form,
 He mildly spake, and hush'd the storm—
 ' O mortals, ever prone to ill !
 Too rashly Erjun proved his skill.
 Yon fruit a pious Muny³¹ owns,
 Assistant of our heavenly thrones.
 The golden pulp, each month renew'd,
 Supplies him with ambrosial food.
 Should he the daring archer curse,
 Not Mentra³² deep, nor magic verse,
 Your gorgeous palaces could save
 From flames, your embers from the wave³³ .'
 The princes, whom the' immoderate blaze
 Forbids their sightless eyes to raise,

²⁷ In the district of Mat'hura, not far from the Agra.

²⁸ This is told in the Bhagawat.

²⁹ *Gopy Nat'h*, a title of Crishna, corresponding with Nymphagetes, an epithet of Neptune.

³⁰ Tetrastics without rhyme.

³¹ An inspired writer : twenty are so called.

³² Incantation.

³³ This will receive illustration from a passage in the Ramayen : ' Even he who cannot be slain by the ponderous arms

With doubled hands his aid implore,
 And vow submission to his lore.
 ' One remedy, and simply one,
 Or take (said he), or be undone :
 Let each his crimes or faults confess,
 The greatest name, omit the less ;
 Your actions, words, e'en thoughts reveal ;
 No part must Draupady conceal :
 So shall the fruit, as each applies
 The faithful charm, ten cubits rise !
 Till, if the dame be frank and true,
 It join the branch where late it grew.
 He smiled, and shed a transient gleam ;
 Then vanish'd like a morning dream.

Now, long entranced, each waking brother
 Stared with amazement on another,
 Their consort's cheek forgot its glow,
 And pearly tears began to flow ;
 When Yudishteir, high-gifted man,
 His plain confession thus began—

' Inconstant fortune's wreathed smiles,
 Duryódhen's rage, Duryódhen's wiles,
 Fires raised for this devoted head,
 E'en poison for my brethren spread,
 My wanderings through wild scenes of woe,
 And persecuted life you know.
 Rude wassailers defiled my halls,
 And riot shook my palace walls,
 My treasures wasted. This and more
 With resignation calm I bore ;

of Indra, nor by those of Caly, nor by the terrible Cheera (or Discus) of Vishnu, shall be destroyed, if a Brahman execrate him, as if he were consumed by fire.'

But when the late descending god
Gave all I wish'd with soothing nod,
When, by his counsel and his aid,
Our banners danced, our clarions bray'd
(Be this my greatest crime confess'd),
Revenge sat ruler in my breast:
I panted for the tug of arms,
For skirmish hot, for fierce alarms;
Then had my shaft Duryódhen rent,
This heart had glow'd with sweet content.'

He ceased: the living gold upsprung,
And from the bank ten cubits hung,

Embolden'd by this fair success,
Next Erjun hasten'd to confess:
'When I with Aswatthàma fought,
My noose the fell assassin caught;
My spear transfix'd him to the ground;
His giant limbs firm cordage bound;
His holy thread extorted awe
Spared by religion and by law;
But, when his murderous hands I view'd
In blameless kindred gore imbued,
Fury my boiling bosom sway'd,
And *Rage* unsheath'd my willing blade:
Then, had not Crishna's arm divine
With gentle touch suspended mine,
This hand a Brahman had destroy'd,
And vultures with his blood been cloy'd.'—

The fruit, forgiving Erjun's dart,
Ten cubits rose with eager start.

Flush'd with some tints of honest shame,
Bheima to his confession came:
'Twas at a feast for battles won
From Dhriteráshtra's guileful son,

High on the board in vases piled
 All vegetable nature smiled;
 Proud Anaras³⁴ his beauties told,
 His verdant crown and studs of gold,
 To Dallim³⁵, whose soft rubies laugh'd
 Bursting with juice, that gods have quaff'd;
 Ripe Kellas³⁶, here in heaps were seen,
 Kellas, the golden and the green,
 With Ambas³⁷ prized on distant coasts,
 Whose birth the fertile Ganga boasts
 (Some gleam like silver, some outshine
 Wrought ingots from Besoara's mine):
 Corindas there, too sharp alone,
 With honey mix'd, impurpled shone;
 Talsans³⁸ his liquid crystal spread
 Pluck'd from high Tara's tufted head;
 Round Jamas³⁹, delicate as fair,
 Like rosewater perfumed the air;
 Bright salvers high-raised Comlas⁴⁰ held
 Like topazes, which Amrit⁴¹ swell'd;
 While some delicious Attas⁴² bore
 And Catels⁴³ warm, a sugar'd store;
 Others with Béla's grains were heap'd,
 And mild Papayas honey-steep'd;
 Or sweet Ajeirs⁴⁴ the red and pale,
 Sweet to the taste and in the gale.
 Here mark'd we purest basons fraught
 With sacred cream and famed Joghrát;
 Nor saw we not rich bowls contain
 The Chawla's⁴⁵ light nutritious grain,

³⁴ Ananas.³⁵ Pomegranate.³⁶ Plantains.³⁷ Mangos.³⁸ Palmyra fruit.³⁹ Rose apples.⁴⁰ Oranges.⁴¹ The Hindu nectar.⁴² Custard apples.⁴³ Jaik fruit.⁴⁴ Guayavas.⁴⁵ Rice.

Some virginlike in native pride,
 And some with strong Haldea⁴⁶ dyed;
 Some tasteful to dull palates made
 If Merich⁴⁷ lend his fervent aid,
 Or Langa⁴⁸ shaped like odorous nails,
 Whose scent o'er groves of spice prevails,
 Or Adda⁴⁹, breathing gentle heat,
 Or Joutery⁵⁰ both warm and sweet.
 Supiary⁵¹ next (in Pána⁵² chew'd,
 And Catha⁵³ with strong powers endued,
 Mix'd with Elachy's⁵⁴ glowing seeds,
 Which some remoter climate breeds)
 Near Jeifel⁵⁵ sat like Jeifel framed,
 Though not for equal fragrance named:
 Last, Nárgal⁵⁶, whom all ranks esteem,
 Pour'd in full cups his dulcet stream:
 Long I survey'd the doubtful board
 With each high delicacy stored;
 Then freely gratified my soul
 From many a dish and many a bowl,
 Till health was lavish'd, as my time;
Intemperance was my fatal crime.

Up rose the fruit; and now midway
 Suspended shone like blazing day.

Nacal then spoke (a blush o'erspread
 His cheeks, and, conscious, droop'd his head):
 ' Before Duryóden, ruthless king,
 Taught his fierce darts in air to sing,
 With bright-arm'd rank, by Crishna sent,
 Elate from Indraprest⁵⁷ I went

⁴⁶ Turmerick. ⁴⁷ Indian pepper. ⁴⁸ Cloves.

⁴⁹ Ginger. ⁵⁰ Mace. ⁵¹ Areca nut. ⁵² Betel leaf.

⁵³ What we call Japan earth. ⁵⁴ Cardamums.

⁵⁵ Nutmeg. ⁵⁶ Cocoa nut. ⁵⁷ Dehly

Through eastern realms; and vanquish'd all
From rough Asmóra to Nipál.
Where every mansion, new and old,
Flamed with barbaric gems and gold.
Here shone with pride the regal stores
On ivory roofs and cedrine floors;
There diadems of price unknown
Blazed with each all-attracting stone;
Firm diamonds, like fix'd honour true,
Some pink, and some of yellow hue,
Some black, yet not the less esteem'd;
The rest like tranquil Jemma gleam'd
When in her bed the Gopia lave
Betray'd by the pellucid wave,
Like raging fire the ruby glow'd,
Or soft, but radiant water show'd;
Pure amethysts, in richest ore
Oft found, a purple vesture wore;
Sapphires, like yon ethereal plain;
Emeralds, like piepel⁴⁰ fresh with rain;
Gay topazes, translucent gold;
Pale chrysolites of softer mould;
Famed beryls, like the serge marine,
Light azure mix'd with modest green;
Refracted every varying dye,
Bright as yon bow that girds the sky.
Here opals, which all hues unite,
Display'd their many-tinctured light,
With turcoises divinely blue
(Though doubts arise where first they grew,
Whether chaste elephantine bone
By minerals tinged or native stone),

⁴⁰ A sacred tree like an aspin.

And pearls unblemish'd, such as deck
Bhavány's⁵⁹ wrist, or Lechmy's⁶⁰ neck :
Each castle rased, each city storm'd,
Vast loads of pillaged wealth I form'd,
Not for my coffers, though they bore,
As you decreed, my lot and more.
Too pleased the brilliant heap I stored,
Too charming seem'd the guarded hoard :
An odious vice this heart assail'd ;
Base *Avarice* for a time prevail'd.'

The' enchanted orb ten cubits flew,
Straight as the shaft which Erjun drew.

Sehdio, with youthful ardour bold,
Thus, penitent, his failings told—
' From clouds, by folly raised, these eyes
Experience clear'd, and made me wise ;
For, when the crash of battle roar'd,
When death rain'd blood from spear and sword,
When, in the tempest of alarms,
Horse roll'd on horse, arms clash'd with arms,
Such acts I saw by others done,
Such perils braved, such trophies won,
That while my patriot bosom glow'd,
Though some faint skill, some strength I show'd,
And, no dull gazer on the field,
This hero slew, that forced to yield,
Yet, meek humility, to thee,
When Erjun fought, low sunk my knee :
But, ere the din of war began,
When blackening cheeks just mark'd the man,
Myself invincible I deem'd,
And, great, without a rival, seem'd.

⁵⁹ The Indian Venus.

⁶⁰ The Indian Ceres.

Whene'er I sought the sportful plain,
 No youth of all the martial train
 With arm so strong, or eye so true
 The Checra's⁶¹ pointed circle threw ;
 None when the polish'd cane we bent,
 So far the light-wing'd arrow sent ;
 None from the broad elastic reed, -
 Like me, gave Agnyastra⁶² speed,
 Or spread its flames with nicer art
 In many an unextinguish'd dart ;
 Or, when in imitated fight
 We sported till departing light,
 None saw me to the ring advance
 With falchion keen or quivering lance,
 Whose force my rooted seat could shake,
 Or on my steel impression make :
 No charioteer, no racer fleet,
 O'ertook my wheels or rapid feet.
 Next, when the woody heights we sought,
 With maddening elephants I fought :
 In vain their high-prized tusks they gnash'd ;
 Their trunked heads my geda⁶³ mash'd.
 No buffalo, with frenzy strong,
 Could bear my clattering thunder long :
 No pard or tiger, from the wood
 Reluctant brought, this arm withstood.
Pride in my heart his mansion fix'd,
 And with pure drops black poison mix'd.
 Swift rose the fruit, exalted now
 Ten cubits from his natal bough.

⁶¹ A radiated metalline ring, used as a missile weapon.

⁶² Firearms, or rockets, early known in India.

⁶³ A mace, or club.

Fair Draupady, with soft delay,
 Then spake : ' Heaven's mandate I obey :
 Though nought essential to be known
 Has Heaven to learn, or I to own.
 When scarce a damsel, scarce a child,
 In early bloom your handmaid smiled,
Love of the World her fancy moved,
 Vain pageantry her heart approved :
 Her form, she thought, and lovely mien,
 All must admire, when all had seen ;
 A thirst of pleasure and of praise
 (With shame I speak) engross'd my days ;
 Nor were my night-thoughts, I confess,
 Free from solicitude for dress ;
 How best to bind my flowing hair
 With art, yet with an artless air
 (My hair, like musk in scent and hue ;
 Oh ! blacker far and sweeter too) ;
 In what nice braid or glossy curl .
 To fix a diamond or a pearl,
 And where to smooth the love-spread toils
 With nard or jasmin's fragrant oils ;
 How to adjust the golden teic⁶⁴,
 And most adorn my forehead sleek ;
 What condals⁶⁵ should emblaze my ears,
 Like Seita's waves⁶⁶ or Seita's tears⁶⁷ ;
 How elegantly to dispose
 Bright circlets from my well form'd nose ;

⁶⁴ Properly teica, an ornament of gold, placed above the nose.

⁶⁵ Pendants.

⁶⁶ *Seita Cund*, or the *Pool of Seita*, the wife of Ram, is the name given to the wonderful spring at Mengeir, with boiling water of exquisite clearness and purity.

⁶⁷ Her tears, when she was made captive by the giant Rawan.

With strings of rubies how to deck,
 Or emerald rows, my stately neck,
 While some that ebon tower embraced,
 Some pendent sought my slender waist;
 How next my purpled veil to choose
 From silken stores of varied hues;
 Which would attract the roving view,
 Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue;
 The loveliest mantle to select,
 Or unembellish'd or bedeck'd;
 And how my twisted scarf to place
 With most inimitable grace
 (Too thin its warp, too fine its woof,
 For eyes of males not beauty-proof);
 What skirts the mantle best would suit,
 Ornate with stars or tissued fruit,
 The flower-embroider'd or the plain
 With silver or with golden vein;
 The chury⁶⁸ bright, which gaily shows
 Fair objects, aptly to compose;
 How each smooth arm and each soft wrist
 By richest cosecs⁶⁹ might be kiss'd;
 While some, my taper ankles round,
 With sunny radiance tinged the ground.
 O waste of many a precious hour!
 O *Vanity*, how vast thy power!

Cubits twice four the' ambrosial flew,
 Still from its branch disjoin'd by two.

Each husband now, with wild surprise,
 His compeers and his consort eyes;
 When Yudishteir—'Thy female breast
 Some faults, perfidious, hath suppress'd.

⁶⁸ A small mirror worn in a ring.

⁶⁹ Bracelets.

Oh! give the close lock'd secret room,
Unfold its bud, expand its bloom;
Lest, sinking with our crumbled halls,
We see red flames devour their walls.'
Abash'd, yet with a decent pride,
Firm Draupady the fact denied;
Till, through an orchard alley green,
The limit of that sacred scene,
She saw the dreaded Muny go
With steps majestically slow;
Then said—(a stifled sigh she stole,
And show'd the conflict of her soul
By broken speech and fluttering heart):
' One trifle more I must impart:
A Brahman learn'd, of pure intent
And look demure, one morn you sent,
With me, from Sanscrit old, to read
Each high Puran⁷⁰, each holy Vied.
His thread, which Brehmá's lineage show'd,
O'er his left shoulder graceful flow'd;
Of Crishna and his nymphs he read,
How with nine maids the dance he led;
How they adored, and he repaid
Their homage in the silvan shade.
While this gay tale my spirits cheer'd,
So keen the Pendit's eyes appear'd,
So sweet his voice—a blameless fire
This bosom could not but inspire.
Bright as a god he seem'd to stand:
The reverend volume left his hand,
With mine he press'd'—With deep despair
Brothers on brothers wildly stare:

⁷⁰ A mythological and historical poem.

From Erjun flew a wrathful glance;
Toward them they saw their dread advance;
Then, trembling, breathless, pale with fear,
'Hear! (said the matron) calmly hear!
By Tulsy's leaf the truth I speak—
The Brahman ONLY KISS'D MY CHEEK.'

Straight its full height the wonder rose,
Glad with its native branch to close.

Now to the walk approach'd the sage,
Exulting in his verdant age:
His hands, that touch'd his front, express'd
Due reverence to each princely guest
Whom to his rural board he led,
In simple delicacy spread,
With curds their palates to regale,
And cream cups from the Gopia's pail.

Could you, ye Fair! like this black wife,
Restore us to primeval life,
And bid that apple, pluck'd for Eve
By him who might all wives deceive,
Hang from its parent-bough once more,
Divine and perfect, as before,
Would you confess your little faults?
(Great ones were never in your thoughts)
Would you the secret wish unfold,
Or in your heart's full casket hold?
Would you disclose your inmost mind,
And speak plain truth, to bless mankind?

'What! (said the guardian of our realm,
With waving crest and fiery helm)
What! are the Fair, whose heavenly smiles
Rain glory through my cherish'd isles,
Are they less virtuous or less true
Than Indian dames of sooty hue?

No, by these arms. The cold surmise
And doubt injurious vainly rise.
Yet dares a bard, who better knows,
This point distrustfully propose;
Vain fabler now! though oft before
His harp has cheer'd my sounding shore.'

With brow austere the martial maid
Spoke, and majestic trod the glade:
To that fell cave her course she held,
Where *Scandal*, bane of mortals, dwell'd.

Outstretch'd on filth the pest she found,
Black fetid venom streaming round:
A gloomy light just served to show
The darkness of the den below.

Britannia with resistless might
Soon dragg'd him from his darling night:
The snakes that o'er his body curl'd,
And flung his poison through the world,
Confounded with the flash of day,
Hiss'd horribly a hellish lay.

His eyes with flames and blood suffused,
Long to the' etherial beam unused,
Fierce in their gory sockets roll'd;
And desperation made him bold:
Pleased with the thought of human woes,
On scaly dragon feet he rose.

Thus, when Asurs with impious rage
Durst horrid war with Dévtás wage,
And darted many a burning mass
E'en on the brow of gemm'd Cailás,
High o'er the rest, on serpents rear'd,
The grisly king of Deits appear'd.

The nymph beheld the fiend advance,
And couch'd the far extending lance:

Dire drops he threw ; the infernal tide
Her helm and silver hauberk dyed :
Her moonlight shield before her hung ;
The monster struck, the monster stung :
Her spear with many a griding wound
Fast nail'd him to the groaning ground.
The wretch, from juster vengeance free,
Immortal born by Heaven's decree,
With chains of adamant secured,
Deep in cold gloom she left immured.

Now reign at will, victorious Fair !
In British or in Indian air ;
Still with each envying flower adorn
Your tresses radiant as the morn ;
Still let each Asiatic dye
Rich tints for your gay robes supply ;
Still through the dance's labyrinth float,
And swell the sweetly lengthen'd note ;
Still, on proud steeds or glittering cars,
Rise on the course like beamy stars ;
And when charm'd circles round you close,
Of rhyming bards and smiling beaux,
Whilst all with eager looks contend
Their wit or worth to recommend,
Still let your mild, yet piercing eyes,
Impartially adjudge the prize.

FABULA PERSICA.

RIGANTE molles imbre campos Persidis,
 E nube in æquor lapsa pluvix guttula est;
 Quæ, cùm reluctans eloqui sineret pudor,
 ‘ Quid hoc loci ? ’ inquit, ‘ quid rei misella sum ?
 Quò me repente, ah ! quò redactam sentio ?
 Cùm se verecundanti animulâ sperneret,
 Illam recepit gemmeo concha in sinu ;
 Tandemque tenuis aquula facta est unio ;
 Nunc iu coronâ læta Regis emicat,
 Sibi non placere quanta sit virtus, docens.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say :—
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

IMITATIONS.

GAZEL.

Egher an Turki Shirazi
Bedest ared dili mara,
Be khali hinduiah bakhshem
Samarcand u Bokharara.

Bedeh, saki, mei baki,
Ke der jennet nekhahi yaft
Kunari abi Rocnabad,
Ve gulgeshti Mosellara.

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
 Their dear destructive charms display;—
 Each glance my tender breast invades,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest;
 As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
 New lustre to those charms impart?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme;
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom;—
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream:
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom,

IMITATIONS.

Fagan kein liliāni shokh
 I shiringari shehrashob
 Chunan berdendi sabr az dil
 Ke Turcan khani yagmara.

Ze eshki na temami ma
 Jamali yari mustagnist;
 Be ab u reng u khat u khatt
 Che hajet ruyi zibara.

Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,
 Va razi debri kemter ju,
 Ke kes nekshud u nekshaied
 Be hikmet ein moammara.

Beauty has such resistless power
 That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
 For her how fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah, sweet maid! my counsel hear,—
 (Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage)
 While music charms the ravish'd ear;
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which nought but drops of honey sip?

IMITATIONS.

Men az an busni ruzafzun
 Ke Yusuf dashti danestem
 Ke eshk az perdei ismet
 Berun arod Zuleikhara.

Nasihet goshi kun jana,
 Ke az jan dostiter darend
 Juwanani saadetmend
 I pendi peeri danara.

Bedem gufti, va kbursendam,
 Afae alla, neku gufti,
 Jawabi telkhi mizeibed
 Lebi lali sheker khara.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung :
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
But O ! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

IMITATIONS.

Gazel gufti vedurr softi,
Bea vakhosh bukhan Hafiz,
Ke her nazmi to afshaned
Felek ikdi suriara.

A SONG,

FROM THE PERSIAN.

PARAPHRASED IN THE MEASURE OF THE ORIGINAL.

SWEET as the rose that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet with a heart like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest.

Beauty like thine all nature thrills ;
And when the moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on the breast thou wearest.

Where could those peerless flowerets blow ?
Whence are the thorns that near them grow ?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me till embraced;
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,
Like the new blossom smiling.

Spreading thy toils with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses and soul beguiling.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his bless'd idol styling.

PLASSEY PLAIN¹,

A Ballad.

ADDRESSED TO LADY JONES.

Aug. 3, 1784.

'Tis not of Jáfer, nor of Clive,
On Plassey's glorious field I sing;
'Tis of the best good girl alive,
Which most will deem a prettier thing.

The Sun, in gaudy palanqueen,
Curtain'd with purple, fringed with gold,
Firing no more heaven's vault serene,
Retired to sup with Ganges old,

¹ It can scarcely be necessary to recall to the recollection of the reader the victory gained by Lord Clive over Seraj'ud-doula, Subahdar or Viceroy of Bengal, on Plassey Plain.

When Anna, to her bard long dear
(Who loved not Anna on the banks
Of Elwy swift, or Testa clear?)
Tripp'd through the palm grove's verdant ranks,

Where thou, blood-thirsty Subahdar,
Was wont thy kindred beasts to chase,
Till Britain's vengeful hounds of war
Chased thee to that well destined place.

She knew what monsters ranged the brake,
Stain'd like thyself with human gore,
The hooded and the necklaced snake,
The tiger huge, and tusked boar.

To worth and innocence approved,
E'en monsters of the brake are friends:
Thus o'er the plain at ease she moved:—
Who fears offence that ne'er offends?

Wild parroquets first silence broke,
Eager of dangers near to prate;
But they in English never spoke,
And she began her moors² of late.

Next, patient dromedaries stalk'd
And wish'd her speech to understand;
But Arabic was all they talk'd:—
Oh, had her Arab been at hand!

A serpent dire, of size minute,
With necklace brown, and freckled side,
Then hasten'd from her path to shoot,
And o'er the narrow causey glide.

² A common expression for the Hindustanee, or vernacular language of India.

Three elephants to warn her call,
But they no western tongue could speak;
Though once, at philobiblician stall,
Fame says, a brother jabber'd Greek.

Superfluous was their friendly zeal;
For what has conscious truth to fear?
Fierce boars her powerful influence feel,
Mad buffaloes, or furious deer.

E'en tigers, never awed before,
And panting for so rare a food,
She dauntless heard around her roar,
While they the jackals vile pursued.

No wonder since, on Elfin Land,
Praised in sweet verse by bards adept,
A lion vast was known to stand,
Fair virtue's guard, while Una slept.

Yet oh! had one her perils known
(Though all the lions in all space
Made her security their own),
He ne'er had found a restingplace.

AU FIRMAMENT.

' WOULD I were yon blue field above
(Said Plato, warbling amorous lays),
That with ten thousand eyes of love,
On thee for ever I might gaze.'

My purer love the wish disclaims,
For were I, like Tiresias, blind,
Still should I glow with heavenly flames,
And gaze with rapture on thy mind.

SONG.

WAKE, ye nightingales, oh, wake!
 Can ye, idlers, sleep so long?
 Quickly this dull silence break;
 Burst enraptured into song:
 Shake your plumes, your eyes uncloze,
 No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not, that Winter drear
 Still delays your promised tale,
 That no blossoms yet appear,
 Save the snowdrop in the dale:
 Tell me not the woods are bare;—
 Vain excuse! prepare! prepare!

View the hillock, view the meads:
 All are verdant, all are gay:
 Julia comes, and with her leads
 Health, and Youth, and blooming May:
 When she smiles fresh roses blow;
 Where she treads fresh lilies grow.

Hail! ye groves of Bagley, hail!
 Fear no more the chilling air;
 Can your beauties ever fail?
 Julia has pronounced you fair.
 She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
 She could make a desert bloom.

THE DESIGN OF
BRITAIN DISCOVERED:
AN HEROIC POEM,
In Twelve Books.

Ne carmine quidem ludere contrarium fuerit: ideoque mihi
videtur M. Tullius tantum intulisse eloquentiæ lamen, quod
in hos quoque studiorum secessus excurrit.

Quintil. Instit. l. x. 5.

THE IDEA OF AN EPIC POEM, AT SPA,
July 1770, Anno ætat. 23.
BRITAIN DISCOVERED:
A POEM,
In Twelve Books.

THE DESIGN.

THE first hint of this poem was suggested by a passage in a letter of Spenser to Sir Walter Raleigh, where, having explained his intention in writing the Fairy Queen, he adds, that if he found his image of Prince Arthur, and the allegory of the twelve private virtues, to be well accepted, he might, perhaps, be encouraged to frame the other part of political virtues in his person, after he came to be king. What Spenser never lived to perform, it is my design in some measure to

supply, and, in the short intervals of my leisure from the fatigues of the bar, to finish an heroic poem on the excellence of our Constitution, and the character of a perfect king of England.

When this idea first presented itself to my mind, I found myself obliged, though unwillingly, to follow the advice of Bossu, who insists, that a poet should choose his subject in the abstract, and then search in the wide field of universal history for a hero exactly fitted to his purpose. My hero was not easy to be found: for the story of King Arthur, which might have been excellent in the sixteenth century, has lost its dignity in the eighteenth; and it seemed below a writer of any genius to adopt entirely a plan chalked out by others; not to mention that Milton had a design, in his youth, of making Arthur his hero; that Dryden has given us a sketch of his intended poem on the same subject; and that even Blackmore had taken the same story, whose steps it were a disgrace to follow.

It only remains, therefore, to have recourse to allegory and tradition; and to give the poem a double sense; in the first of which, its subject is simply this, the discovery of our island by the Tyrian adventurers, who first gave it the name of Britain: in the second, or allegorical sense, it exhibits the character above mentioned, of a perfect king of this country; a character the most glorious and beneficial of any that the warmest imagination can form. It represents the danger to which a king of England must necessarily be exposed, the vices which he must avoid, and the virtues and great qualities with which he must be adorned. On the whole,

‘ Britain Discovered,’ is intended as a poetical panegyric on our excellent Constitution, and as a pledge of the author’s attachment to it; as a national epic poem, like those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Camoëns, designed to celebrate the honours of his country, to display in a striking light the most important principles of politics and morality, and to inculcate these grand maxims, that nothing can shake our state, while the true liberty of the subject remains united with the dignity of the sovereign; and that in all states virtue is the only sure basis of private and public happiness.

A work of this nature might indeed have been written in prose, either in the form of a treatise, after the example of Aristotle, or of a dialogue, in the manner of Tully, whose six books on government are now unhappily lost; or perhaps in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, who has left us something of the same kind in his idea of a patriot king: but as poetry has the allowed advantage over mere prose, of instilling moral precepts in a manner more lively and entertaining, it was thought proper to deliver the whole subject in regular measure, under the fiction of an heroic adventure.

The poem will be written in rhyme, like the translation of the *Iliad* by Pope, and of the *Æneis* by Dryden; since it has been found by experience, that the verses of those poets not only make a deeper impression on the mind, but are more easily retained in the memory, than blank verse, which must necessarily be too diffuse, and in general can only be distinguished from prose by the affectation of obsolete or foreign idioms, in-

versions, and swelling epithets, all tending to destroy the beauty of our language, which consists in a natural sweetness and unaffected perspicuity: not to insist that a writer who finds himself obliged to confine his sentiments in a narrow circle, will be less liable to run into luxuriance, and more likely to attain that roundness of diction so justly admired by the ancients. As to the monotony which many people complain of in our English rhymes, that defect, which is certainly no small one, if we admit only those endings which are exactly similar, must be compensated by a judicious variation of the pauses, an artful diversity of modulation, and chiefly by avoiding too near a return of the same endings.

The machinery is taken partly from the Socratic doctrine of attendant spirits or benevolent angels, like Thyrsis in the *Masque of Comus*; and partly from the Scriptural account of evil spirits worshiped in Asia, under the names of Baal, Astartè, Nisroc, Dagon, Mammon, Moloch; and in ancient Europe, where Cadmus introduced them under those of Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Neptune, Vulcan, Pluto. If any objection be made to these machines, they may be considered as allegorical, like Spenser's knights and painims; the good spirits may be said to represent the Virtues, and the evil ones the Vices.

The action, or story of the piece, is raised upon the tradition before mentioned, that the Phœnicians first discovered the island of Britain: but the rest must be wholly supplied by invention.

A prince of Tyre, therefore, whom we may name Britanus or Britan, shocked at the cruelty of his countrymen in sacrificing their prisoners to

idols, and at their impiety in paying divine honours to evil spirits, had meditated a voyage to some distant coast: with which intent, pretending to prepare for an expedition against some rival nation, he had built a number of barks, and secured to his interests a company of enterprising youths, but was doubtful whither he should direct his course, till his attendant spirit, Ramail, appeared to him in a vision, commending his pious resolution, and advising him to seek a beautiful isle in the west, where, after a variety of dangers on earth and sea, he would reign in peace, and be the progenitor of a noble race, who would profess a true and benevolent religion, and excel all other nations in learning, arts, and valour. At the same time, the spirit showed him the picture of a lovely nymph who then ruled the island, attended by damsels of her own nature. The prince, animated by this vision, and deeply enamoured with the idea of the nymph, who, in the allegorical sense, represents Liberty, left the coast of Phœnicia, and sailed towards Egypt.

These circumstances, being previous to the action, are not related till the second book; for, at the opening of the poem, after the usual introduction, the prince is brought with his companions to the mouth of the Nile; he lands, and advances towards the city of Memphis, but is met in a forest by Ramiel, in the shape of a venerable sage, who conducts him to the palace of the Egyptian king, where he sees the temple of science, the pyramids (then just begun), and other amazing edifices. After a splendid repast, he is desired to relate the motives of his voyage.

—The subject of the next book has been already explained: but it will be diversified, like all the rest, with several speeches, descriptions, and episodes.—The third book begins with a consultation of the evil deities worshiped in Phœnicia: whose various characters are delineated. The debate is opened by Baal, who, in a furious speech, complains of the insult offered to their temples by the expedition of the Tyrians, and discourses with malignity on the future happiness of their descendants. Various stratagems are proposed to obstruct their progress. At last, Astartè offers to allure the chief with the love of pleasure; Mammon, to tempt him with riches; Dagon promises to attack his fleet; Nisroc, to engage him in a desperate war; Moloch, to assist his enemies by his enchantment; and Baal himself, to subvert his government, by instilling into his mind a fondness of arbitrary power. In the meanwhile, the Tyrians are at sea, accompanied by Ramiel, who, in the character of a sage, had offered to conduct them; they are driven by a tempest back to Cyprus, where Astartè, in the shape of a beautiful princess, like the nymph before described, attempts to seduce the hero by all the allurements of voluptuousness; which he resists at length by the assistance of the guardian spirit, and leaves the island, where he had almost been induced to settle, mistaking it for the western isle described to him in his vision.—In the fourth book, after an invocation to the nymphs of Thames, the virgin Albina is represented conversing with her damsels in Albion:—her dream, and love of the Tyrian prince, whose image had been shown to her in a rivulet

by the Genius of the isle. The Phœnicians, landing in Crete, are received by Baal, who had taken the form of the Cretan king, and discourses to the prince in praise of tyranny, but is confuted by the sage.—The fifth book represents a nation in peace; a meeting, raised by the instigation of Baal, is appeased; arts, manufactures, and sciences begin to flourish. As the Tyrians sail along the coast of the Mediterranean, the sage, at the request of Britan, describes to him the state of Greece, Italy, and the Gauls, and relates rather obscurely, by way of prophecy, the future glory and decline of Athens and Rome.—The Phœnicians reach the straits, at the opening of the sixth book. The evil spirits assemble, and determine, since most of their stratagems had failed, to attack them by violence. Dagon raises a tempest and a great commotion in the elements, so that the whole fleet is covered with darkness: Ramiel encourages the prince, and, pretending to retire from danger on account of his age, summons a legion of genii, or benevolent angels, and engages the evil spirits in the air. Nisroc, in hopes of intimidating Britan, appears to him in all his horrors; the prince expostulates with him, and darts a javelin at the spirit, but is seized by Mammon, and carried in a cloud to a distant part of the globe; upon which, Ramiel, whose power may be supposed to be limited, and who might think that the virtue of the prince should be put to a severe trial, leaves him for a time, and flies, in his own shape, to the mansion of the beneficent genii.—The seventh book is wholly taken up with a description of the opposite hemisphere, to which the prince is conveyed by

Mammon, whose palace and treasure are described; the Tyrian chief is almost tempted to desist from his enterprise, and to reside in America with the adorers of Mammon:—the inconveniences of an oligarchy displayed. The evil spirits being dispersed, light returns to the Tyrians, who find themselves in the ocean; but, missing their leader and the sage, dispute about the regency, and are on the point of separating;—the danger of anarchy: at length, having an admiral and a commander, they land on the coast of Gaul, at the beginning of the eighth book. Nisroc incites the king of that country to attack them; hence is deduced the origin of the national enmity between the English and French. The guardian spirits assemble; their speeches; the genius of Albion proposes to conduct Albina to the palace of Mammon, in order to rouse the hero from his inactivity.—In the ninth book, the war in Gaul is supported with alternate success, and various heroes distinguish themselves on both sides by their valour or virtue. Moloch contrives an enchanted valley between the Gallic city and the Phœnician camp, which distresses the Tyrians extremely, who, despairing of the prince's return, are encouraged and assisted by Ramiel.—In the tenth book, the genius appears to Albina, relates to her the situation of Britan, and passes with her, disguised like young warriors, through the centre of the earth; they rise on a sudden in the gardens of Mammon, and discover themselves to the prince, who returns with them to Europe.—The malevolent spirits, thus baffled in all their attempts, debate, in the eleventh book, upon taking more vi-

gorous measures, and resolve to hazard a decisive battle with the guardian angels. The war in Gaul continued; a bloody combat; the Tyrians put to flight: Britan and Albina appear and rally them; the evil deities defeated; Gaul subdued; the Phœnicians pass the enchanted valley. —In the last book, the victorious army march along the coast of France, till they discern the rocks of Albion; upon which they embark and cross the channel, attended by the invisible genii, who sit in the sails. The nuptials of Britan, who gives his name to the island, with Albina, that is, in the more hidden sense, of royalty with liberty. The Tyrians choose their brides among the other nymphs. Ramiel conducts the king and queen of Britain to the top of a high mountain, since called Dover Cliff, whence he shows them the extent of their empire, points to its different rivers, forests, and plains, foretells its future glory, and, having resumed his celestial form, flies to heaven; the hero and nymph descend from the mountain astonished and delighted.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED.

BOOK I.

THE daring chief who left the Tyrian shore,
And, led by angels, durst new seas explore,
Commands myboldest strain. Through dire alarms,
The shock of tempests, and the clash of arms,
He sought the main where blissful Albion lay,
And, heaven-defended, took his anxious way.
Though air-born fiends his wandering fleet assail'd
With impious rage, yet love and truth prevail'd.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED:

AN

HEROIC POEM.



The Arguments.

BOOK I.

THE Phœnicians, having landed near Tartessus, are unkindly received by the natives; their leader, Britan, sends Phenix and Hermion, as his ambassadors, to the King of Iberia, who treats them with indignity, rejects the proffered union, and commands them to leave his coast. In the meantime the prince of Tyre wanders, to meditate on his destined enterprise, into a forest; where his attendant spirit appears to him in the character of a Druid, warns him of approaching dangers, and exhorts him to visit in disguise the court of king Lusus: he consents: is conducted to the banks of the Tagus, with a harp and oaken garland; and is hospitably entertained by the sovereign of Lusitania, who prevails on him to relate the history of his life and fortunes. The narrative begins from his vision of Albione in the groves of Tyre, and his consultation of the Memphian sages, to his arrival in Greece. He visits Dido, his father's sister, then employed in building Carthage. A debate between Phenix and the Carthaginian chiefs on the best possible form of government.

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BOOK II.

THE gods of India convened on Mount Cailás, by Rudra or Mahádéva, the power of destruction; their numbers, characters, attributes, and attendants. The goddess Gangá announces the views and voyage of the Tyrian hero; expresses her apprehensions of his ultimate success, but advises the most vehement opposition to him; declaring, that his victory will prove the origin of a wonderful nation, who will possess themselves of her banks, profane her waters, mock the temples of the Indian divinities, appropriate the wealth of their adorers, introduce new laws, a new religion, a new government, insult the Bráhmans, and disregard the sacred ordinances of Brihmá. After a solemn debate, it is agreed to exert all their powers, and to begin with obstructing the passage of the Phœnician fleet into the Atlantic, by hurling a vast mountain into the straits; they proceed immediately to a variety of hostile machinations.

BOOK III.

THE narrative of Britan continued, with a description of the Grecian islands, of the Italian and Gallic shores, and closed with an account of the tempest that compelled him to land on the coast of Iberia. The king of Lusitania, foreseeing the future greatness of the prince, secretly envies him, but promises friendly aid in private, assigning reasons for his inability to give open succour. Britan departs, and proceeds toward Gaul, in

order to view the channel and beautiful isle that were destined to perpetuate his name.

BOOK IV.

THE hero, still disguised, and attended by his tutelary genius, travels to the coast of Gaul: learns that the king of that country, Gallus, invited by an embassy from Iberia, and instigated by the Hindu god of battles, had resolved to concur in extirpating the Phœnicians; and is apprised that the Tartessians had actually assailed the works which his army had raised. On this, he returns with incredible celerity; while the benignant genii, or spirits permitted to attend on favoured mortals, hold a splendid convention in the Empyrean.

BOOK V.

WAR is begun in form, and various actions of heroes are related; the Indian gods intermix in fight, and are opposed by the guardian spirits. Tartessus taken by storm: in a council of Tyrian chiefs, it is proposed by Lelex, to leave the coast victorious, and sail instantly to Albion; but the impracticability of that plan is evinced by a messenger, who announces the sudden obstruction of the ships. Britan then proposes, as a measure distressful but necessary, to pursue their course with vigour through Iberia and Gaul; that, if conquered, they might perish gloriously; if conquerors, might seize the hostile galleys, and in them pass the channel. The proposal is re-

ceived with bursts of applause, and the Phœnician troops are drawn out in complete array.

BOOK VI.

VARIOUS exploits and events in battle. The actions of Indra, god of air, with his seven evil genii; of Rama, Belabadra, Nared, and Cartic. The Tyrians, in deep distress, apply to Lusus, who assists them coldly. The Celts are every where successful; and the Gallic fleet covers the bay.

BOOK VII.

THE guardian spirit prepares the nymph Albione for prosperous events; encourages Britan, but announces imminent perils; then leaves him on pretence of assisting at certain Druidical rites. A terrible combat in the air, and at the straits, between the opposing gods and the tutelary angels; the mountain is rent from the mouth of the straits, and becomes a floating island, which, being fixed, has the name of Madeira, and is given to Lusus. The Phœnician fleet having been with difficulty preserved from the Agnyas-tra, or fiery darts of Mahésa, sails triumphantly into the Atlantic, after a surprising retreat of the army under the conduct of Britan.

BOOK VIII.

THE Druid returns with a relation of oracular answers in the Celtic temples, concerning the

destiny of Albion, and the Atlantides, or New World: the future American war, and the defence of Gibraltar, by different names, are obscurely shadowed in the prediction. An obstinate naval fight; in which, Britan is wounded by an arrow of fire, but protected and carried from the fleet by his attendant angel.

BOOK IX.

THE genius transports Britan to the isle of Albion; which is described by its mountains, vales, and rivers; then uninhabited, except by nymphs and beings of a superior order. The palace and gardens of Albione; who completes the cure of her lover, and acquiesces in his return to the army; having first, at his request, told her own adventures, and related the separation of her island from the coast of Gaul.

BOOK X.

THE Gallic army arrayed: the actions of their chiefs. A variety of distress involves the Tyrians by sea and land; they are driven to their works, and enclosed on both sides; until their prince appearing suddenly among them, rouses their courage, and performs the most heroic achievements, by which the scale of success is completely turned. This book contains a number of events and episodes; among them is the death and funeral of Melcart, the Tyrian Hercules.

BOOK XI.

THE Indian deities invite those of Tyre and Syria to cooperate with them; prophesying darkly the invasion of their empire by the Croisaders; they excuse themselves, equally averse to the Gauls and to all the nations of Europe. A final conflict; and a complete victory in every element by the Phœnicians over Gallus and Iberus, and by the protecting, over the malignant spirits. The victors land in Albion, since called Britain, on the coast of Hama, now Hampshire; a description of the triumph, entertainments, and sports.

BOOK XII.

THE nuptials of Britan and Albione, or, allegorically, of Royalty and Liberty, united in the constitution of England. The attending Druid, appearing in his own form and in all his splendour, predicts the glories of the country, and its disasters; but animates, rather than alarms, the hero and nymph, whom he consoles whenever he afflicts them; he recommends the government of the Indians by their own laws. He then flies, his object being attained, to the celestial regions; they apply themselves to the regulation of their domain and the happiness of their subjects.

The discovery of the British Isles by the Tyrians, is mentioned by Strabo, Diodorus, and Pliny; and proved as well by the Phœnician

monuments found in Ireland as by the affinity between the Irish and Punic languages. Newton places this event about the eight-hundred-eighty-third year before Christ, and in the twenty-first after the taking of Troy.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED.

BOOK I.

GENIUS, or Spirit, or tutelary Power
Of virtue-loving Heaven, yet uninvoked
By prophet rapt, or bard in hallow'd shades
To grace his native minstrelsy, though oft
Thy cares for Britain, thy celestial aid
Grateful her sons have mark'd ; if e'er thou ledst
Her glittering ranks unmatch'd o'er hostile fields,
Or, when her navies hurl'd dismay through Gaul,
Pointedst their lightning, and on some bright mast
Satst like an eagle plumed with victory,
Oh! fill this glowing bosom, whilst I sing
Her charms, her glories, and thy love divine.

What Chief, what Sage, what Hero, train'd by
To wisdom, first on this delightful isle [thee
Struck his adventurous prow? That sacred form
Of state, self-balanced, harmony sublime,
Freedom with sovereignty in sweet accord,
Who constituted first? The Prince of Tyre
Long wandering, long depress'd, yet e'er impell'd
Right onward, till fair triumph bless'd his toils,
By godlike worth and beauty's heavenly charm.

Now were his light-oar'd galleys tempest-toss'd
To rich Tartessus, on the far sought shore
Of that proud realm, where Bætis, ample flood,

Rush'd o'er the manors of Iberus old,
Famed for the laughing sheaf, the silky fleece,
And many-cluster'd vine; not famed her sons
For meek deportment, or the soothing voice
Of hospitality, and reception mild
In sure abode, to strangers visitant.

FROM BOOK VII.



As Tibetan mountains rise
Stupendous, measureless, ridge beyond ridge,
From Himola, below the point far seen
Of Chumaluri, to more lofty steeps,
Cambala vast, then loftier without bound,
Till sight is dimm'd, thought mazed; the traveller
Perplex'd, and worn with toil each hour renew'd,
Still through deep vales, and o'er rough crags
proceeds—
Thus on the beach, now dyed with horrid gore,
Warrior o'er warrior towering, arms on arms,
Dire series, press'd; one slain, the next more fierce,
Assail'd the Tyrian: he his falchion keen
Relax'd not, but still clothed its edge with death,
Disturb'd, yet undismay'd; stung, not appall'd.

THE END.

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